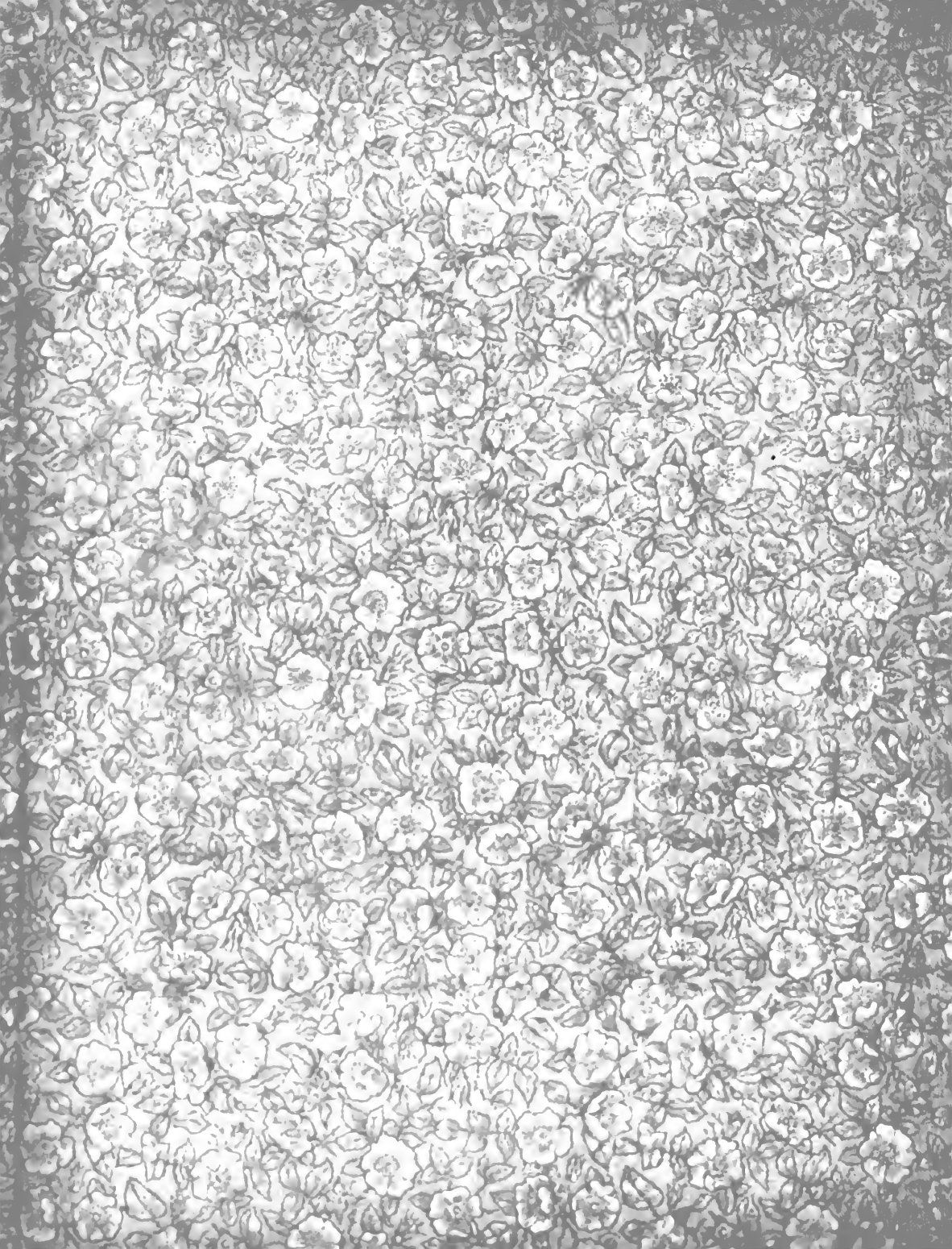
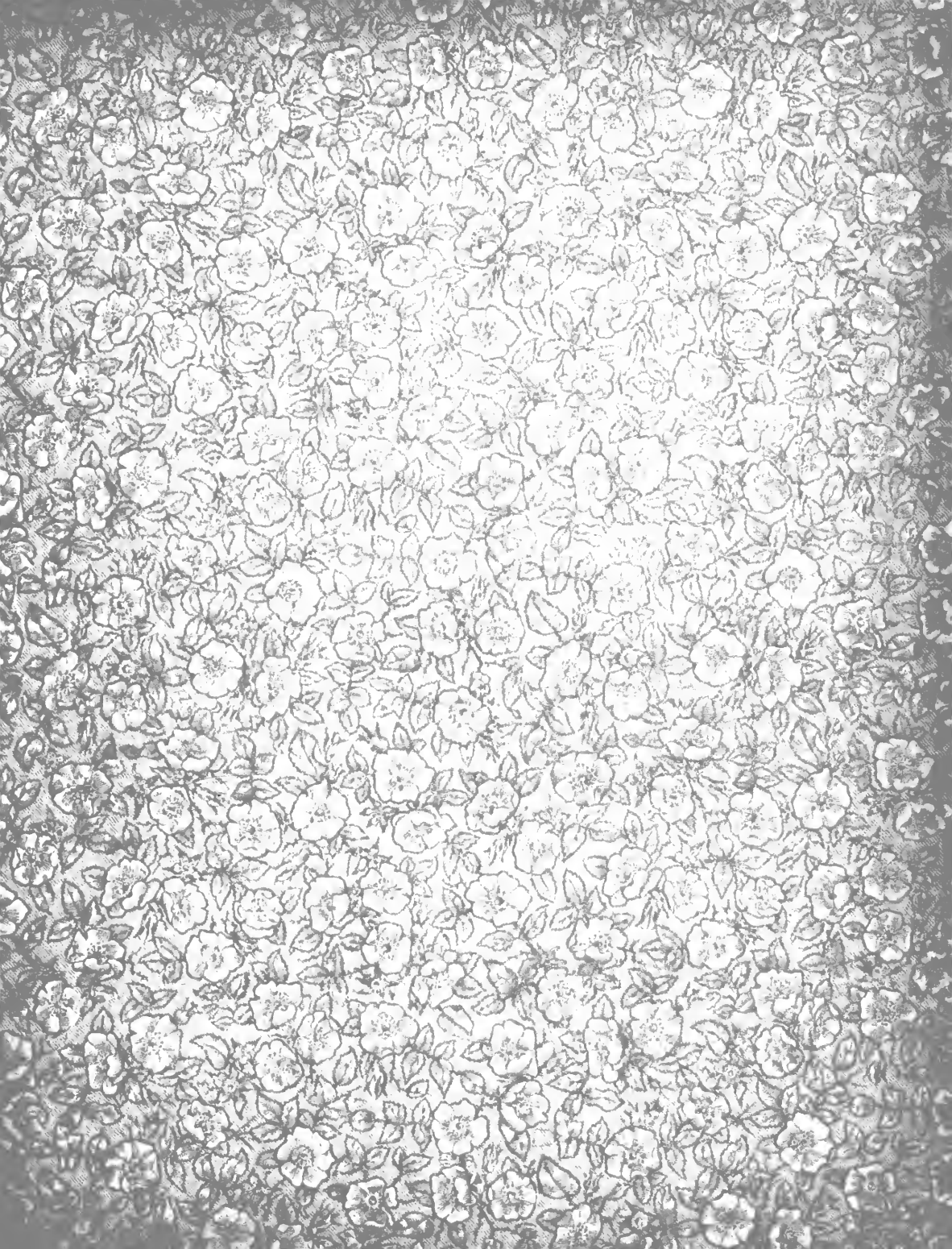


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THE CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING:

THE ROMANTIC PERIOD OF LETTERS. By Dean Kitchin.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF LOVE: BEING THE REVELATION OF THE UNKNOWN EROS. By the Rev. J. Hunter Smith, M.A.

SCHOOLBOYS AS NAVVIES. By J. Lewis Paton, M.A, High Master of Manchester Grammar School.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF JOHN RUSKIN. By James P. Smart.

ST. GEORGE FOR MERRY ENGLAND. By Henry Wilson, M.A.

SOME CONVENTIONS OF THE OLD MASTERS AND THEIR INTERPRETATIONS.

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January, 1904.

THE ROMANTIC PERIOD OF LETTERS.

By the Very Rev. G. W. Kitchin, D.D., Dean of Durham.



NO problem of civilized life is more complex, none, perhaps, more interesting, than the way in which successive drifts and tendencies of social life express themselves in successive periods of literature. Why does one age make a necessity of a classical style, while the next age scorns the learned manner? Again, why do minds so diverse in texture, educations so completely unlike, literary influences so various, still in the end appear, for a period, to take one colour, and so form one defined school of letters? Put it in another way:—In literature, as in life, are we but the creatures of circumstance? Or do we instinctively, unconsciously copy one another, and so create a similarity, which gives a recognised name to a period?

Not in the hope of finding answers to these questions, but with a wish to consider the special characteristics of the letters of our time, I propose to-day to speak of that quality of modern literature which has won for itself the convenient name of *Romantic*, and then to hint at some of the results and effects of it.

Of the main fact—that for about a century English letters have mainly run in one line, we can have no doubt: without the splendours of Elizabethan genius, or the stiffer beauties of Queen Anne's day, the nineteenth century may rejoice in a growth of

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letters not unworthy of the times of Queen Victoria, the august and central figure of the age.

May I divide my subject into, roughly speaking, some four parts?

1st. What preceded the Romantic period?

2nd. What seems to be the truest description of it?

3rd. What the chief names in it? and

4th. What the religious, civic and moral results?

I should but lead you into quagmires, haunted by wills-of-the-wisp, did I begin to speculate as to the literary future of our language; or as to the final outcome of so marked a period of thought and expression. Enough, if I can make clear the origin and nature of Romanticism, and the patent effects of it on English minds. I shall not have time to expand this side of the subject, for the results across the western world are most singularly complex in character.

I.

In the sixteenth century came a grand outburst of national pride and devotion towards the Queen, and an inspiring recognition of the growing strength and dimensions of the England of that time. Tudor days brought fruit in science and art: music was then known and loved as never before or after in this land; the days of Holbein and of the stiffer school of North German painting corresponded to the similar largeness and also to the euphuism of literary effort. Men still felt the new blood of the Printing Press running in their veins. The Euphuists were a shade rather than a school: so unnatural their attitude, as in the *Arcadia* of Philip Sidney, that it could not last. One cannot always be at a pose—like Cinq Mars on the scaffold, it does but lead to death! In Shakespeare one sees amusing traces of the fashion, as in Malvolio, but this is in the Comedies only, and there only as a shade across the light.

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In the next age, the age of Charles II.'s playwrights, there is a bad French school, and a transitional epoch. The next, and most marked period, begins with the scholar-authors of Queen Anne's day. This was a Classical age which lasted through the eighteenth century.

As a revolt against this stiff Court-bred manner, Romanticism attracted all young impetuous spirits—it should be freedom and knight errantry against the formalities of Court etiquette. Looking back on it we see how great was the temptation to break away. Many of us have had a touch of Edward Freeman's fury against the pollution of the language by words of French or Latin origin; and have rejoiced even in that historian's pedantry for words of simpler and manlier English accent.

An illustration will show how completely, under the classical influence, even the most cultivated persons could shut their eyes to the truer beauties before them. Göthe tells us in his *Italienische Reise* that when he and his companions visited Assisi, they spent their time pottering over second-rate Roman ruins, and had no thought of taking any notice of the superb riches of the splendid mediæval Church. For Göthe was a Pagan, the man of genius of that classic day, to whom things mediæval were but so much bad Latin, and so much ignorance of Greek. Even the inspired prophet of the middle ages, Dante, found no favour with him and his times. To our eyes, the *Divina Commedia* is at the heart of all romance; the most splendid imagination wedded to vivid insight into the failings of the romantic Italian world. But to Göthe "Dante is a madman, and his great work only a monster." And not Göthe only: men so different and of such high capacity as Voltaire and Napoleon could sneer at Dante, and exclaim, "Yes, his fame will continue—for no one ever reads him." They also scoffed at Milton; "Did anyone ever read through the *Paradise Lost*?" they asked; "these rude and early poets," said they, "*will* describe everything." For to these poets the one guidance was the action of Imagination. Oxford long

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wore, and still wears, chains of this classical limitation, though the confinement of its bonds grows daily less.

It was at the daybreak of the new time in 1817, that Keats, "that tadpole of the Lakes," as Byron ill-naturedly called him, broke out in his *Sleep and Poetry* into an address to the worn-out past of Literature.

"But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of—were closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile : so that ye taught a school
Of dolts to smoothe, inlay, and clip, and fit,
Till like the certain wands of Jacob's wit
Their verses tallied."

Still, the best of the artificial age was fine : with Dryden and Pope in verse, and Addison in prose. It was an age of town-life; all gathered round courts and coteries. Remember Dr. Johnson's passion for Fleet Street ; remember the beauties of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. It was, no doubt, also a society art, it ever breathes a town atmosphere, that of a starched and narrow society. If ever they walked in country lanes it was to find Watteau's sham rustics, or Dresden figures in an attitude ; if they heard of country beauties, they expected to find Greuzes in English cottages.

These ways of looking at life built a barrier against all true natural work. It enabled men to shudder at the "breezy call of incense bearing morn." They were aghast at the glories of Literature in the past. Chaucer—barbarous ; Spenser—foolishly imaginative ; Shakespere—knew no unities ; Milton—a Puritan Dante. The aim of the 18th century school was to be unproductive of good, a dying period. Like the "benevolent despots" of the same time, their well-couched utterances had no results ; there was no prophecy in them, only a smooth self-satisfaction. Just as a storm comes on, we see the earth and the waters brooding still, calm, unnatural, forboding : yet Nature, who had been forgotten, knows ; she is silently preparing for the flood.

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So came the epoch of Revolution, the overthrow of a classical level by the explosive force of a volcano: the laws of nature asserted themselves, and with them the consciousness of a higher aim in life. These days were pregnant with life for man: the strong convulsions shook many thrones, not least the throne of poetry. As Hazlitt, that great essayist of the new age, simply says, "Poetry puts life and motion into the universe"—but what life and what motion was there in the frivolous Courts, in the old feudal life? At best a courtly minuet, danced with a stateliness that never forgot risks to the elaborate fabric of dress; at best it was a refinement of a politeness, which made great country-houses somewhat better than the drinking, cursing, flirting, then the vogue around and in them. The days, in fact, in which Burke's abominable sentiment was the gospel for men, when he said that "Vice has lost half its badness by losing all its grossness";—Alexander and Cæsar Borgia were to be at least half-absolved because they were such gentlemen, so refined, so polite; they could murder men and deceive silly women, and wrong the weak, because they did it "with an air." No aphorism has ever been falsier; for neither has vice lost one jot of malign influence over men by its nicety, nor is the grossness of vice a whit less poisonous because it has the society-polish which makes lead look like brass.

Against all this evil the French Revolution was a disturbing volcano. No man had noted the earlier symptoms, many though they were: as it has been said, "the father of both Romanticism and the forerunner of the Revolution was Jean Jaques Rousseau. His books, now seeming placid as a lake, were a violent shock for the age; his voice rang out "sometimes for revolt, sometimes for reaction"—always it was an assault on "the easy complacency of Society." Yet he left little trace on the eventual movements: it may be because his practice did not always run with his utterances. Forty years ago I picked up at Shrewsbury a curious story, for which I cannot vouch: indeed, the facts are against it. But I give it as a kind of clue to his lack of effectiveness.

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Rousseau was on a visit to the Mr. Darwin of his time;* and the two spent much time in pleasant discussions over the family relations of mankind. In the course of his visit, Darwin suggested that they should visit the Asylum for Orphan Girls on Kingsland, and Rousseau gladly agreed. Again they discussed, as they went, the favourite topic: "that Society could be regenerated only by the marriage of pure souls, unsmirched by civilised life, free from social guile." Then, when they saw the children, they agreed each to choose out one of them, have her educated on the principles of the *Emile*, and then marry each their protégée. So each picked out his fancy, a comely little maiden; Darwin, the story runs, fancied a dark child, and Rousseau, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl. But, unfortunately, Rousseau never came back to claim his choice; and as for Erasmus Darwin, I fear the pedigree does not bear out the story. 'Tis but a tale, but it seems to re-echo much of Rousseau's enthusiastic glow of good intentions, followed only by feeble results. In fact, we know that a fine philosophy of life and morals is compatible with hard selfishness. Society poisons, or at least closes, all the fine gushing fountains of a pure imagination. Still, like so many of the men of letters in this period, Rousseau did give impulse to the revolt. In France, as we know, it took a violent form, and shook the world; in England it ended in the milder form of a revolution in literary activity. In England men were first scared and then carried away by a splendid outburst of enthusiastic prose and poetry. A time came (as Professor Herford says) of "an extraordinary development of imaginative sensibility": a revolt mainly against the feudality still ruling Society: an outburst of the love and study of Nature, rather than of Rousseau's idolatry of the Noble Savage. The French themselves have said of Rousseau, that he was "*le principal orateur religieux de son siècle*," precursor of the Romantic religion of the 19th century. We hear the echo of it in his *Apostrophe à Conscience*. "A divine instinct," he cries, "a

Erasmus Darwin, the naturalist, grandfather of the great writer on Evolution. (A.D. 1731-1802.)

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voice immortal, heavenly ; the sure guide of a being like man, ignorant and limited." Herein lay the charm of that Noble Savage ; it was the appeal to Nature against Society. For that old world was a theatre of bedizened actors ; on the surface—innocence and simpering affectation, underneath, a world of heartless selfishness.

This gives us the impulse which created the Romantic Period. In our times the progress of literature has reached new days, in which we seek a humane treatment of Nature with a study of life without us, reflecting the sounds of city growth side by side with the sweetest field-life ; a street-excitement combining with woodland ecstasies of a new Arcadia. For always the crushing phenomenon of our day moves on : the creation of huge cities, with their own problems, interests, difficulties, dangers. This overwhelming influence of towns must bring Romanticism to an end, by a new development ; substituting for it many dire things, like journalism, or slums, or antagonisms of landlords and tenants. This is : "The sorrow barricaded evermore within the walls of cities," as Wordsworth says, as he looked forth from his Lake-land retreat of peace on the growth of industrious centres. Yes ! here for us is the future of Letters : in this new century we approach the days of a new revolt, of a strange revival. Happy for us, if the good penetrates through ; if letters draw bright inspiration from self-devotion.

II.

But it is time that we should attempt a definition, or at least a description of Romanticism.

First, then, What are the special marks of it ? Above you have seen the chief *contrast* to it, in the classical and non-imaginative literature of the 18th century.

We must, of course, look at the phenomena in prose as well as in poetry. A period which produced such prose-poets as Sir

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Walter Scott, Ruskin, Savage Landor, De Quincey, or Newman, will understand why prose has been styled the brother of that sweet sister poesy. All these writers were distinguished both as poets and prose-writers.

Let me set down the pegs for this new tabernacle.

1. It is essentially the opposite of Classicism: the natural against the formal: it rests on Nature, not on social rule.

2. It is based on Imagination; and so appeals specially to Emotion. The old didactic poetry is gone.

3. It uses the Teutonic past for subjects, not the Latin: draws us towards Old England, or Germany, not towards Italy or Hellas.

4. It therefore loves legends, and cultivates variety, surprise, sensation.

5. It worships the subjective side of man; is fearlessly devoted to the "ego." The philosophy of it is personal, individual, yet highly imaginative.

6. It has, therefore, a constant fount and gush of sympathy.

7. It faces Society with a new, all but prophetic, grasp of knowledge, and, in both Church and State, works wonders.

8. It desires to reform the relations between Man and Nature.

Out of these materials can we make a definition? Looking at them, we say at once that this must be a period (using the word in a larger sense) of poetic Literature, specially Teutonic; that it encourages Imagination in us, and is emotional, often reaching to the highest aspirations of the religious mind—and, lastly, it is like the fabled Antæus, drawing inspiration and strength not from laws or rules, or formal unities, but from "touching ground"; it ever takes refuge in Nature.

We may well say, then, that this poetic growth of Literature, which we call Romanticism, has noble aims before it. It will illuminate the depths of thought and feeling with wholesome, natural utterances. It has been well said that Poetry, to take the highest form of it, is—

1. A Reflected Light, from a past lightened by Imagination;

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2. A Present Beacon and teacher, as to the problems of our daily life in the present ;

3. And is also a *Prophecy* of things to come.

Will the reflected brightness, or the picture of the present, or the soaring Imagination which sees the future, help us to our definition? Clearly, Romantic Literature, springing from a Teutonic or feudal past, attempts to influence a material age through the picturesque brilliancy of an imagined antiquity. So that one might venture on this as our Definition :—

Romanticism is *Literature of a modern Teutonic type, swayed by an Imaginative sensibility, and guided eventually by a passion for truth.* In other words, it is the natural expression of the spiritual or religious element in man, tinged by ages of European Christendom, and impinging on the new phenomena of a quickened life of natural forces. Surely, too, it preaches to us the close analogy and relation between God's good work in Nature and His imperfect work in Man.

Thus we may mark off this Literary age from the formal utterances of the 18th century.

Finally, it comes to this :—that no true definition can be framed : it is too wide a phenomenon of the human mind ; we can but describe it by qualities. Life gains in complexity, and Letters also. We need not wonder at Browning's obscurities.

A new world has grown up around us while we were sleeping ; it has brought new desires, new capabilities, exaggerated evils ; yet we reckon as little of it to-day as the world did a century or more ago of the approaching cataclysm of the French Revolution. To this day we may still see painted up in some inaccessible place in France the motto of that age, the old *Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité*. All through the century we English have unconsciously felt its influence. Romantic literature has been our expression of it. Yet in English lands this great Trio of Qualities has been reverential, even religious ; we hold to the belief that " The Truth shall make us free " ; in theory at least, we acknowledge the Brotherhood of

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men; and we acquiesce when we are told that in the presence of the Divine Power, our classes and distinctions cease to be. In fact, in the end we find this profound religious belief at the basis of our utterances, the spring of every effort for good.

III.

Let us move on to a brief account of the period. Changes had begun early. If, as Victor Hugo says, Romanticism is nothing but Liberalism in Letters, we should go back to Rousseau for the starting point. Yet there were many other awakenings. In England we note the literary coterie of the Court of Caroline of Auspach; in Germany, we have the odd experiments of "the enlightened Princes of the eighteenth century"; in France a philosophical movement, answering (with a huge difference) to the revivalism of the Wesleys at the same time in England. As we recall some names of heralds of the age, we discern a new spirit. Such was Chatterton, the unconscious impostor, who could write nothing of worth in his own name, yet survives by his sham ballads; or Macpherson, with his *Ossian*. More directly connected with the new movement was the publication in 1765 of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, by Bp. Percy. In these we can trace the historical origin of the love of legend. We also note the power of observation of nature in Gray's *Elegy*, in which the old manner and the new meet charmingly. We should add to this company the exquisite English of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and the simple fervour of Charles Wesley's *Hymns*.

All these help to lead up to the first true Romantic writer, the father of the age, Sir Walter Scott.

As early as 1827 Carlyle observed the change: he said that great changes were coming throughout European literature, with a brief Catholic reaction in them, and all by way of a revulsion from the extremer utterances of the Revolution period. It seems,

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however, that the Laird of Abbotsford quite unconsciously made a complete revolution in English literary taste; he broke with the worn-out Classical tradition, and abandoned the Greek and Latin Mythology for the two themes of the new period, the love of nature and scenery, and the adoption, as better subjects for poetry and romance, of the legends and history of the western world. I well remember the effect on my own mind of *Ivanhoe*, and how on a boyish visit to Scotland the whole land seemed to me to be peopled with Sir Walter's characters. He, by instinct a Tory, and so eager to become a Laird that he ruined himself in the struggle, was also the first of the revolutionary authors. His influence also affected the modern of historical writing. The sketch of the collision between Norman and Englishman in *Ivanhoe* opened a new light on the history of our own country. It is in *Ivanhoe* that he gives us the ballad, sketching the gloom and anger of the English people under their Norman lords:

Norman saw on English oak ;
On English neck the Norman yoke ;
Norman spoon in English dish ;
England ruled as Normans wish ;
Blythe world in England ne'er will be more,
Till England's rid of all the four.

One may assert that here, too, Scott is the forerunner of the new era; foretelling the wonderful complexities of modern thought and life. Far from being a great poet, he must be acclaimed as the first figure in a noble race of Victorian authors.

The elements are strangely blended; we cannot declare that all was of this or of that colour. One man was Tory, another Republican; often both combined in one; as with those writers who began with the enthusiasm of a newly awakened world, and ended later, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, by retiring into reaction against excesses, constitutionally terrible to an Englishman. Similarly our great prophet of the age, John Ruskin, tempted at first towards mediævalism, in the end was swept in the other

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direction by the Biblical purity of his bringing up, and by the tone of his personal character. No one result is possible. While some took refuge with Rome, others, enamoured of the freedom of early Teutonic life, and eager for the poetic simplicity of the savage, became leaders of social reform, and of a purer life.

These latter were the forerunners of the literature of the future, which will grapple with the social problems of a complex age.

One of the notes of this literary revolution thus begun by Scott may be seen in the marked attention paid to Bürger's striking ballad *Lenore*. It came to be the introduction for many Englishmen to German literature. Sir Walter translated it in 1796; and it has been attempted often since. Even in my undergraduate days it was still a revelation. And a young contemporary of his entered far more deeply into the spirit of the Romantic Movement, and moulded it into exquisite verse—John Keats, whose transitional position is marked by his striking poem of *Endymion* (1819). If Wordsworth presently influenced the ideas and tone of thought of later writers, Keats satisfied them with exquisite beauty of poetic expression. One reads the transition from Classical to Romantic very clearly in his exquisite *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. It is characteristic of the young poet that he does not shake himself free from the old Classic charm, nor from the obligation to create a moral to his poem, when he closes it with his gospel of Beauty. It has been well said of him that he prophesied the Præ-Raphælite School of Art. Rossetti, that leader in pictorial romanticism, certainly took up his strain, and interpreted it in more than one of his noble pictures.

No wonder that, as with the Præ-Raphælite painters, so with literature generally, the novelty, and the revolutionary tendencies were bitterly resented and strenuously resisted. All strong movements must go through this furnace. It is one of the ironies of history that a School set into being by the Tory Scott, soon concentrated on itself the fury of the Tory press; they wrote in

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anger, like men whose cause is suffering change, and who are conscious of a general weakness.

The attack began with that "terrible common-sense man" Jeffreys, who scoffed at their want of culture, and at their devotion to the natural, to man in country scenes. He declared that he preferred Crabbe's sketches, "Peasant as he is," as he haughtily calls him, to Wordsworth's eloquent analysis of what he felt on contact with the peasantry. On both sides of politics the Romantics were attacked, by Sidney Smith for the Whigs, by Gifford for the Tories; *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* agreed for once in condemning them—their strains were so uncultivated. Lockhart followed in *Blackwood's*. Still they throve on the attacks. One can trace a similar aversion in the utterances of the old Tory School of Oxford in the next generation; men like Gordon, and Mansel, and Chaffers, scoffed at all such imaginative work, thought such non-classical beauties to be blousy milkmaids; despised all sympathy with the poor, and thought to laugh them out of court with classic parodies and after-dinner wit. It was very short-sighted of them: some of the foremost of the school had already gone over to reaction: Coleridge and Southey had begun with a sympathy for the Revolution; now they were scared and drew back. One might also add the great name of Byron, as one of the writers of opposite political aims; Gothe even declared of him that he was "the offspring of the Greek Helen with the Romantic Faust": in truth, as was natural, many were on the border, influenced by both periods.

This brings me definitely to the "Lake School," a modification of the Romance age. We cannot in this short time deal with them, or (as we should) compare their influence with that of the modern poets of France and Germany. Enough to sketch the main characteristics of this most interesting and, may we say so? somewhat affected group. The leading names in it are Wordsworth, De Quincey, the Coleridges (S. T. and Hartley), and then at a later time, with many wholesome influences of

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modern times on him, our dear friend, John Ruskin. To these, perhaps, we should add the friendly critic of this school, Charles Lamb: a critic, not an opponent. Indeed, he was *avant-courier* of one branch of the literature of to-day, the desultory tendency of Essays, and, still more, of the poesy of great cities.

We note, with pleasure, that all this school was creative rather than critical. The past had been great in criticism, the academic laws of unities ruled it; the new world was bold in creation. It is only at such semi-stagnant seats of thought as our dear Oxford, that classical criticism lasted on—even there it was not too prosperous; Thorold Rogers' satire, so clever, so Horatian in coarseness and wit, when he attacks the leaders of the new historical school, Bishop Stubbs and Professor Freeman, fell hopelessly flat, and had no vogue beyond Oxford walls. So that the prosperity of the newer Romantics is due altogether to their constructive gift, and to their dependence on the soil: they drank in inspiration from wholesome founts. Also, they were fearless, and spoke plain to the people. They feared no advance of science; their poetic pens, their good prose, were at the command of the leaders of scientific advance; themselves they touched the fringes of philosophical thought. Indeed, to this Romantic time the literary culture of all branches of knowledge and thought is due.

We now acquiesce in the belief that the function of Imagination is wholesome in the interpretation of natural phenomena: we hope that scientific treatises may be no longer stiff and hungry, but composed in a graceful style. And with this freedom has also come, naturally, a vast reading power and interest in literature. We take deeper thoughts—in theology, or social life, or in daily morality—whether in natural science, or political life, or the developments of the laws of a free nation,—into the light and glamour of literary skill. A modern man, like Andrew Lang, would have made no way a century ago. To the Lake School we owe our love for nature, and with it, for our fellow creatures. In Wordsworth stand the qualities, not perhaps at

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their possible highest, still distinct and true. He has two main convictions—the belief in the dignity of man's nature, and then, secondly, a moral and mental strength springing from communion with the living forces of nature; his reading of nature is of the gentler type, not touched by the splendour and the ferocity of Nature's stronger works: in him is no tempest, no volcano, no earthquake, no clash of physical forces. They pass him by: he does not seek to chain them, as men now do, to the rickety chariot of modern Progress. For he was for a "fellowship of all things natural"; he had a philosophic belief in God and God's world, and in man's simple adoration in that world. At his best he is idealist, Platonist; what English utterance can rise to the noble level of his *Intimations of Immortality*?

Beside this finer key, he has notes also of the genuine prophet: he rejoiced in the glories of the ideal Home; he is a forerunner of one branch of modern poesy, which yearns for a purer home-life, which quickens all our desire to check drink, and preaches the blessing of the hearth to English workers.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not th' abode—O do not sigh
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders, who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.

Think what the home would be, if it were thine—
Even thine, though few thy wants—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers, are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine,
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd would melt away.

Yet this was the man whose simpler strains were met by Society with shouts of derision!

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The painted world was outraged by such a nakedness as we see in the famous *We are seven*. They were deeply offended by a parade of rustics—these simple English mothers and bairns—who wanted them? It may be that Wordsworth has no higher praise than this, the scorn of London town. Indeed, I fear he was, unconsciously no doubt, a Little Englander. How could he have written, “By the soul only the nations shall be great and free”? *We* want them to be great by thousands of ill-led soldiers, myriads of ignorant Imperialists. That higher life of men and nations which Wordsworth sung is a thing to be despised by the the Man-in-the-Street, conceited creature that he is.

Before we bid farewell to Wordsworth, let us hear one of his sonnets, full of fine lofty thought, though not completely romantic in tone :

The world is too much with us ; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we're out of tune ;
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

When we pass from Wordsworth to Coleridge we feel that we have met with another set of characteristics. For here we have Imagination revelling in what (as has been said) was a mark of the age, the “Renascence of Wonder.” The *Ancient Mariner* is his best-known work : *Christabel* still more striking. He has less of the homeliness, less true love of nature than Wordsworth ; a stronger set in him towards the social history of man. He was a link between the Romantics and the new High Church move-

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ment. A good authority has not hesitated to say that he was in sympathy with "the saintly fanatics of the Oxford school," with the religious school of which J. H. Newman was the founder. Coleridge certainly felt the force of that romantic and quasi-spiritual power which brightened the dark horizon for the first leaders of that religious reaction.

When Victor Hugo said that Romanticism is only Liberalism applied to Letters, he neglected one large breadth of influence: Romanticism also beckoned men towards the old past in the Teutonic world; it encouraged that love for the romantic glamour of ancient life, seen through imaginative eyes, that moonlit hallowing of monastic ruins, and quaint thoughts in crabbed words, which then led, and still leads, many an enthusiastic spirit into the paths of complete reaction. In a way, the Liberal side of the period became a preparation for a reactionary polity and life.

We have but little time left to consider the third and the most original author of the Lake Period. Mr. Ruskin was a prophet of the coming trend of thought: his prose is poetry; his worship of Nature, of the sublime hills, of the lessons of tiny flowers, was a revelation to young England; and then his impassioned appeals to the working man to free himself from bondage to the older dogmas of Political Economy, have prepared the way for a complete reconstruction of the science of the best manner of living for the modern citizen. It seems to me that his influence will bear fruit long after the general work of the Romantics is done. His was a nature not overcome by selfishness; his artistic tendency towards Romanism was checked and held in control by his Non-conformist kinsfolk, and by the influence of his mother, who trained him in the Bible. This and his large outlook over the varied landscape of man's life and experience enabled him to discern proportions; he ceased to follow schools, and went on his way, a noble teacher of mankind.

It is not possible, in such space as I have, even to sketch the influence of the period on the brilliant series of painters of the

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century. Yet the mere mention of Mr. Ruskin will bring to your mind the immediate and intimate relation between Art and social life. We become aware that the expansion of the school of landscape painters went with the honour paid to Nature; in this Ruskin's insistence on the finest qualities of art-work largely helped. In the great name of Turner we have a master of English modern Art; in Wm. Morris the dedication of Art to daily life; in Watts the nobler flights of Art as a teacher of highest principles; and let me venture to add in Giovanni Segentini, so lately dead, a splendid example of the genius of a peasant fired by his snowy Alps into most original and brilliant painting. There may yet be a Romantic period of Art, which will give a much needed brightness and purity to the homes of the people in the days to come.

IV.

Finally, let us consider briefly the future, as touched by the genius of this most interesting period. "The romantic movement," says Professor Herford, "has enriched the blood of the literature, and the results of it are seen even in writings hostile to it." A new grouping of literary phenomena is coming.

The influences are naturally very various. They were first religious in tendency; afterwards of a civic and a social mould. The results are as varied as the causes: we leave the cast-iron road of Pope and Addison, trim and exact, for the thousand varieties and incidents of a country walk.

At first the German Romanticists shewed a strong tendency towards the Roman Church. The new letters rallied men to aristocracy and privilege; no wonder that cynical Heine, watching all from Paris pavements in 1833, described the movement as being hostile to all liberty of thought. He lavished scorn on charming De la Motte Fouqué, whose *Undine* he bitterly calls "the eternal sing-song of mediæval rubbish" (p. 140). Paris could not enter into the filmy creation of *Undine*, or the glowing language, the

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weird imaginations of Albert Dürer's *Death and the Knight*, as interpreted in De la Motte Fouqué's *Jahreszeiten*. And Heine, keen observer, was right, and the story-teller wrong. The study of mediæval legends is in itself a wearisome affair, even when it has in it the germ of a new life. The chief blunder of the School was made by A. W. Schlegel, in praising a return to mediæval gloom. All advance and present forms of healthy life are lost if we follow this path: it is like the dreary result of the architectural enthusiasm (an artistic consequence of the same School) which calls mediæval building "the noble energy of ancient times now lost"; and, because we must fain admire the wonders of old Cathedrals, we cease to invent; we build poverty-stricken copies of ancient glories. Heine hits this off exactly with his merciless tongue—"They made pilgrimages to Rome, where the vicegerent of Christ reinvigorated them, and the consumptive German Art with asses' milk." He was thinking of Overbeck's followers.

I remember in my young days—say about sixty years ago—the thrill that the Legend of the Sangraal, and Tennyson's use of it, shot through my young blood. This was long before Charles Dodgson's *Hunting of the Snark* was written as a comic treatment of the search for the Sangraal mystery, a reaction against the sacred yearnings of our young imaginations.

It has been said with some truth, that "the spirit of Greece, the classical Hellenic spirit, is the true antithesis of the spirit of ecclesiasticism"; and it was the shaking off of the bonds of old classical tradition that gave a chance to churches and ecclesiastics, of which they swiftly took advantage. This is why we have seen of late times a singular retrogression of thought, and an eagerness to substitute authority for independence of thought and action; a phenomenon very plain in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Romanticism had little effect on religious thought in France or Germany: what there was of it was either quickly quenched by the cold douches of the church, or turned in other minds into

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a defence of privilege and feudalism. In England the school had a wider range. A few, indeed, took refuge within the strong arms of the Roman Church. Of these the most notable was Newman, whose well-known and beautiful poem expresses the working of a devout and anxious spirit in days of intellectual stress. Walking on the deck of the steamboat, on his way, in 1833, from Rome to Marseilles; as the ship passed through the Straits of Bonifacio, the flashes of a lighthouse guided her safe course; and *Lead, Kindly Light*, one of the most perfect of poems, degraded now to be sung to emotional tunes in church, sprang into being in Newman's troubled brain. Then did the eternal beacon-light of Rome flash on his perplexed soul. It was the beginning of a great change in him; in which but a scanty band of followers went after him towards that "childlike assent to the marvellous," which even took the form of a revolt against the methods of modern history. Safe from critics, from doubts, from modern men and things, they were happy in having reached "the haven where they would be." But their influence on letters and thought also ended there.

Other Romantic thinkers pressed on. Some joined the High Church party; others followed the line of thought which led to a fresh study of the social needs of man. A few combined both paths.

I do not think of travelling into the offensive land of theological discussions: enough to say that the tendency to arouse wonder, to marvel at the Saint or the Detective, to glide into the mists of the legendary world, to give full play to the imagination, to cultivate a refined materialism, to worship antiquities in mediæval art and usage;—all these things entered in, and we see the results around us. Now and then a hero like Mr. Lowder, or James Adderley, has succeeded in touching the working man, combining, as I said, both paths of thought. From all this, even from "Oxford whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the middle ages," as Matthew Arnold says, Ruskin stood aloof: he gave them such respect as was modified by a con-

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sciousness that they were not at the heart of things. Their antiquarianism leads to surface-shows and trivialities, which hang like illfitting garments round the limbs of truth.

Let us leave these, and consider how the rest of the newer Romantic School have borne themselves. Let us first begin with the influence of them on the new School of History, nurtured by Oxford men. Charles Reade, in his *Cloister and Hearth*, takes the step across from Romantic treatment to historical; he shows how History should treat of the nation's growth, necessities, and prospects. He, and my dear friend John R. Green, author of the *History of the English People*, made people realise that there were nobler things to be chronicled than successions of monarchs, or blunders and crimes of war. They gave to their work, and to History, a definite social tone.

This, however, is but one phase of a general movement of thought. We must hasten on to consider the names, many of them strong and great, which have carried forward the hope of a social reformation in our age. Charles Lamb began the study of great cities in his passion for London. He always shows a sweet gift of sympathy; the first-fruits of a sensitive and awakened imagination; in his day England scarcely felt the pressure of the social problem. Another forerunner was the working-man's champion in the old Free Trade battle, Ebenezer Elliott, who died in 1849, the "Poet of the Poor." Still, in those days, it was the Poor with the big P—an attitude which our artisans rightly resent. Elliott had nothing of patronage in him. In these times, when the fight between the privileged and the unprivileged has begun again—when the benefits of fifty years are forgotten, even by those who lived in Chartist days—when no one remembers the cruel pinch of life of those days—it is well to recall the utterances of this bard of the downtrodden: his words, inspired by generous indignation against wrongdoing, breathing out sympathy for the sufferings of the brethren, rang clear through the land.

Let us read his *Epitaph on Himself*:—

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Stop, Mortal ! Here thy brother lies—
The Poet of the Poor.

His books were rivers, woods and skies,
The meadow and the moor :

His teachers were the true heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave—
The street, the factory, the gaol,
The Palace—and the grave !

Sin met thy brother everywhere !
And is thy brother blamed ?
From passion, danger, doubt and care,
He no exemption claim'd.

The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate ;
But, honouring in the peasant's form
The equal of the great,

He blessed the stewards, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more—
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered Labour's store.

A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

Of this fine company is William Watson, though perhaps more political than social.

One would have liked to number with these bards the humorous Tom Hood, but he died in 1842 ; and the *Song of the Shirt*, the trumpet call for an assault on the demon of sweating, must never be forgotten in a picture of the age. It called attention to the unchecked misery of defenceless women.

O God ! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap !

gives us the note of the terrible call.

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And side by side, and far better, comes Mrs. E. B. Browning's
Cry of the Children.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years ?
They are leaning their young heads 'gainst their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !
They are weeping in the playtime of the others—
In the country of the free.

Here, too, we may surely bring in a noble Anglo-American, Mr. Lowell, who did more than any man to bring together the branches of the English speaking world. His poem, which I shall venture to quote, sounds a special United States note ; it is full of the hope of the future. We English are so readily discouraged, we have hardly heart to hope ; our brethren over-sea are buoyant, and still know that they are fulfilling Canning's pregnant saying, when he said we must "call in the New World to adjust the balance of the Old"—a noble phrase that was a call far more resonant than Canning ever thought it could be.

God wills, man hopes ; to common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

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It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those few stars that come in sight
Once in a century—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse on him,
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crown'd at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

A Poem of the Age.

Finally, let me commend to your thoughts the modern poetry of Great Cities ; and the vast opening here for a man of genius and true sympathy. Ruskin, great as he is for the worker, is here at fault. The big squalid town appalled him. His revolutionary book, *Unto this Last*, does not directly attack this grand and lurid problem : he shuddered at the squalid. William Morris was more truly the man of the people, though even in him it is rather the creed of the Socialist than the enthusiasm for working men's ideals. Tennyson, too, had a touch of this : but only for the countryman, not for the town artisan. His statesman of the future in *In Memoriam* is a splendid piece of brilliant contrast, and would deserve a place here had we time.

But as it bears more directly on town problems, I should like to read to you a striking poem by Herbert Burrows, whose words ring true, and have the hopeful note :—

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STREET MUSIC.

They were but the Street Musicians ;
Had tramped for many a mile ;
For the richer side of the city
Had given them never a smile—
So they came to a crowded alley
Where a bitter and ceaseless strife
For a crust of bread and a garret
Was the sum of the people's life ;

Where the fathers were worn and feeble,
And the sons were hollow of face,
And the daughters had lost their beauty
For lack of a breathing space—
Where the children played in the gutter
'Mid garbage and filth and dirt,
While their weary starving mothers
Were living "the Song of the Shirt."

The musicians stood for a moment,
Then they softly began to play—
And from flute and harp and viol
Rose the song of a bygone day :
Through the hovel-homes of that alley,
Swept the murmurous voice of the sea,
The breezes from off the hill tops,
And the carollings of the lea.

The notes of the lark and the linnet,
Floated quivering through the air,
And the scent of cowslips and daisies
Seemed to steal up the broken stair.
The children came nearer and nearer,
Forgetting their sorrowful play,
And for a sweet moment the fathers
Recalled their childhood's day.

The music died out in soft sweetness,
Entwined with a passion of pain,
And the struggle for crust and garret
Claimed the life of the toilers again.

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But their hearts had been softened and strengthened
In the midst of life's endless wail
For the Art which is sister to heaven
For a moment had lifted the veil.

They say that the people are brutal—
That their instincts of beauty are dead—
Were it true, shame on those who condemn them
To the desperate struggle for bread.
But they lie in their throats as they say it,
For the People are tender of heart,
And a wellspring of beauty lies hidden
Beneath all life's fever and smart.

We deal now with new forms of Democratic Poetry—and here again we must look over to America, for the non-rhyming, rhythmical poems of Walt Whitman stand up as experiments in the new informal manner. In his writings and those of many others we feel that, as has been said: "The Keynotes of Democratic Poetry are Freedom, Equality, and Love"—a phrase which re-echoes the old French description. The spirit of them grasps town problems from beginning to end; it shows how far the Romanticists of our day have passed from Scott's feudalism and mediævalism to the wants of the people and pressure on their life.

Perhaps I may venture to name among these lesser poets, whose muse is simple, and maybe rude, the name of Edward Carpenter, a man of cultivation, and a science teacher. And, if it does not weary you altogether, I will add a specimen, to my mind of unusual force and excellence, in a poem by Miss Eva Anstruther: it appeared this year in the *Westminster Gazette*, and has in it the graphic inspiration which comes from the sadness of City life.

THE MADONNA OF THE STREETS.

Above her head a People's Dwelling towered
Flat over flat, cramped, iron-balconied,
Dreary, symmetrical, monotonous.
The mid-day air was foul with putrid smells,

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And on the scorching pavement at her feet
Groups of slim children shouted, playing games
With broken buttons, bits of wood and straw,
Or mimic cricket,—half a lath for bat.
A hurdy-gurdy jangled worn-out tunes,
And shrill-voiced women gossiped on the kerb;
While from the Public-houses down the street
Surged noisy waves of drunken argument.

Deaf to the noise, unconscious, all absorbed,
An undergrown and half-developed thing,
Mere child in years, yet with a woman's face,
Deep scarred with marks of care, and pain, and fear,
Huddled she sat upon the steep stone stair,
Her weakness strength, to guard one weaker still.
Close to her breast a puny child she held,
White-faced and pitiful, with sad wide eyes,
His head lay on her shoulder 'gainst her face,
One little out-stretched hand caressed her neck;
He nestled close, and she bent over him,
They seemed alone, these two, in all the world.

Thus crouched she humbly on the lowest step,
In love and awe, 'oblivious of the world,
Nor ever dreamt that she and her pale babe,
Held claims divine, as the Old Painters saw.
What though no halo orb'd a perfect face
'Gainst lovely glimpse of cypress-crowned hill!—
Her only background a dark common stair—
Love's tenderness divine was in her eyes,
Love's strength divine in her protecting arms,
Unconscious, meek, unreverenced she sat,
All her dear world held safe against her heart,
The type eternal of all Motherhood.

With this piece, let me close a long and feeble attempt to bring before you a great literary period, in the close of which we are now walking, with some brief guesses as to the future before us. It has been well said that the Churches, the Parties, the Humanists, and the Scientists have now all given themselves to solve these social problems. The nation calls aloud for some Prophet. He must

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grasp the weapon before him, wielding the power of the musical pen, the poetry of the future; with it let him boldly rebuke vice, in high places too; let him be a valiant champion of the struggling many. The efforts now made, blindly but hopefully, must be concentrated, organized: it needs the divine gift of poetic genius to see the evil clearly and to awaken hope. It must rise above the good-hearted spirit which thinks its duty done by "A Day in the Country," must even rise above the higher flight of a University Slum-Settlement: it must call to aid Temperance Revivals and Salvation Lasses.

The artisan should have his hands free: in some Garden City of the future we may copy and expand Mr. Cadbury's splendid example at Bournville. Then, perhaps, in some higher view of the Divine Message, we may find the solution for the unfairness of Society. It must be in some way by a hallowed creation of a true Brotherhood of Man, with the Sermon on the Mount as the grand Law, as the new Charter of a Free People, happy Patriots, because independent, yet self-controlled in their lives; and that again because they have the possibilities of happy homes, blessed by the loving spirit of the Gospel of Christ.

Then will be made plain what we can scarcely now believe; the equality and the happiness of man—It will be Robert Burns' old refrain once more, with a still higher sense:

"A man's a man for a' that."


THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF LOVE: BEING THE REVELATION OF THE UNKNOWN EROS.

By the Rev. J. Hunter Smith, M.A.

ἐπ' εὐτυχίᾳ τῇ μεγίστῃ παρὰ θεῶν ἢ τοιαύτῃ μανίᾳ δίδονται.

SYNOPSIS.

The Age of Chivalry and Gallantry—Dante's Love for Beatrice and Petrarch's for Laura—The Courts of Love—Sordello—Euripides and Spenser on the evil influence of Love—Mr. William Watson on Beauty as the goal of the struggles in the Universe—Love substituted as the goal—Browning, Emerson, the *Symposium* of Plato, Augustine, Mysticism, Rolle of Hampole—The element of selfishness in Mysticism—Jacopo dei Benedetti and the Love of the infant Jesus, George Meredith on the purifying influence of paternity, Shelley's *Alastor*—Love as an inoperative emotion, the evolution of Love in the future—Walt Whitman and the democratic Eros—"We know not what we shall be."

 HERE are two little books in my library I prize almost above any others, alike for their charm and the light they throw upon the thoughts of men. They are *The Sonnets of Europe* and *The Sonnets of the Century*. The Sonnets of Europe range through the centuries, and in them are represented the sonneteers of all the countries of Europe. It would not be much exaggeration to say that the theme of nearly every sonnet is Love, while the prevailing theme of the Sonnets of the Nineteenth Century is the soul in its relation to the Universe.

How is it that for centuries the sexual instinct, when it was not gross, was elevated into a religious sentiment that transcended all others, that man regarded woman with feelings of awe and devotion such as in these days he pays to none but the Creator or Christ, that the frail girl, the bashful maiden, equally with the imperious woman of the world, could bring the hardiest warrior, the war-worn veteran to his knees, nay, that the mere picture of

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her in his imagination fired the doughtiest knight to new enterprises, or brought all heaven before his eyes?

When I ask these questions of myself, I find I am called upon for an almost superhuman effort of the historic imagination. Lust one can understand, love one can understand, the interchange of sentiment or thought uniting two beings of different sexes in intimate and sacred bonds of union far transcending the bonds of friendship, one can understand.

But in the chivalrous devotion of the knight to the lady there is not necessarily, though there is frequently, the passion of lust, there is seldom any interchange of thought or sentiment, yet there is elevation of soul, inspiration, self-sacrifice, purification.

It is a quaint thought that seeks some interpretation for this devotion in regarding it as a development of animal worship. The mystery of instinct caused men to worship animals. The mystery of sex caused men to worship women. "The eternal feminine," says Goethe, "leadeth us onward."

Woman, theoretically, with the Roman was a slave, practically she shared his counsels and the rule of his household. Woman with the Greek was usually, if his wife, the mere bearer of his children, if his mistress, the toy of his passions. The Teuton barbarians introduced civilization to the more human ideal of domesticity. The spirit of asceticism made of woman a danger and a mystery. If pity is akin to love, mystery is akin to devotion. The contrast between the wild, rugged life of the knight seeking the meed of honour through scenes of fury and bloodshed, and that of woman gentle and retired, pitiful and prayerful, helped to excite the sentiment of veneration in the ruder soul for the gentler. The worship of the Virgin, due to the feeling of remoteness with which man had come to regard the high-throned Divine Christ, Judge of the great Assize, tended to consecrate ideal Womanhood. Woman had been exalted to the throne of heaven: it was not unnatural that woman should become the object of almost religious adoration upon earth. The

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motto of chivalry was *Dieu et ma dame*. The love of God and the ladies was enjoined on the knight as a single duty. He who was faithful and true to his mistress was held sure of salvation in the theology of castles, though not of cloisters. To be gallant was to be brave, but to display valour in the protection of the fair and feeble, in words and deeds of fantastic courtesy, often culminating in fanaticism.

The noble side of this worshipful attachment has found classic expression in the farewell address of the chaste Arthur to his guilty queen that forms one of the noblest passages in the *Idylls of the King*:

“To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her : for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man.”

And these words, with their inimitable grace and stateliness, do sum up sentiments that pervade the sonnets of Europe.

Thus Guido Guinicelli, the poet of Bologna, whom Dante regarded as his father, and who rhymed of love no longer as a fashionable pastime, but as the medium of philosophic truth, says of his lady “No man may think of evil, seeing her.”

This is the germ of the classic expression of the sentiment which is found in that which by many is regarded as the finest of Dante's sonnets :

“So gentle seems my lady and so pure
When she greets anyone, that scarce the eye
Such modesty and brightness can endure,
And the tongue, trembling, falters in reply.

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She never heeds, when people praise her worth,
Some in their speech, and many with a pen,
But meekly moves as if sent down to earth
To show another miracle to men.
And such a pleasure from her presence grows
On him who gazeth, while she passeth by,—
A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows
Who hath not felt it—that the soul's repose
Is woke to worship, and a spirit flows
From forth her face that seems to whisper 'Sigh!'

Beatrice died in 1290, and Dante closed the *Vita Nuova* in these words :—

"It was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can, as she well knoweth. Wherefore if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not yet been written before of any woman. After the which may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace that my spirit should go hence to see the glory of its lady, to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus, Laus Deo.*"

This passage was written probably in Dante's twenty-eighth year. The consecration of his younger manhood was the love of Beatrice. She made him a poet. Beatrice in her lifetime had been to him the revelation of beauty and all good, lifting her lover above the region of sordid thoughts, and opening to him a sphere of spiritual intelligence. The spirit of Beatrice accompanied him through the labyrinths of speculation. The brightness of her glorified face lifted him from sphere to sphere of Paradise. Yet it is not Beatrice who leads him into the presence of the Beatific Vision.

Beatrice had been to him the exponent of heavenly wisdom, as revealed to him in the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. St.

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Bernard was to be to him the exponent of the rapture of heavenly love, the high and mystic type of which the Saint had found enshrined in the Canticles of Solomon and in the personality of the Virgin Mother.

Petrarch's love for Laura was of a different type. It seemed to him an error and a sin because it clashed with an ascetic impulse which had never been completely blunted. He too, however, finds an exaltation in regarding his love as the ideal of womanhood :—

“Doth any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name.
How honour grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity;
Here thou mayest learn, and what the path may be
To that high heaven which doth her spirit claim;
Here learn soft speech beyond all poets' skill,
And softer silence, and those holy ways,
Untold, unutterable by human heart.”

In another passage he speaks of Laura as

“The bloom of virtue, purity's clear spring
To cleanse away base thoughts and passions wild.

* * * * *

“The sweet completeness of thy life it is
That saved my soul: no other peace I find.”

Dante and Petrarch raised the passion of Love to a higher level. The sentiment was subsequently indulged in to a fantastic degree by the Courts of Love.

In the language of Dean Church: “The age of the Courts of Love which Chaucer reflected, and which subsequently passed on through him to Spenser, are to us simply strange and abnormal states through which society has passed, to us beyond understanding and almost beyond belief. To perpetuate love-making as one of the first duties and necessities of a noble life, the space

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which it must fill in the cares and thoughts of all gentle and high-reaching spirits, the unrestrained language of admiration and worship, the unrestrained yielding to the impulses, the anxieties, the pitiable despair and agonies of love, the subordination to it of all other pursuits and aims, the weeping and wailing and self-torturing which it involves, all this is so far apart from what we know of actual life, the life not merely of work and business, but the life of affection and even of passion, that it makes the picture of which it seems so necessary a part, seem to us in the last degree unreal, unimaginable, grotesquely ridiculous."

But it is a primary canon in the study of history that the manners and customs of an age should be estimated by the standard not of the age which follows it, but of the age which precedes.

Now the age of the Courts of Love was the age of the Crusades. The characteristics of the period immediately preceding the Crusades were fraud and force. On these the Court of Love exercised a revolutionary influence. It taught that affection was to be the price of worth: that woman was to be wooed, deferred to, and cherished: that there were seasons wherein the strong were to rely no longer on their strength, and wherein victory was to be won by generous devotion and graceful submission. The Court of Love recognised existing gallantry, and so far as lay within its power legalised it. But it insisted on unswerving fidelity to a single lover: it promoted lofty sentiment and discouraged mere appetite: and it stamped with opprobrium those who disregarded its regulations. Thus it offered a formidable barrier to coarse and indiscriminate licentiousness. The first law of chivalrous love was that the knight was to win the esteem and affection of his lady by deeds of manhood.

"The envoys of the heart should be
The noble deeds of chivalry;
A daring charge, an escalade,
A knight or banner captive made;

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A pass against a host maintained ;
A name through trials borne unstained :
Thus love most eloquently speaks,
This is the homage maiden seeks ! ”

This view of life did not escape ridicule : the following instructions supposed to be given by a lady to her knight form a parody on the preceding passage :—

“ ‘Adventures seek for love of me,
I want a knight to brag on,
Of giants slaughter two or three,
Besides a fiery dragon !
Then there are lauds whose men they bake,
Though many folk deny it !
I’d like to know if it be so,
So just to please me, try it !
I’d like a petted crocodile,
I’d like a servile demon,
A unicorn—at least his horn—
All these are things I dream on.
I’d like a phœnix, or a fay,
Or satyr to keep by me :
You’re sure to meet them by the way,
So do now gratify me ! ’
The knight said ‘ Yes,’ and, bowing low,
His fiery courser spurred off :
But whether he did these things or no
Is what I never heard of.”

It was, it would seem, Sordello, the hero of Browning’s early poem, who raised the tone of Provençal poetry to that of a noble and reverential love. Sordello, who has been immortalised through the mention of his name by Dante, was born about the end of the twelfth century. He enjoyed some position as knight in the house of Raymond Berenger III, the last Count of Provence. He chose Raymond’s daughter Beatrice as the ideal object of his love. This lady was the wife of Charles of Anjou, the brother of S. Louis.

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As the amorous metaphysics developed the lady became an abstraction of exalted beauty, the lover an interpreter of the theory of love: the most personal of passions lost the character of individuality. Euripides puts into the lips of his heroine Medea, a wish that there had been no such calamity to the human race as the difference of sex, and that children had been sent direct from the gods, and placed in the temples. The high spirit of the wizard princess loathed the pains and indignity of child-bearing, and had had bitter experience of the torments of love, the fires of jealousy, the terrors and desolation that ensue upon desertion.

Spenser, in his *Masque of Cupid*, suggests the same arraignment of this ordinance of heaven, when, in his *Masque of Cnpid*, he makes all the evil concomitants of Love pass before us in a fantastic procession, every personage in which represents some torture to which Love has exposed both sexes of the human race through all the ages—Desire, Doubt, Danger, Fear, Dissemblance, Suspicion, Grief, Fury, Despite, Cruelty, Reproach, Repentance, Shame, Strife, Anger, Care, Unthriftyhood, Riot, Dread, Poverty, and Death with Infamy.

These imps, demons, goblins have been less sparing of all sorts and conditions of men than Death himself. Love, like death, has his dance, and almost as universal.

“Love is strong as death : ardent passion is as obdurate as Sheol : the flashes thereof are flashes of fire, even a flame sent by Jehovah.”

Think only of the typical instances of Love's victims as represented in the masterpieces of literature. They pass before our mental vision as ideal figures representing millions of forlorn sisters of all ages and all countries. Gently-matured and submissive Griseldas and Ophelias, Desdemonas loyal even to a murderous lord, girlish Juliets tossed by innocent passion between contending factions, saintly Marguerites appalled in the meshes of unholy toils, queenly-souled Didos disdainfully struggling with

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a passion despised ; holiest confidences betrayed, self-sacrificing devotion abused, the sweetest and most sacred virtues soured and desecrated by the vilest pollution. And on the part of men brilliant careers, noblest ambitions abandoned or flung away, high aspirations, fame, honour, power laid at the feet of the most frail or the most foolish. Kingdoms and commonalties wrecked and ruined, unnatural hatreds engendered between fathers and sons, mothers and daughters ; all that is loftiest, noblest, most hallowed made the toys of the lowliest, the vilest, the most foul.

Such visions would tend to make us despair did we see no progress, did we feel that nothing better has been evolved out of this seeming confusion, this turmoil in the souls of men, this derangement in the organization of the world.

This something to which these conflicting passions are tending, while they seem to be rending one another to pieces on the way, has been expressed in strenuous and stately language by Mr. William Watson, language which it is much to my purpose to quote, though I must accept it with a difference :—

“ With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heaven above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears and death and love ;
And, wise from all the foolish Past,
Shall, peradventure, hail at last
The advent of that morn divine,
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all in their unlikeness blend
Confederate to one common end—
Beauty ; the Vision whereunto,
In joy with panting from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue
And mind and clay and warm and star,
Now touching goal, now backward hurled,
Toils the indomitable world.”

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Is it not possible that we may win a loftier, truer, and more blissful expansion of this noble thought, if for Beauty we substitute Love as the final goal?

For the subtlest and noblest expression of this view we must go to an older and deeper poet than Mr. Watson. This is the message on this subject of Mr. Browning.

“I can believe this dread machinery
Of sin and sorrow
Devised—all pain, at most expenditure
Of pain by Who devised pain—to evolve
By new machinery a counterpart,
The moral qualities of man—how else?
To make him love in turn and be beloved,
Creative and self-sacrificing too,
And thus eventually Godlike.”

All life, with Browning, is but treading the “love-way,” and no wanderer can finally lose it. The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not wander therein.

He who has learnt to love in any way has, according to Browning, “caught God’s secret.” Emerson has given utterance to the same idea in stately prose:

“Love is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the world and all nature with its generous flames.”

I quote Professor Jones:

“The love of the sexes from this point of view develops into the finer instincts of the yearning of soul for soul. It puts us into training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality; but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. The whole creation is nothing but love incarnate, a pulsation from the divine heart. Every event in the history of the world and of man is explicable as the bursting into new form of this elemental, all-pervading power. The permanence in change of nature, the unity in variety, the strength which clothes itself in beauty, are all manifestations of love.”

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In the light of love man sees a good in evil, and a hope in ill-success, and recognises that mankind are—

“All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak ;
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get at him.”

And again :

“Life with all its yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear
Is just our chance o’ the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is.”

Our destiny is to grow through love into the life of all things. Love is thus the central principle of life—the power that holds the Universe together, the clue to all meanings, the condition of all knowledge.

“O world, as God has made it, all is beauty,
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.”

As love springs where beauty is felt, so duty is joy where love is its ground.

Sighs and serenades on earth are meant to lead up to something better than halos and harps in heaven.

These high thoughts probably have their origin in the discourse on love recorded in Plato’s *Symposium*. That work is the Pagan Holy of Holies, wherein are enshrined the best thoughts on Love and its evolution. I will read to you a passage from the brilliant translation of one to whom I owe much, the late Master of Balliol, whose life was one long loving devotion to the awakening and training of the minds and souls of youth :—

“He who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms ; and, first, if he be guided by his instincts aright, to love one such form only—out of that he should create fair thoughts, and soon he will of himself perceive that the

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beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another ; and then, if beauty in form in general is his pursuit, how foolish he would be not to recognise that the beauty in every form is one and the same ! And when he perceives that he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms ; in the next stage he will consider that the beauty of the mind is more honorable than the beauty of outward form. So that, if a virtuous soul have but little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family, and that personal beauty is a trifle ; and after laws and institutions he will go on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with the beauty of one person or institution, himself a slave and narrow-minded, but, drawing towards and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love of wisdom ; until on that shore he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere.

“The true order of going or being led by another to the things of love, is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty, going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is.

“If man had eyes to see the true beauty, the divine beauty, pure and clear and unalloyed, do you not see that in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth not images of beauty, but realities, and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue to become the friend of God, and immortal if mortal man may ? Would that be an ignoble life ?”

Here, you see, Dante and Plato have travelled much the same road and reached the same goal. Yet it is quite certain that Dante never read the *Phædo* or the *Symposium* in the original, nor is there reason to suppose that he was even remotely acquainted with their true substance in scholastic compendiums.

Between Plato and Dante as an expounder of the meaning of Love lies the great Latin Father St. Augustine, a thinker who—

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in the language of Harnack—lived at the end of the ancient time, and who projected his life over the centuries of the new.

The contribution made by Augustine in the evolution of the idea of Love is that he has, if I may so speak, focussed its object, setting before his own imagination and that of all who come after him the comparatively clear vision of an ideally good Being as the object of man's affections, the centre to which they may be directed, and from which they may be radiated on all other beings.

At the very beginning of the *Confessions* he declares that the longing for such a being to love is the ground for the restlessness of men's hearts, that the finding of this object for their love alone can give them rest. "Thou, Lord, hast made us after Thine own image, and our hearts are ever restless till they find rest in Thee."

At the end of the *Confessions*, when at last he seems to himself to have found God, he bursts into a rhapsody of almost too intimate a nature to be read aloud, unless indeed to the accompaniment of soft music. It is the kind of language that has been the making of history, the history of the imagination of men's hearts and the emotions of men's souls. The Latin, too, is of a new character in the history of language; the language of civic life is learning to adapt itself to express the innermost thoughts of the heart, and its accents in the new phase have been aptly likened (by Mr. J. A. Symonds) to a "plangent melody."

"Too late I loved Thee, Beauty, so old and yet so new, too late I loved Thee. And, behold! Thou wert within and I without, and there I sought thee; and in my deformity rushed amidst those beautiful forms which Thou hadst made. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which, unless they had their being in Thee, had no being. Thou didst call and cry aloud and break through my deafness. Thou didst blaze forth and shine and scatter my blindness. Thou wast fragrant, and I draw in my breath and I pant for Thee. I tasted and I hunger and thirst. Thou touchdest me and I burned for Thy peace. . . . And sometimes Thou admittedst me to an affection very unusual to my inmost soul: rising to a strange sweetness which, if it were perfected in me, I know not what could ever be which this life could not be."

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This is the prattle of Mysticism in its infancy ; the Mystic is one who claims to be able to see God and divine things with the inner eye of the soul—a direct apprehension as the bodily eye apprehends colour, as the bodily ear apprehends sound. The method of the Mystic is simply contemplative : he does not argue or generalise or infer : he reflects, broods, waits for light ; with him “function is smothered in surmise,” thought is lost in emotion : his exaltation comes to its climax in the ineffable, even as Dante, in the moment of most exalted vision in Paradise, thought he beheld three empty circles.

We have, however, to deal with the subject of Mysticism only as illustrating the wrong path to the true Eros. For the element of selfishness that lurks in the essence of Mysticism annuls its claim to have found the love-way to the true Eros. The desire of the Mystic is to be alone with God, to have, so to speak, a monopoly of God. Not indeed that all mystics abandoned themselves to a life of idle contemplation. In theory the mystic was often a Pantheist, a Nihilist, a worshipper of self. In practice he was often a noble example of humility, benevolence, and untiring industry.

Such a one was Richard Rolle, the hermit of Hampole, who was born at Thornton, in Yorkshire, about 1300. Of him his biographer, Horstmann, says he is the true father of English literature. He would be interesting if for no other reason yet from this, that it is probable that his translation of the Psalms was the first English version of any part of the Bible.

Dean Milman claims the *Piers Ploughman* of Langland as the first protest of the Teuton against the oppressive system of Latin Christianity. But Rolle preceded Langland, and his utterances, though less manly, are more exalted. Langland's voice is the voice of the down-trodden community : he is an English Amos protesting against the selfish luxury and injustice of the rich, calling on “judgment to roll down as waters, and righteousness as an overflowing stream.” Rolle's voice is that of the spirit of

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man : he is the heir of Hosea, and of the Evangelist of Love. He feels the mutual yearning of God for man and man for God. He is "drawn by the bands of love." It has indeed been said of him that he re-discovered Love, the principle of Christ. He re-installed feeling, the principle of life, which had been obliterated in the reign of scholasticism. He re-opened the inner eye of man, teaching contemplation in solitude, an unworldly life in abnegation, in chastity, and charity. He fought against the absorption of religion by the interested classes, and re-asserted the individual, individual right and conscience, against all tyranny both secular and ecclesiastic.

The account Rolle gives of his psychological history is so precise that it is one of the best aids to understand the mental development of a mystic. First, he went through the stage of *purificatio* or *purgatio*, a time of penitence and repentance, of ascetic exercises, so as to withdraw the mind from sin and carnal affection : as long as any remorse is felt the mind is not yet perfectly purified. Then through the stage of *illuminatio*, in which the mind is kindled to perfect love of God by meditation and prayer : then he reaches the third stage, *contemplatio* or "sight," in which man sees into heaven with his ghostly eye, when "through the open door of heaven with unveiled face the eye of the heart contemplates the heavenly spirits." In this stage he subsequently—the doors of heaven remaining open—experiences the three places which he calls *calor*, *canor*, *dulcor*. The *canor* was as it were a divine melody chiming from above, and resounding in his heart, which henceforth is full of celestial harmony, so that his thought, his very prayers turn into songs to Jesus or Mary, and that he now modulates what before he was used to say.

Thus, in his youth—the age most fitted for love—he has forsaken the love of the world and carnal love, and gives himself entirely to divine love. He is subject to no control, to no rule but his own. He claims exemption from the Congregation which

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would tend to disturb the "canor." Love is his Abbot, the only regulator of his conduct.

Rolle must be judged by his times; they were times of gross materialism when immorality and cupidity pervaded all classes, from the highest to the lowest: religion was a ceremonial, its professors for the most part mystery-mongers, their followers cravens. As the vindication of the religion of the heart, and of the rights of the individual, and the individual conscience, he was a precursor of the Reformation.

Yet in his search for the "Unknown Eros" Rolle, like other mystics, for all his warmth and attractiveness, is far from reaching the highest ideal. His view is not based on a just and reasonable view of the Universe. In Shelley's melodious language, we see in it—

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

Rolle's system tends to a life of dreamy idleness. The eyes of such a contemplative saint might easily become with their "white ideal" all "statue-blind." The ordinary mystic (though perhaps not Rolle) sinned against nature in the search for nature's God, for he sought the God of Love, not through the human affections, but by turning aside from them. His ascetic theories discredit the domestic affections which are the pedagogues to virtuous living. Rolle represents, if I may so speak, a back-water in the river of Love to the great Love ocean. He failed to grasp fully the meaning of the nobly sober saying of the Evangelist, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" With what a balmy breath across the arid desert of poor Rolle's solitary and moody life come the words of the errant Burns, evoking an ideal picture he so piteously failed to realise:

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“To mak’ a canty clean fireside
For weans and wife,
That’s the true pathos and sublime
Of human life !”

And, in spite of all their prejudices, across the sterile lives of some of the saints, such images would flash even like the vision of the dream-children of Charles Lamb.

I owe to a lady, who chooses to be called Vernon Lee, a charming description of one such saint. Jacopo dei Benedetti, a fellow-countryman of St. Francis d’Assisi, was born about the middle of the thirteenth century, about the time when Dante was writing his *Purgatory* and *Paradiso*. He was the reputed author of the *Stabat Mater*. He, and not St. Francis, must be regarded as the poet of the great religious movement of his period. He was a wild, grotesque person, but it is not necessary here to analyse his strangely inconsistent character. He pursued with invectives Boniface VII, and was cast by that Pope into the dungeon of Palestrina. His dwelling was a subterranean hole on which opened a cesspool. In this awful place the blessed Jacopone had visions which were not nightmares, but visions of love, love towards Jesus, expressed as often by the mystics, in language that is a variation on the words of the Canticles, such as, “Thou art locked up in my heart, the little key is lost, thou must remain inside.”

But Jacopone introduces a new note, the love for and the delight in the infant Jesus. “Heaven and earth are linked together since the good God has become a babe, a sweet little brother of ours.”

Jacopone, thus blithely singing in his dungeon of the love of the man and the woman for their nursling, answers the philosophic Euripides and his child-murdering heroine, by his sweet protesting against all dishonour of the life of children.

St. Francis, in the *Song of the Sun*, had celebrated the union in loving brotherhood of all the children of Nature. Jacopone sees

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the whole family in the stable at Bethlehem. There is the little baby, prince of the elect, lying naked among the prickly hay. There are St. Joseph and the Virgin contemplating the little creature with mingled love and adoration. There are the ox and the little ass breathing upon his holy breast. And there are the angels, transcendental beings, mingling their homage with the holy beasts. "In the worthy stable of the sweet baby the angels are singing round the little one: they sing and cry out, the beloved angels, quite reverend and timid and shy. He lies naked and without covering; the angels shout in the heights."

Yes, I think Jacopone in his prison-darkness is nearer the discovery of the unknown Eros than the other mystics gazing into azure space. *Nihil divinum est nisi quod etiam humanum.* Husband and wife, the beasts of the field and the angels, grouping themselves round the divinity of the human babe—this is a symbol of the unity of the Universe in a love ordained by its Maker, an elemental Love, springing up in the hearts of all human beings but the perverted, recognised throughout the ages. This is a love that implies fostering tenderness, and far-sighted hope, that at once refines and elevates, softens and strengthens, the combination that images the ideal humanity in this life, and as far as we may conjecture, in any other lives that lie before us.

The purifying influence of paternity has, I think, found classic expression in a noble chapter in Mr. Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Richard has fallen, as he thinks, too low for his wife's embrace, his body is a "desecrated temple, fit for nothing but a dance of devils." He is a voluntary exile from home in the forests of the Rhine when he learns from a friend that he is a father. "Hence, fantastic vapours! What are ye to this? Where are the dreams of a hero when he learns he has a child? Nature is taking him to her bosom. She will speak presently." Brooding on his newly-revealed condition he pierces into the forest, accompanied only by a little dog. There comes a storm, described as only Mr. Meredith can describe. The storm is in sympathy with

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the tumult in his heart, when its terrors and noise have abated there shall come the whisper of a still small voice. In the Temple of God all things are now crying out to Richard the sacred name of "Father." "The lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him, filling him with awful rapture. Alone there—sole human creature among the grandeur and mysteries of storm—he felt the representative of his kind, and his spirit rose and marched, and exulted, let it be glory, let it be rain." The storm abates.

"The rain was now steady; from every tree a fountain poured. So cool and easy had his mind become that he was speculating what kind of shelter the birds could find, and how the butterflies and moths saved their coloured wings from washing. Folded close they might hang under a leaf, he thought. Lovingly he looked into the dripping darkness of the coverts on each side, as one of their children.

He had picked up a leveret.

"He grew aware that the little thing he carried in his breast was licking his hand there. The small rough tongue going over and over the palm of his hand produced the strange sensation he felt. Now that he knew the cause the marvel ended; but now that he knew the cause, his heart was touched and made more of it. The gentle scraping continued without intermission as on he walked. What did it say to him? Human tongue could not have said so much just then.

"Impelled as a man who feels a revelation mounting obscurely to his brain, Richard was passing one of those little forest chapels, hung with votive wreaths, where the peasant halts to kneel and pray. He looked within and saw the Virgin holding her Child. He moved by. But not many steps had he gone ere his strength went out of him, and he shuddered. What was it? He asked not. He was in other hands. Vivid as lightning the spirit of life illumined him. He felt in his heart the cry of his child, his darling's touch. With shut eyes he saw them both. They draw him from the depths; they led him a blind and tottering man. And as they led him he had a sense of purification so sweet he shuddered again and again."

Here, then, we have the unknown Eros drawing Richard *de profundis*—unknown at least in a measure, for Richard has not seen his child.

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And here in this exquisite nineteenth century Idyll we have reproduced somewhat the same *dramatis personæ* as in Jacopone's song—for the ox and the little ass breathing on the holy breast of the babe we have the confiding leveret, "brother leveret"—as St. Francis would have called him—licking the hand of the despondent sinner; the angels, indeed, are unseen—but they make their presence felt in the serene tranquillity breathed by their joy over the penitent: and there is a glimpse in the forest chapel of the sweet little brother of ours in his mother's arms. The mother of Richard's child is absent as the child is. But am I not for that very reason justified in quoting this passage in illustration of my theme? The instinct of motherhood has received ample illustration in many masterpieces. But I know of no other author who has thus glorified the instinct of paternity and shewn its evolution in the heart and its power to reveal the ocean of love that girdles the world—the Unknown Eros.

And now it is time to ask what do we mean—what did Mr. Patmore mean by the "Unknown Eros"?

Ah, if we could define, the Eros would not be unknown.

We may not define, we can only use symbols.

The Unknown Eros is a virgin mountain, a circumference which is its own centre. If you divide it, the part exceeds the whole. It is a microcosm, yet it reaches to some great world "in ungauged darkness hid." It is an ideal unity only attainable through multitudinous realities. The legend on its banner is the saying of Augustine that Shelley makes use of for the motto of *Alastor*: "*Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quærebam quid amarem, amans amare.*"

Let us see what contribution Shelley has made to this subject in depicting his hero's character. The poet himself, in prose that more than rivals his verse, tells us the design of the poem which somewhat resembles that of Tennyson's "Palace of Art." The poem represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through

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familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic to the contemplation of the Universe. He thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to himself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations, unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover, could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The poet is represented as courting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment he sinks to an untimely grave.

The character of Alastor illustrates the life of its author; his moral failures, his loving heart, his selfish conduct, his lofty ideals, his humiliating practices. Alastor would make his head do the work of his heart, he left warmth in quest for light, he suffered the sun to put out the fire. He would leap at a bound over all the steps in the Evolution of Love. The Eros is all around and within him, but he, like the mystic, would seek the Eros outside. The tone of Alastor meets a classic rebuke in the words of Browning :

“How can man love but what he yearns to help?”

Alastor had no yearning to help. His object was not to impart, but to enjoy. But there is no love in mere emotional sentiments. Love excludes neither work nor knowledge, and having a little sister named Hope is necessarily an Optimist in her views—alike of God and man, of the Present and the Future, not an otiose, but a helpful Optimist, cheerfully throwing herself into all tasks imposed upon her by knowledge or by pity.

We seem to have seen in the History of the Past that the instinct and passion of Love have been gradually refined and amplified. The brute instinct of lust became a pure sexual love,

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developed into the loving sympathy of mind with mind. The love of children widened into the love of all that are weak and need succour. The power of loving expands with the exercise, nor need we forecast any limit to that expansion if we place no limit on the duration of the spirit in which it has its home.

All who have ever attempted to aid others by influence and sympathy, all who are recipients of grateful affection in return, know the supreme delight of the exercise, the preciousness of its reward. They know also the limitation of their powers—the weakness of the flesh contrasted with the willingness of the spirit, and the spiritual lassitude that ensues on an undue exercise of them.

What if the progress in the infinite series of future states be the expansion and strengthening of these powers, so that the love that now expends itself on individuals, or on social work, on patriotism, or the love of fallen humanity, shall hereafter be able to expend itself, without exhaustion, on spirits equivalent in number to those of cities, of provinces, of countries, of continents, of planets, of solar systems? Have we not in this ideal imaged the divinest attribute of Deity, however inadequately, and does not the loving optimist believe himself and all members of the human race—yes, perhaps all, even the most degraded—to be approaching the perfection of God? May not the very existence of evil have for its design the development of Love? For where were Love without an object? Love finds its object, as Love progresses, not merely in physical or intellectual beauty, but in moral and spiritual beauty, even when accompanied by deformity and mental simplicity.

Think of the enormous demands made upon the powers of sympathy of Rulers by the loyalty of their subjects displayed on ceremonial occasions; Xerxes, weeping over the shortness of human life, as he gazed on his thousand subjects from his throne; Napoleon, with an unloving heart, accepting the idolatry of his armies; the loving heart of the Czar, straining to respond through-

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out exhausting ceremonies to the trustful affection of a myriad subjects. To come nearer home, think of our own aged Queen, the late Cybele among monarchs, mother and grandmother of Kings and Princes, borne through street after street of acclaiming crowds representing all the vile and degraded as well as the good and great of her vast dominions, natives of races of varied characteristics, in physique and in spirit. Think of a mind capable of understanding, an imagination capable of conceiving all that that means. No Christian stoicism, no usage the result of an experience unrivalled in the history of the world, could sufficiently strengthen any heart to be recipient of such overwhelming love. Such an Eros is unknown on earth. Yet this may be the Eros after which we are all reaching. Such an Eros may be the destined possession, not alone of exalted persons such as Victoria—exalted not in station alone, but in the merited approval and love of myriads of her subjects—but of the lowliest dame among them, whose homely face is carved with the wrinkles of affectionate solicitude for the humblest wants of the meanest household in her realms.

The unknown Eros was to Victoria on that day the dream of the possibility of every kindly thought, issuing from each of those loving hearts, finding a conscious receptacle in her heart, and a conscious reciprocity. For this she must have felt her impotence, for this is to be as God. Yet to this godlike and divine capacity it may be we are all progressing, this or something like this may be the unknown Eros.

Nor need we think of the power of this Eros as consumed in emotions of pity and sympathy with the weak. The barriers of space and time and misapprehension and ignorance removed, choice spirits will hold unrestricted and comforting communion with choice spirits. The virtuous and the wise will communicate and promote virtue and wisdom, soul will pass into soul, not losing personality, but combining worthinesses.

This, however, may be regarded as "lunar politics," as mere romance of speculation. There is, however, an Eros known as

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yet, perhaps, merely by the fluttering of his wings, who is hovering over the earth like a brooding dove, and filling men's minds with peace and goodwill, the democratic Eros, the Eros of *camaraderie*. He has a prophet in Walt Whitman. The angels of his Eros are not sentimental young ladies, whose pietism has been unruffled by contact with earthly struggles; they are the manly toilers of the earth, those capable of self sacrifice, however humble, however degraded. "Three scythes at harvest, whizzing in a row, from three lusty angels with shirts bagged out at their waists. The snag-toothed hostler, with red hair, redeeming sins past and to come, selling all he possesses, travelling on foot to fee lawyers for his brother, and sit by him while he is tried for forgery."

"Come, I will make the Continent indissoluble. I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon.

I will make divine, magnetic lands

With the love of comrades,

With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies.

I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each others' necks,

By the love of comrades,

By the manly love of comrades."

Whitman forecasts this future for the land that is a congeries of nationalities, such as has never been known in the history of the world. If there be any truth in the thought of this paper, we may adopt the hopes of this high and manly spirit and extend them to the limits of our little earth. And more. When the Eros—the democratic Eros—the cosmopolitan Eros—has knit all nationalities together in the spirit of comradeship, there will still be an unknown Eros—keen sighted into millions of hearts, sincere and large-hearted, beyond the dreams of man, knitting together the myriad populations of unknown worlds. But the

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nearer vision is enough—or too much—for us. To make it a reality is the office of gods, is the ministry of man. It is to this realisation all Creation has ever been travelling; for this that Beauty is developed to evoke Love, and Deformity to evoke Pity, the daughter of Love. To this all the labour and thought on the earth are tending. This is the meaning of the agonies of Love's passion, the throes of woman's travail, the soldier's wounds and death, the patriot's sacrifice; and, may I not add as a last word, of the Teacher's struggles and wrestlings with the mind and spirit of the newcomers on the scene of this pageantry, when, amid the ardours of young men and young women, and the pathos and tragedy of their elders' careers, their tears and laughter play their part, sometimes in demoniac antics, sometimes with the purifying hilarity of a passing Pippa?

SCHOOLBOYS AS NAVVIES.

By J. Lewis Paton, High Master of Manchester Grammar School.

BELIEVE an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily exert in amusements definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields than ride over other people's. So spake John Ruskin, and not only spake but acted. He was not above scrubbing down the staircase of a Swiss hotel that was badly in need of soap and water, and all the world knows how he took out the Oxford undergraduates to make the road at Hincksey. That piece of road at Hincksey is often said to be the worst piece of road near Oxford, but the people who are so fond of proclaiming the fact are curiously blind to the real point. The point is not whether that particular piece of road is as good as the adjoining pieces, but whether the men who made it are not better men than they would have been, if Ruskin had not delivered them from false and foolish conventional notions of gentility. We will chance a few bumps on our bicycle, if we can get such men as Bishop Paget and Canon Rawnsley.

Indeed, it is surprising that the spirit of utilitarianism which has made such onslaughts on the traditional classical curriculum of the schools, should have had as yet nothing to say to the traditional curriculum of athletics. "Why waste all these hours," they say, "over Latin and Greek verses? Latin verses are no good for earning a living." But is it not equally pertinent, or impertinent, to ask: "Why waste all these hours and all this physical effort over wheeling round a horizontal bar, kicking an inflated bladder, and hitting a globular piece of shoddy with all your might round four blank walls? Why not utilise all this energy for a useful

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purpose? Why not plough and make hay, dig and break stones? These things would give just as good exercise, and there would be something tangible to show for your output of energy."

It is an interesting instance of how fashionable prejudice is too strong for philosophic logic. The reason that our utilitarian reformers of curricula say nothing about the uselessness of games is at bottom social. To play cricket is *genteel*, to dig potatoes isn't. Dirty play, such as football or steeplechasing, is held in esteem, "dirty work" must be left to the "lower orders."

Not that anyone would dream of abolishing games. The natural instinct of play is too deeply implanted for any such attempt to succeed. Turn it out with your pitchfork and it will assert itself in your classrooms. It is a thoroughly wholesome instinct, and perhaps the strongest claim that English teachers have to credit is the way they have exploited this natural instinct for the highest ends. Physical pluck, self-restraint, promptness of mind, and promptness of action are all taught on the playing field in a far more effective way than they could be taught by any textbook or syllabus of moral instruction. There is, too, a natural zest in games which reacts with exhilarating effect on the whole mental and moral vitality. Beyond all these, games are an object lesson in unselfishness; they teach what is perhaps of chief importance to the budding Briton, the habit of working together with others for a common end. "What would you do," said someone to S. Carlo Borromeo, while engaged in a game, "if your Judge were now to appear?" "I would finish the game," answered the saint; "for His glory I began it, for His glory I will finish the same."

That is one side of the question, too frequently ignored by present-day critics of our public schools. But there is another side also, equally liable to be ignored. There has been as much over-specialisation in the athletics of our schools as in the teaching. An exaggerated importance is attached to results by boys, teachers, and parents alike. Games are no longer a means to an end, they have become an end in themselves, and absorb a quite inordinate portion

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of the time and attention, the reading, and the conversation of the boys as they grow up. No expense and no elaboration is spared to achieve the utmost pitch of perfection. Our big schools have two or three cricket professionals in addition to the regular ground-man; the records of the various athletic events are tabulated year by year; they must have cinder-tracks for their races for fear their "records" should fall a fraction of a second behind those of other schools. Indeed, so much of a fetish have they become that the elevation of a Minister to Cabinet rank has been, in boyish circles, commonly supposed to have had a very intimate connection with the century which his son made a few weeks previous in the Eton and Harrow match.

The inevitable result is that the physical ambitions of our young generation and its intellectual interest are unduly focussed on the trivial round of cricket, football and rowing. Indeed, with the compulsory system in force, wonderfully little scope is allowed for any other leisure pursuit, and one hears the complaint that the boys who leave the public schools are turned out too much on one model, are narrow in their interests, and devoid of originality or initiative. Other prophets, among them Professor Mahaffy, warn us that the athlete does not shine as a soldier, he is perhaps inimitable under certain favourable conditions for spectacular effect, but he does not "endure hardness," his fibre is not tough enough; he may be good at a charge, but he cannot campaign.

There is much to be said for the prevalent dissatisfaction with the cult of sport at public schools, and it is not surprising if that dissatisfaction sometimes takes an extreme form. And yet no one who looks back on the history of the public schools for the last thirty years, and notes the total disappearance of bullying and those coarser vices which surprise us in the Rugby of Arnold's sermons, no one who has watched the wholesome effect of the discipline of games in an individual case, no one who has considered the moral risks of running a large community of boys without some such outlet for animal spirits, would for a moment identify himself

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with the abolitionists. What one desires is that the boys should have less done for them and do more for themselves, and that there should be a greater variety of choice in the opportunities for outdoor exercise, even at the risk of losing a good bowler from the school eleven, or adding a few seconds to the time for the school mile.

These things are not only desirable, they are proved feasible by practice. Shrewsbury, Sedbergh and Bath College boys have all done navy-work on their own playing fields, and now the Manchester boys are doing the same. Abbotsholme, Bedales and Claysmore, the A.B.C. of the reformed schools, make dovecotes, boathouses and pavilions, fell trees, dig potatoes, cut and cart hay, dig out skating ponds, throw up rifle-butts and erect bridges to present as a gift of friendship to the Parish Council. I happened to be at Christ's Hospital when they started on their new garden allotments. There was a fine show of linen collars and long looped-up coats for the first five minutes, and then one by one these impedimenta began to shed themselves on the adjoining fence. It reminded me of the way a gardener once explained the difference between an amateur and the real article. "You see, the gentleman, he starts with his collar and coat and all his things on, and he gets rid of 'em by degrees, but we start in our shirtsleeves." The Christ's Hospital boy probably knows better now and "starts in his shirtsleeves" or his jersey.


These things are not a mere fad. Manual labour should form a part of every liberal education, and self-reliance is one of the essential qualities of manhood. The exclusive cult of games tends to foster class distinction and beget a contempt for "work." The public schoolboy too frequently has learned to despise the great majority of his species. Digging and wheel-barrowing should teach him not only to honour work, but also to honour the worker, who is a worker indeed. Not unlikely he will have to direct in his after life the manual work of others. Even if his line is scholarship, he may be called upon to do such work as Professor

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Flinders Petrie or Mr. A. H. Evans. The "scholar of the spade" will be none the worse for some knowledge of how to dig. If he becomes an officer or an engineer, he should be ready, when occasion requires, to take off his coat and take a hand in the work himself, as Moltke charged with his men up the slope of Gravelotte. "I will have the gentlemen to haul and draw with the mariners," said Francis Drake. That is the real English tradition which has been somewhat obscured in these days of wealth, and that is the sort of spirit which will build up worthily that empire which Francis Drake helped to found. It is indeed obvious that in the coming generations, if our population is still to expand, it must expand over seas. We cannot pack in much closer than we are already in our tight little island, an increasing number must go out and subdue the earth in our half-developed colonies. It is the duty of the schools to prepare for these things twenty or thirty years ahead and so utilise the leisure time that the rising generation shall be fit for pioneer work. In so doing they will be working in the line of Paul the tentmaker and many another leader of men who thought it no indignity to "labour with their hands"; they will be doing something to bridge over that gulf between class and class which "yawns yet unspanned," and they will be teaching in concrete fashion that self-reliance which goes to the making of a man.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF JOHN RUSKIN.

By James P. Smart.

O understand and appreciate fully what Ruskin wrote respecting the improvement of our social condition, here in England, we should know something of his life, and why it was that he turned from his natural work—the study of art and the criticism of artists—to undertake the thankless task of trying to show his fellow men how they could lead better lives, socially and politically. I must therefore preface my remarks by giving a brief account of his life and work before the time at which he threw himself, heart and soul, into the question of the condition of the people.

His early education was conducted by his mother, who gave him an invaluable discipline in thoroughness by compelling him to learn long passages by heart, and especially he acquired under her that accurate and extensive knowledge of the English Bible, which was the chief cause of the unrivalled beauty of his style. His mother was Evangelical, almost Calvinistic, in religion, and a strict disciplinarian. His father, on the other hand, a man of artistic tastes, indulged him in a quiet way, and as the boy grew up, gave him everything he wanted, and that always of the best. It was his parents' hope that he would become a clergyman, and for that purpose he was sent to Oxford. But the young man's inclination was in quite a different direction: towards art and science, especially architecture, painting, and geology. Offended by an attack on Turner in *Blackwood's Magazine*, he undertook his defence, and wrote his famous work *Modern Painters* with that object, the first volume appearing in 1843.

In his preface to the final volume, Ruskin thus describes the purpose of the work and his reason for writing it. He says that in the main aim and principle of the book there is no variation

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from beginning to end. It sets forth the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God, and tests all the work of man by its agreement with that standard. He maintains that it is unlike most books, and is in some respects likely to be the better for the difference, in that it was written neither for money, or fame, or for conscience sake, but from necessity. He saw an injustice done and tried to remedy it. He heard false teaching and felt compelled to deny it.

The principles and the springs of action here set forth actuated all Ruskin's work during the whole course of his life. He devoted himself to the study of the truth and beauty of nature, and to the relation of these to the life and work of man. Hence we see the connection between tracing a moral purpose in art, and going on to trace the same purpose on the social relations of men.

Ruskin was further qualified for writing in art by being himself no mean performer, as anyone could see who visited the recent exhibitions of his drawings either at Coniston or in London. His sketches lack the finish of a master, since he was content when he had reached the truth for which he was seeking, but they show a knowledge of nature, a delicacy of feeling, and a power of execution which many a master might envy.

When criticizing a picture, he always looked behind the painting to see the artist, and in front of it to see the spectator. That is to say, he would consider whether the artist had delighted in the performance of his work, and rejoiced in its fulfilment, and whether the finished work was worthy of delight or joy. And of the spectator he would ask, does the picture give you noble ideas and increase your love of nature. In other words, he imported morality into art. The advocates of art for art's sake will of course deny the connection between morality and art; but unless we take into consideration his standpoint, we shall not be prepared to follow him when he comes to deal with social economy.

In 1854, Dr. Furnivall and others started the Working Men's College, now in Great Ormond Street, and Ruskin consented to

look after the art classes. On the opening night Dr. Furnivall gave a small pamphlet to each of the men as they came in. It was a reprint of the 6th chapter of the second volume of Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, on the nature of Gothic architecture :—those eloquent and noble words, as Dr. Furnivall called them, about workmen and art. William Morris also greatly admired this chapter, and it was one of the first books he printed in sumptuous style at his Kelmscott press. In his preface, Morris says :—“To my mind it is one of the most important things written by the author, and in future days will be considered as one of the few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century. For the lesson which Ruskin here teaches us is that art is the expression of man's pleasure in labour ; that it is possible for man to rejoice in his work, and that unless man's work once again becomes a pleasure to him, all but the worthless must toil in pain and therefore live in pain.”

Ruskin endeavoured to impress upon his pupils that his object was not to fit them for becoming artists, or directly to increase their skill in their present callings. It was first of all to direct their attention accurately to the beauty of God's work in the material universe, and next, to enable them to record with sufficient accuracy the forms and colours of objects when such a record would be useful.

In November, 1853, Ruskin lectured at Edinburgh on Architecture and Painting, and took the opportunity of referring to the beneficial effect of Gothic architecture upon the workman. He pointed out the different influence on a man's mind exercised by being kept all his life carving by scores repetitions of a model, itself not taken from nature, and being set, for each separate piece of work he had to do, to copy himself some living form.

In this same lecture Ruskin advanced another step on the path of social reform. He dealt with the subject of the control of the Purse. According to him every penny spent on objects of art has influence over the minds and spirits of men far more than over

their bodies. This was in opposition to the well-known axiom of Mill, that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour. But Ruskin maintains that by every print, or cup, or piece of furniture we buy, we are educating a number of men in one way or another. We are employing them either healthily or unhealthily; making them lead happy or unhappy lives; and some day the question will be put to us why we did not think of this.

In July, 1857, Ruskin delivered two lectures at Manchester, the first on the discovery and application of Art, the second on the accumulation and distribution of Art. These lectures he published shortly afterwards under the title of "*The Political Economy of Art.*" Although the lectures dealt with both art and political economy, or rather social reform (which was what Ruskin meant when he used the term political economy), the two subjects were kept fairly distinct, and we can now begin to gather an idea of what he advocated in the way of improving our social system. There are a few root ideas to be found in this book. On the subject of *Paternal Government* he says that as we advance in social knowledge, it will be our object to make our Government not only judicial but also paternal, by which he means setting up such laws and authorities as will direct men in their occupations, protect them against their follies, and relieve their distress. It is to be the duty of Governments to prevent dishonesty as it now punishes theft. The masses are to be disciplined for the toils of peace as they have hitherto been for war. There are to be soldiers of the plough as well as soldiers of the sword, and Government is to "distribute more proudly its golden crosses of industry—golden as the glow of harvest, than now it grants its bronze crosses of honour, bronzed with the crimson of blood."

Trade Guilds is another of these root ideas, and in this book he lays down the principles which should govern them. We are more and more to cast our work into social and communicative systems. One of the first means of doing so will be to set up again guilds

in every leading trade. Each such trade is to have a great council or government house for its members, to be built in the town which is the chief seat of the trade, with lesser council rooms in other cities. Each such hall is to have its officers, whose first business will be to find out the circumstances of every workman in that trade who chooses to report himself to them when out of work, and to set him to work, if he is able and willing, at a fixed rate of wages, settled at regular intervals in the council meetings. Their second duty may be to report to the council all improvements which have been made in the trade, and the means of extending it. Private patents are not to be allowed, but all improvements are to be made available to every member of the guild. After they have been tried and found successful, a certain reward is to be paid to the inventors.

On the subject of *Honesty in Trade* I will quote his remarks :—“Every person who tries to buy an article for less than its proper value, or who tries to sell it at more than its proper value, every consumer who keeps a tradesman waiting for his money, and every tradesman who bribes a customer to extravagance by credit, is helping forward a system of baseless and dishonourable commerce. And people of moderate means and average powers of mind would do far more good by merely carrying out stern principles of justice and honesty in common matters of trade than by the most ingenious schemes of extended philanthropy or vociferous declarations of theological doctrine . . . While the world has many people who would suffer martyrdom in the cause of what they call truth, it has few who will suffer a little inconvenience in that of justice and mercy.”

In these lectures Ruskin also dealt with such subjects as the employment by Government of men out of work ; the control of the purse, or how we should spend our money ; dress ; luxury ; the duties of the rich ; currency, and so on. All these questions he introduced into lectures on art. He had come to the conclusion that no noble work was possible in a country, unless

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the rulers governed with justice, mercy, and truth, and the people were obedient, honest and industrious.

During the next three years he delivered several lectures on Art, but he kept to his subject, and said nothing in them about Social Reform. He had not, however, lost his interest in the latter subject. In 1859 there appears to have been a strike in the building trade in London, and in a private letter to his friend, Mr. E. S. Dallas, a leader writer in the *Times*, Ruskin referred to it, arguing that political economists try to persuade the men that labour cannot be organized, when half the labour in the country, of all kinds, is so already. "Soldiers kill people; bishops preach to them; lawyers advise them; physicians heal them, for a shilling, or six and eightpence, or a guinea, according to the stated value of murder or physic." He goes on to point out that we never think of offering a bishopric to the man who will confirm cheapest, nor do we get ourselves cured of gout by contract. He thinks that brickmaking is rather more organizable than sermon-making or diagnosis. He then says that he has no patience left to write, but his friend might be of much service by treating the subject thoroughly and exhaustively in the *Times*. If Mr. Dallas could not do this, he might take the opportunity of the present building strike to point out to men that the proper way to carry out their views is to acquiesce, as long as they are workmen, in the present state of things, but to do their utmost to become masters, and when they have succeeded, to carry out the principle of the organization of labour among their own workmen. They are to die for this principle, if need be, for it is quite worth dying for, if it be true. That it probably is true, is shewn by the instance long ago of a great master workman, who "went into his market to hire his labourers at their penny a day, and had a roughish quarrel with some of them, on this very matter of the organization of labour, before night."

This last sentence is especially interesting. It was from the

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parable here referred to that Ruskin chose the title of his book *Unto this Last*.

Whether Mr. Dallas undertook or declined the task suggested to him I do not know. But the subject possessed Ruskin's mind, and he evidently intended to deal with it himself.

At the date at which we have now arrived only four volumes of *Modern Painters* had appeared ; the great work was still unfinished. Ruskin's father, now an old man, was most anxious to see its completion before his death. He had no sympathy with his son's ideas on Political Economy. But *Modern Painters*, which had made his son famous, and himself proud to be the father of such a son, was part of his own life. He had heard his son read the manuscript ; he had taken the leaves to the publisher on his way to business, in his carriage, and he had paid the extra demands of the engravers in order to make the plates pleasing to his fastidious son. The book was finished. The fifth volume was published in June, 1860. But I very much doubt whether it ever would have been completed if it had not been for his father's earnest wish, because for the next ten years he wrote and spoke very little on Art, but, on the other hand, produced those books which we have now to consider on Political Economy and Social Reform.

In May, 1860, Ruskin went to Switzerland, and there thought out this problem of the organisation of labour and the first principles of Political Economy. The result he embodied in four essays, which were printed, under the title of *Unto this Last* in the *Cornhill Magazine* by his friend Thackeray, the editor, and were subsequently issued as a book by the author. In these essays he asserted that the writers on Political Economy—Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill—had proceeded to lay down the laws of the science, without taking into account affection and the moral virtues—strong springs of human action ; and that, therefore, these laws were valueless as a basis of Political Economy, however useful they might be as a guide to mercantile acquisition.

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The science of the Professors was a ruckle of dry bones without life : to follow it would lead to national and moral death. The true science teaches that all men must be honest, that masters should be just, even generous ; that workmen should be diligent and faithful ; that merchants should regard their position as one of trust—providers for the nation—and their rate of profit should be known, and accepted as pay for the performance of a well understood duty ; that consumers should demand good quality and pay a fair price ; that consumption is the crown of production ; that wealth is the possession of the valuable by the “valiant,” or, in other words, a thing to be useful “must not only be of an availing nature, but in availing hands” (to quote Ruskin’s own words). He maintains that there is no Wealth but Life, including in that term all its powers of love, joy, and admiration. “That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings. That man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.”

Ruskin rightly terms this a strange Political Economy, but nevertheless asserts that it is the only one that ever was or ever can be. “All Political Economy founded on self-interest being but the fulfilment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels and ruin into the economy of Heaven.”

[Of course this is using the name Political Economy in a different sense from the Professors. Theirs only professes to tell us what men *do* do, not what they *should* do. Wealth may be identified with life in a figurative sense, as by Cornelia or Sir Henry Wotton. But a man who is born without wealth cannot acquire another life in addition to his own, nor accumulate lives, nor exchange his life with another man. Political Economy only professes to deal with material wealth.—Ruskin Union Editor.]

We see plainly from this that Ruskin imported morality into political economy, in the same way as he had previously introduced

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it into art. [But art deals with the mind, political economy only with the body. Ruskin certainly founded his own political economy on self-interest, for he would have left a tradesman who cheated him.—Ruskin Union Editor.]

Political economists and artists did not agree with Ruskin on this subject. They said that science and art were distinct subjects from morality and sociology. He, on the contrary, maintained that fine art and true wealth were only possible under certain moral conditions.

The keynote of *Unto this Last* is the necessity of justice, tempered by generosity. This book is the most important of Ruskin's writings on social reform, his others being to a great extent repetitions or amplifications of the principles contained in it.

This is especially the case with *Munera Pulveris*, six essays on the elements of Political Economy, which appeared first in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1862 and 1863. These essays were more technical than *Unto this Last*, more on the lines of ordinary Political Economy, but, of course, differing from other treatises on that subject by the introduction of moral considerations.

Thus he bids us to make the laws of education strict, and then we should be able to have criminal laws gentle. For if we leave youth liberty, by which it is to be presumed he means licence, we shall have to dig dungeons for age. It is good for a man to "wear the yoke in his youth," for "the reins may then be of silken thread, and with sweet chime of silver bells at the bridle. But for the captivity of age, you must forge the iron fetter, and cast the passing bell."

Again, he tells us that there are three things to be considered when we employ any poor person. We must not be satisfied with merely giving him employment. We must first of all employ him to produce what is useful. Next, supposing there are several equally useful things that he can produce equally well, we must choose the one which will cause him to lead the healthiest life. Last, when he has produced, it is a question of wisdom and

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conscience how much the employer is to take for himself, and how much he is to leave to others.

His opinion also is that if anyone is willing to employ capital in an undertaking calculated to be of benefit to his fellows, with the expectation of a dividend in return, he should be equally willing to do so, although there was no prospect of any dividend whatever. He was at this time intending, as the central work of his life, to write an exhaustive treatise on Political Economy, of which *Munera Pulveris* was to be only the preface. But his brain was too fertile. He was in the habit of beginning and not finishing. New projects forced the old out of his mind. If I said that he now went about preaching, it would not be very far from the truth. He delivered several lectures, but whatever the subject, he always took the opportunity of introducing the necessity of individual reform in our conduct, our behaviour, our morals, and our religion. With Carlyle, he held that any social reform must come from individual reform, and he was very earnest in enforcing this upon his hearers whenever he had a chance.

The lectures to which he gave the title of *Sesame and Lilies* are a good example of this, but passing over the ethical teaching contained in them, I will deal with those parts which more especially advocate Social Reform. He hoped before long to see founded in every large town royal or national libraries, each with a royal series of books in it—the same series in each, chosen books, the best in every kind, and prepared in the most perfect way. Their text is to be printed on pages of equal size, the margins are to be broad, and the volumes are to be light in the hand, beautiful and strong, and specimens of binding. These libraries are to be open to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; cleanliness and quietness are to be strictly enforced in them. Public libraries have now been established, but they are not furnished with books in the Ruskinian style.

Again, with reference to housing, Ruskin advocaed building

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houses strong and beautiful, in groups of limited extent, which extent was to be in proportion to the river on which the town was situated. The town was to be walled round, that there might be no wretched festering suburb, but within, clean and busy streets, and without, the open country, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that "from every part of the city perfectly fresh air, and grass, and sight of far-horizon, might be reachable in a few minutes' walk."

The founding of a Garden City, very much on the lines here indicated, has only recently been practically initiated.

In 1867, Mr. Thomas Dixon, a working cork cutter, of Sunderland, a very intelligent man, got into correspondence with Ruskin, and to him were written those letters on the *Laws of Work*, which were afterwards published under the title of *Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne*. This book requires careful consideration in connection with our subject, for in it Ruskin further developed his views on Government, Education, and Trade. Government is to be exercised by the wise and strong over the weak and foolish. The part of the upper classes, who I infer are identical with the wise and strong, is to keep their inferiors in order, and to raise them as nearly as possible to their own level. So far as they are thus employed, all beneath them pay them the greatest love and reverence, and they themselves become the highest types of human power and beauty.

In order to carry out this system of government, there must be a great number of overseers or bishops—one to every hundred (more or less) families. Their duty will be to render account to the State of the life of every individual in those families, that it may be impossible for any person, however humble, to suffer from unknown want or live in unrecognized crime. These overseers will have the further duty of being not only the pastors, but the biographers of their people. A written account of the chief events in the life of each family having to be returned by them annually to a State official.

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There is to be no compulsion ; people need not receive the visits of the bishop, nor need they furnish any particulars of their lives, but Ruskin thinks there would be a great desire to obtain honourable mention in the records.

He next deals with improvident marriages in the middle classes and with the restrictions that are advisable, to the following effect. He would have permission to marry held out as a reward to youths during the latter part of their education, granting this permission would be a public testimony that the youth or maid who received it had lived, in their proper sphere, a modest and virtuous life, and had acquired such skill in their calling and in the arts of household management as might raise a reasonable expectation of their power to maintain and bring up their children.

The State is to find a fixed income for seven years for married couples if they needed help, and he would limit the income of those who had too much, the State keeping the surplus for seven years and then handing it over to the owners. Thus, he says, "the rich and poor should not be sharply separated in the beginning of the war of life, but the one supported against the first stress of it long enough to enable them to secure their footing, and the other trained somewhat in the use of moderate means before they were permitted to have the command of abundant ones."

As most of the vulgarity, and nearly all the vice of retail trade, comes from the constant looking after profits, Ruskin would abolish this by making all retail tradesmen salaried officers of the guilds.

In the matter of education, the three R's are to be picked up by children intuitively, but the first duty in regular education is to teach reverence and compassion, and with them, as their bond and guardian, truth of spirit and word, of thought and sight. We are never to teach a child anything of which we are not ourselves sure. There is always more absolute incontrovertible knowledge

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to be taught, within the range of its capacity, than a child can learn, so there is no need to teach it anything doubtful. It is better that a child should be ignorant of a thousand truths than have a single lie consecrated in its heart.

With respect to physical education, he would have every youth in the country, from the King's son downward, taught to do something finely and thoroughly with his hand, that he may learn what *touch* means. If he learns to take a straight shaving off a plank, or to draw a fine curve without faltering, or to lay a brick level in its mortar, he has thereby learnt a multitude of other things which no lips of man could teach him.

We learn that there should be laws to prevent the exaction of exorbitant rent. Soldiers should be employed in life-saving work in times of peace, with many other regulations which I must pass by.

The last book I have to examine is *Fors Clavigera*; a marvellous work, consisting of a series of 96 letters addressed to the workmen and labourers of Great Britain, originally issued as separate pamphlets once a month, the first appearing in January, 1871. In the first letter he describes eloquently the suffering which is constantly brought to his notice, which prevents his doing his work or enjoying any of his favourite pursuits. He therefore resolves to do something actively to abate it.

The result of this was the founding of St. George's Guild, which was to consist of companions who would help him in regenerating England. He estimated his capital at that time to be £70,000, and of this amount he gave a tenth to the Guild, and expected others to do likewise. But very few joined him, and these contributed very little money. The main idea was to buy land, let it to tenants who would obey rules of life laid down by the Master of the Guild, and to use the rents in buying other land and in improving what they had already. This scheme was doomed to failure. Ruskin was busy with his work at Oxford as Slade Professor of Fine Art, and could not attend to the management

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of the Guild properly, and he was too autocratic to allow anyone else to do so.

One part of the scheme was a success, and that was the St. George's Museum, now known as the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. But then Ruskin devoted a great deal of his time, as well as money, to this object, probably as being more congenial to his tastes and more suitable to his capacity than the management of agricultural land.

The rules of life to be obeyed by the tenants form part of *Fors Clavigera*, and are scattered throughout that work, mixed up with advice to all sorts and conditions of people, with pieces of history, reviews of novels, part of the life of Sir Walter Scott, and many other varying topics. The subjects which I propose to select in illustration of his social teaching are Machinery, Railways, and Usury.

Of machinery he says: "No machines will increase the possibilities of life. They only increase the possibilities of idleness."

"Out of so much ground only so much living is to be got, with or without machinery."

He holds that all machinery which is needed in ordinary life to supplement human or animal labour can be moved by wind or water; that steam, or any power derived from heat, is only justifiably to be used under extreme or special circumstances of need.

Railways Ruskin hated because in their construction beautiful scenery was destroyed. The passage is familiar in which he describes the spoiling of the beautiful valley between Buxton and Bakewell. Being asked by a lady correspondent if he used railroads himself, he replied, "I do so constantly, my dear lady; few men more. I use everything that comes within reach of me. If the devil were standing at my side at this moment I should endeavour to make some use of him as a local black."

Ruskin's ideas on usury underwent a change during the course of *Fors* under the influence of a Mr. Sillar, who was rather a crank

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on the subject. Although Ruskin held that usury is mischievous, he did not think that the world would be reformed by the refusal of interest alone. He said that he held Bank stock because he looked on it as safer than any other stock, and though taking interest was, in the abstract, as wrong as war, yet the whole fabric of society is so mixed up both with usury and war that one cannot violently withdraw, nor wisely set the example of withdrawing from either.

But later on he took a stricter view, for he defined usury as taking money for the loan of any thing (beyond payment for wear and tear) if the use involves no care or labour on the part of the lender. Under this head he includes all investments of capital which return dividends, as distinguished from wages or profits. Usury he declares to be worse than theft, inasmuch as it is gained by either deceiving or distressing people, generally by both, and finally by deceiving the usurer, who comes to look on it as a real increase, and that money can grow of money, whereas it is only an increase to one person at the expense of another.

When his correspondents asked how they were to live, after saving a hundred pounds, if they could not make a hundred and five out of it, he answered that they were to live on the hundred, and if they wanted another five they were to go and work for it, as a man who has no hundred pounds has to work for his first five.

Now we can sum up the broad principles of Ruskin's social teaching.

Society must be organised on the basis of brotherhood, each member, besides perfecting his own life, must help as many more as he can to perfect theirs. Government must be paternal and dictatorial. Every child is to be properly educated and every man properly employed, and it should be the duty of the Government to see that this is done. The idle are to be compelled to work, and the industrious poor, when past work through age, are to receive pensions.

The wealth of a State consists in the number of happy and

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healthy individuals composing it. It is, therefore, essential to teach children habits of gentleness and justice in order that they may lead happy lives, and to teach them the laws of health in order that they may lead healthy ones. They must also be taught the calling by which they intend to live, so that they may be capable of good work.

The Government must also enforce strict honesty in trade. They must punish the rich who rob the poor as well as the poor who rob the rich. They must put down adulteration, and see to it that people have plenty of fresh air, pure water, and beautiful open spaces of earth.


Labour is to be organised and workmen paid at a fixed rate. Hand labour should be used whenever possible, but if necessary to use machinery, the motive power is to be wind or water. Steam power is to be used in exceptional circumstances only. The present system of credit is to be abolished, and cash payments to be made the rule. Governments are not to be allowed to borrow, and then wars would not be as frequent. Individual liberty must be subordinated to the public good.

The motives which led Ruskin to undertake this work of social reform were æsthetic and sensitive. He had a keen perception of the beautiful, and was acutely alive to impressions from external objects. He was a great admirer of the beauty of nature, and thought that man as a part of nature should share in that beauty, by leading a useful and noble life, but he saw his fellow men living in unnecessary misery, and felt himself compelled to put aside his true work to help them.

This standpoint may have led him into some eccentric proposals of detail, but it gave him a true perception of principles. He has made us rich by the books in which he embodied his teaching, and we should be richer still if we put into practice the precepts of the great prophet of the nineteenth century.

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By Henry Wilson, M.A.

HE Guild of St. George was established by our Master to get people back on to the land, to impress upon them the superior advantages of country life over town life, and to help those who were convinced by the reasoning to make a start in the practical realization of the scheme. Unfortunately, as is often the case, those who see clearly the end to be aimed at do not see so clearly the road to be taken in order to reach it. Our Master, who in so many ways was a prophet and before his age, was not a practical man. This was once brought home to me in an amusing way. Some twenty years ago I was cycling through Worcestershire and Shropshire, and came to the little town of Bewdley. As I entered it suddenly occurred to me that it was in that neighbourhood that Ruskin intended to build one of his Museums. So I asked each person I met in the street where the piece of land was which Alderman Baker had given to Ruskin for the site of his museum. My enquiries were for some time in vain, for nobody had heard of Ruskin's name. At length I met a man who had heard of him, and he pointed up the road leading through the forest and said, "Follow that road uphill about three miles till you come to a gate on the right-hand, go through that gate and along a cart track through the fields, till after three miles more you come to a rough piece of ground with a pigstye on it. That is the ground you are in search of." I could not help smiling at the idea of placing a building, which was to be for the benefit of the wage-earners in general, and which would therefore require constant visits, six miles deep in the Forest of Wyre, in a thinly-peopled country and in a most inaccessible situation.

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We know that the Guild of St. George itself met with very little support, and that Ruskin, towards the close of his life, was deeply depressed and dispirited at his want of success in spreading his views. But in that he was only like many another prophet, including the greatest of all, whose life's efforts, if estimated immediately after their death, would seem to have been in vain. It is not given to everyone to see both the distant goal and the first steps to be taken to reach it. Indeed, the two acts require a different cast of mind. That this is the case with the bodily eye too, I learned in my favourite pursuit of rifle shooting. The eye cannot see clearly at the same time the foresight, three feet distant, and the target, six hundred yards off. It sees each in turn, and in youth can adjust itself from one focus to the other before the image of the first has faded from the retina. I found when I reached sixty, that, though I could see each as well as ever, the eye was not so quick in changing focus, and the combined image was not so clear. Some seers are content to describe in glowing language the distant point and leave their words to fructify in some distant future. Such a man was Emerson, Wordsworth was another. We could not imagine either of these men founding and organising a society. Emerson contrasts the Poet or Sayer with the Doer. As he says, "Kings and Senates, with their stars and ribbons, have no compliment equal to addressing to a man thoughts out of a certain height, and presupposing his intelligence. This compliment genius is perpetually paying, content if once or twice in a century it is accepted." On the other hand there is the practical man, who knows better what mankind are now than what they ought to be or will be. He is clear on which side they ought to develop, but fixes his attention more on the first few steps than on the distant goal. There could not be a better instance of this class of mind than Sydney Smith. I have seen him, in a professedly religious publication, stigmatized as having "low aims." So Guinevere said:—"The low sun gives the colour." He always insisted on the wisdom of

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taking "short views" of life, fixing the attention on a near and attainable goal to-day, and when we have reached that point, again singling out another point a little further ahead. It is probable that, in practice, those who follow this advice will find themselves at the close of life much farther on the right road than those who look solely at the ultimate goal, like the milkmaid who was so intoxicated by the prophecy of her future splendour that she overturned the milkpail on which alone her fortune was to be built. Many, even on contemplating the haven where they would be, the difference between their wished-for future and the present circumstances and the immense distance to be travelled, lose heart and are too dispirited to take the first step, which seems such an inadequate means of attaining the end. I once read of a village carpenter who was ordered to make a bench for the local justices. A friend, who noticed that he took extra care in planing and smoothing it, asked why he took so much pains. He answered with a smile, "that he did it to make it easy for himself, for he was resolved that he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon." According to the story he succeeded, but many a soldier has carried the Field-Marshal's baton in his imagination, or, as Tissaphernes said, *ορθὴν τὴν τιάραν ἐν καρδίᾳ ἔχειν*, and died a disappointed man; whereas, if he had fixed his hopes on some nearer and more attainable position, he might have scored a number of small successes and looked on himself as a winner, whatever distance he went on the road.

Some prophets have been fortunate enough to find a follower who possessed the requisite knowledge of human nature, business capacity, and pugnacity to translate the views of his leader into action. How different would have been the history of Christianity but for Paul, or of Darwinism but for Huxley! The ready wit that could detect the presence of both Pharisees and Sadducees among his accusers, and turn their hatred from himself against each other, thereby escaping in the tumult, and the skilful compliment to the people of Athens, preliminary to introducing his

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unknown God, shewed the man of the world. Some movements have been started by men who combined both idealism and business capacity. The extraordinary success of Methodism is no doubt principally due to the fact that John Wesley was well acquainted with human nature, and adapted the rules of his society to the class to whom he appealed. An old lady member, when she was asked her creed, replied, "Repentance toward God, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, a penny a week and a shilling a quarter." If a man's fame is to be gauged by the number of places named after him, it is probable that Wesley is the most famous man in England, possibly among the English speaking peoples, more so than Wellington and Scott in this country and Washington in America.

Any follower of Ruskin would then be doing a good service in furtherance of this cause by bringing a knowledge of human nature and of business to bear on the project of removing people from town to country. It is quite true that "God made the country and man made the town." It is not a healthy and I hope not a permanent arrangement that people should be crowded together by hundreds of thousands in a narrow space, and even in layers one on the top of the other, dependent for air and light on what their neighbours have already used. But to find a cure for these evils we must know the causes of them. We must find what tendencies of human nature have led to our present state, and study how to make use of those same tendencies to bring about a better state of things, as we bend the lightning, which left alone would shatter our houses and kill ourselves, to light our dwellings and carry us from place to place. Ruskin, like Plato and many another seer, impatient to see his visions realised, was for calling in force, the power of the magistrate or of the guild, to compel men to go where he wished them to go. So for many centuries, and the desire is not extinct yet, the followers of Jesus endeavoured to dragoon men into accepting their version of his teaching, regardless of the fact that he absolutely refused to use

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compulsion, his cardinal doctrine being that spiritual evils (and all evils in his view had a spiritual origin) could only be cured by spiritual remedies. As the engineer or other who would achieve material results does not attain his end by running directly counter to gravitation or other natural force, but by availing himself of them, directing and combining them to produce the desired result, so the moral reformer can only guide men by making use of their natural tendencies, and can only produce a lasting effect by getting their passions, their feelings and desires to work with instead of against the cause that he has at heart.

“ But the same passion I had given
To earth before, now turned to heaven
In all its overflowing fulness.”

Evolution does not produce a limb where there was nothing before, but develops and makes bigger a casual projection. The worker bees can, by a change of food, turn what would have come out as a neuter into a queen, but they cannot turn it into a wasp. Evolution will not turn a monkey into a man, though there was a time when the offspring of the same animal began to diverge, the one in the direction of monkeyhood and the other in the direction of manhood. Even among men to-day the highest education will improve a negro, but it will not turn him into a European. The eye can only see that which it brings with it the power of seeing. As it is believed that the human brain would never have reached the power of the brain of a Plato, or of a Newton, unless men with their growing brain had also developed hands, so Mr. Fiske acutely suggested that one reason why the civilisation of Mexico and Peru only attained a point which was reached by Mesopotamia and Egypt thousands of years before, was that the former countries lacked the assistance of horses and oxen.

Now Ruskin was not, properly speaking, a country bred man. He had, like Milton and Tennyson, and indeed most poets but Pope, a poet's delight in the beauties of the country, and a poet's

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acute vision of the minute points and shades that appeal to the artist's eye and to it alone. But we could not conceive of him as himself "whistling o'er the furrowed land." But I may say for myself that not only do I agree with the Douglas who said that he would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep, but I was born in the country, and have lived most of my life in it. Moreover, I am so far qualified for the Guild of St. George that I could, at a pinch, as Ruskin says everyone should be able to do, build my own house and raise my own food. I seldom pass a day without doing some manual labour, which is excellent, not only for the health of the body, but still more for that of the mind, for nothing gives one a more lively sympathy with those whose lot is toil, than to take part in such labours oneself. Cicero tells us that Cyrus took a friend to see a certain orchard, and when his friend admired the vigour of the trees and the regularity of the quincunx, Cyrus told him:—"Mei sunt ordines, mea discriptio: multæ etiam harum arborum mea ipsius manu sunt satæ." So I could point to a garden created out of a meadow—trenched, fenced, and planted by my own hands. I live amongst my tenants, and see their way of life from dawn to dark, and know that Dame Nature is worse than any human employer, for by no intimidation can she be coerced into recognising a minimum wage or an eight hours' day.

I mention all this to show that I know what a country life is, and I am sure that, unless men with a full knowledge take pleasure in such a life, no Guilds or Acts of Parliament will keep them there. For myself I cannot understand how anyone can find a country life dull, or lacking interest and variety. And yet, to listen to some people, you would fancy that the only way to get people to stay in the country is to import into the villages the vices and follies of the town. As I walk about here I see immense posters about some Empire Theatre or Music Hall, where performances take place twice daily, a few miles off. The other day I was staying at Harrogate, which I remember a quiet village,

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where jaded townfolk came for pure air, beautiful scenery and quiet. I found that the money of the inhabitants had been taken by the Town Council to build and maintain a place called by the horrid foreign name of Kursaal. There the visitors nightly thronged to breathe tainted air and gaze at dancing and singing of the most idiotic character. I once read an article in which the writer, who was staying at Margate, described how he saw two or three young Londoners arrive, presumably for six hours of sea air. He followed them, and found that all but a few minutes was spent in visiting, one after another, some tavern or music hall. What could be a better illustration of *cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*? Horace would have known better than to suppose that we could make genuine country folk simply by deportation.

What first led men to gather into towns? What circumstances now compel many persons to live in towns, and how far can we modify those circumstances? What tastes and habits lead many who could live in the country to prefer a town life? What are the gifts and habits necessary to enjoy a country life and make the most of it?

Purposes of defence seem to have been the first cause of men gathering into towns, and that rather defence against the tyranny of the ruler than against a foe. For it was precisely the same instinct that led William of Normandy to wish to make himself master of England which made him, when he was master, wish to impose his will on his subjects. As Montesquieu admirably says, and would that all advocates of "remedial legislation" would lay it to heart:—"L'âme goûte tant de délices à dominer les autres âmes ; ceux mêmes qui aiment le bien s'aiment si fort eux mêmes, qu'il n'y a personne qui ne soit assez malheureux pour avoir encore à se défier de ses bonnes intentions ; et, en vérité, nos actions tiennent à tant de choses, qu'il est mille fois plus aisé de faire le bien que de le bien faire." The early inhabitants of this country had nothing that we should call a town. There are two

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of their settlements within a mile of where I write, and neither could have held more than a few score of people. Our forefathers were certainly not a town-loving race. They seem to have avoided the Roman towns they found, and their little settlements were dotted impartially over the whole country. A study of the map reveals no tendency in them to hang about street corners waiting for an easy job to be paid for out of borrowed money. It would be easy to guess the happiness and freedom of a country by the frequency or otherwise of single dwellings. In Palestine they seem to have lived in towns: "That they may build them a city to dwell in," as the Psalmist says. A traveller in Spain remarks that the villages are few, and single cottages, as in England, unknown. The tyranny of alien kings and lords drove our forefathers to gather into towns, where they reconquered their freedom. When manufactures on a large scale began, men necessarily gathered together, both on account of the presence of fuel or other sources of force, or the presence of iron or other raw material, and on account of the convenience of nearness to others of the same calling. There is, therefore, a necessity for a great many people to live in towns.

But Ruskin rightly tells us that the three essentials of good life are pure air, pure water and pure earth, and none of these are easy to get in a large town, especially a manufacturing town. Moreover, vast quantities of valuable matter, whose very offensiveness tells us that it ought to be buried in the all-purifying earth, to reappear as food, is used either to poison fresh water or to be wasted in the sea. But men are chained to certain spots by the fact that coal is almost the only source of power, and that we have not yet perfected the means of conveying power to a distance. The man who overcomes these difficulties, who discovers a practical method of utilizing the forces of nature, such as the wind and tide, and of conveying power economically to a distance, will do more to restore the possibilities of a healthy and happy life than dozens of prophetic denunciations of scoriæ and smoke.

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But besides those whose business thus compels them to gather close together and the great army of tradesmen and others who have to provide for their wants, there are thousands who are under no obligation to live in a town, but who prefer to do so, and they again, perforce, bring thousands of others to minister to their wants. It is with these that Ruskin's teaching might produce an immediate effect. There is no doubt also that the prevalent habit of overhousing drives many well-to-do people into towns. They have built or inherited in the country a house too big for their, perhaps, diminished income. They do not like to confess this by going into a smaller house in their own neighbourhood, even if there is one to be had. So they come into a town, especially London, where nobody remarks the change or even knows it, and where they can economise quietly. It is commonly said that people of moderate means get more for their money in London than in the country. That is doubtful. They have more amusements, it is true. But amusements do not make life except in the decadent Roman empire.

Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra,
Sed faciunt vitam balnea, vina, Venus.

It is asserted that theatres are principally kept up by the idle classes. Again, Londoners have more means of locomotion. But a ride in an omnibus, to say nothing of the underground railway, is not the sort of exercise that breeds hard Englishmen. There are libraries, even "free" ones. But the best books can now be had for a few pence, and it would be far better to have a hundred best books on their own shelves, instead of ephemeral rubbish borrowed. It may be said that there are better opportunities for society. No doubt the best of society, like the best of everything, is to be had in London by those who know where to look for it and can pay the price. Really superior persons can gather round them that greatest of pleasures and greatest of aids to improvement, a circle of superior associates. In this

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month's *Contemporary Review* is a report of the table talk of Bishop Westcott. Speaking of his set at Trinity, which included such men as Benson and Lightfoot, he says:—"It is strange, looking back at those friends who have filled great positions, to judge why *they* did so and not others. On the whole, I think that it is the question of a man's friends that most influences his future." But long experience leads me to doubt whether an ordinary suburban acquaintanceship is any better than would have fallen to the lot of the same family in the country, being made up, as it generally is, of those whose sole bond is business connection or casual proximity. Few persons take any pains to improve their circle of friends, except in the direction of social advancement, and that does not conduce to intellectual advance, for it is a pretty safe rule that the quality of the talk round a table will be in inverse proportion to the cost of the fare on the table.

It is said that there are no outlets for ambition in the country, but I doubt if there are many parishes without one or more men who have risen from the ranks to competence. Close to me are a large farmer who began as a labourer, a wheelwright, contractor, and farmer, whose father was a ploughman. The richest man in the neighbourhood is the grandson of a labourer. Probably the average man has quite as much chance of rising as in a town, though numbers, of course, give more opportunity to a genius here and there. An important factor in the depopulation of the country is Government education, which keeps boys indoors till they are too old to learn or love country work, or to bear inclement weather.

A survey of the labour market shows us that there are many trades where work is very constant and can be carried on all the year round. But there is a very considerable amount which is intermittent. All farming work, and that is still the largest industry, is dependent on the weather, besides the periodicity caused by seed-time and harvest. There are constantly great works such as railways, canals, large buildings, even floods and

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heavy falls of snow, which call for extra labour for a few days, weeks or months, followed by intervals of unemployment. There are also, unfortunately, the caprices of fashion. If we had, as they have in France, a great number of small proprietors, whose families could look after the garden and cow while they were away, and who could support themselves on their plot when out of work, such an arrangement would supply a great want and might do away with pauperism. We used to get a great deal of this casual labour from Ireland. Samuel Laing pointed out how France was able to get so many soldiers, since the small proprietor's son, in his father's lifetime, could spend some years in the army, and had the little patrimony to fall back upon when he retired. The same thing goes on to a great extent in China and India now. It is often asserted that our land laws stand in the way. But our land laws, and all our other laws, are the result of and the expression of our habits. It is our habits that create the laws, not the laws our habits. Buying and selling land is difficult and costly because of the numerous interests involved and the many charges we create.

Why are our native soldiery in India free from the vices that disgrace and cripple our men, but that they are such small proprietors, used to forethought and economy, and receiving periodical leave to visit their wives and families? Such small yeomen formed the Roman army in its best days. Thousands of such men, bred to a healthy country life, used to hard work, sobriety, frugality, and forethought, ready for any sudden emergency, and accustomed to save their money and carry it home with them, would make a happy if not a merry England, for, as Samuel Laing again says, light-hearted gaiety is the mark of slavery and of the state which has no thought for the morrow, since that is left to others.

It is, then, not more laws we want, but fewer. If we could sweep away Government interference, and let men feel that all that the State can do for them is to provide justice and enforce con-

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tracts, leaving every man free to build what house and of what material he likes, to train his children according to his own judgment and at his own expense, to eat what food and drink what beverage he likes, to work what hours and accept what wages he pleases, on the sole condition that he allows a like freedom to his neighbour, the country would prosper. Every invention, every improvement, every step in civilization, has been the result of private effort. The reason why the great early civilizations of the valleys of the East have died out and left no trace, is that there the State was powerful and the individual weak. We do not need to go so far back. We have only to compare the French and English settlements in North America. The French settlers were nursed by a paternal king, who protected their industries, rewarded fathers of large families, and helped them in every way. In over a century they only numbered 25,000. Their descendants are loyal subjects of England, and France does not own a foot of the immense territory which once overshadowed the little English settlements. Those settlements, left severely alone by Government, in the same time had nearly a million inhabitants, and are now a people of seventy millions, free and powerful.

Men now emigrate to Canada and Australia, to settle on the land. Why need they do that when there is land in England that wants colonizing? They could do just as well here, if they lived here as they have to do there, and worked as hard. The first thing a colonist has to do is to build himself a wooden hut, but if he attempted to do so here he would be put in prison. At a meeting the other day it was asserted that there were a million acres in Wales which might be planted with trees, which trees in thirty years would be worth as many millions. But if a man plants, Government immediately taxes the land so highly before it begins to return anything, that the investor would be ruined. So ingenious are paternal rulers in causing misery. It would be the making of Ireland if it were restored to its former state of a forest-clad country. But I am afraid that the peasant proprietors

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whom Government is artificially creating will make the first use of their rights by cutting down the few trees there are.

The moral of all which is that it is no use preaching the advantages of a country life, or forming a society to get people into the country, till we have first spent time and efforts in undoing the teaching which has been the accepted creed of late years. Those whose ideals are short hours, lessened output, neglect to make hay while the sun shines, trusting to others for forethought, relying on Government to make things smooth, penalizing energy and industry, will take no pleasure in a country life, and therefore will not succeed.

SOME CONVENTIONS OF THE OLD MASTERS, AND THEIR INTERPRETATIONS.

A Summary of a Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of
London on 27th February, 1902.

By Rev. S. Claude Tickell.

HE readers of *Saint George* are invited to criticize the following seven theses which the lecture was devoted to developing and expounding. It is assumed that the Old Masters were not ignorant of anything that we know about drawing and painting, but that they intentionally ignored a great deal that we pride ourselves upon reproducing, and that with a view to idealizing their environment and so representing "the new earth" the Book of Revelation.

I.—*Disregard of Aerial Perspective.*

Aims at the negation of space, and also (by analogy) of time.

II.—*Parallel Linear Perspective.*

Aims at the focussing of attention on a central figure.

III.—*Obvious Balance in Composition.*

Aims at the expression of uniformity, as suggestive of unity.

IV.—*Repose.*

Aims at the suggestion of assurance and permanency.

V.—*The Unnatural.*

Is intended to suggest the supernatural.

VI.—*Absence of Shade.*


Aims at the expression of "a sure and certain hope."

VII.—*Irreverent Treatment.*

A loving liberty, based upon childlike conception of Divine fatherhood.

REVIEW.

A History of English Poetry. By *W. J. Courthope*, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. Macmillan. 10s. each vol.

FTER a lapse of five years Mr. Courthope has added two more volumes to his great History; two more are still required to complete a work, which even in its unfinished state has become a standard one. The interruption was caused by Mr. Courthope's election to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, where he delivered the lectures *On Life in Poetry and Law in Taste*. His excuse for not continuing the History during this interval shows how strongly he has at heart the central idea. "Had it indeed been my purpose to make this History a mere record of biographical facts and isolated studies of individual poets, I might have been able to perform what I promised. But to accomplish the task that I have proposed to myself—namely, to trace through our poetry the growth of the national imagination, and to estimate the place occupied by each poet in a continuous movement of art—steady concentration of thought is required."

Unfortunately we have neither space nor time to do anything like justice to a work so broadly conceived, and executed on so large a scale. We can only hope that the interval will not be very long before the remaining volumes are issued; we may then be able to review more in detail the first history of English poetry which has any claim to completeness. The scale is indeed remarkable when we remember that it is the work not of a leisured professional scholar, but of a civil servant who has found time and energy to do much literary work.

In the first volume Mr. Courthope made his general plan clear by contrast with the interesting outline sketch drawn up by Pope,

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and developed by Gray. His own plan, while presenting no specially original feature (as, for instance, Taine's history did), does not follow any previous one. It seems to be governed by two main ideas. First, that unity and evolution are actual facts in the history of poetry as they are in any other natural phenomena. Second, that no department of the subject-matter may be ruled out by any generalisation propounded by a special school of criticism. How far Mr. Courthope has succeeded in applying these is matter for further enquiry; but from the outset the conception was one of great promise. The first volume was devoted to a wide and comprehensive study of the Middle Ages in European literature—the influence of the Roman Empire—the encyclopædic education of the church—the Feudal system. The central figure is naturally Chaucer; and the volume ends with the beginnings of the drama. The second is occupied by the Renaissance and the Reformation; the third by the seventeenth century, which is devoted—apart from Milton—to a study of the various schools of “wit.” The history of the drama, its development and decline, fills the fourth volume, which centres naturally in Shakspeare.

In all the wide variety of subjects which fall under these headings, the reader's attention is constantly directed to the larger issues—to the growth of national life and character, the influences that told upon the nation's taste or fed its imagination, the interconnexions of European literature. One feature we must select for special praise, the full analyses of contents. These are admirably done, forming not only a guide to the real meaning of the History, but in themselves making a very useful skeleton outline, as well as taking the place of an index.


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ART AND PURITANISM: WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO DRAMATIC ART.

By J. W. MACKAIL.

OWARDS the end of the fourth chapter of the second volume of *The Stones of Venice*, in the course of a discussion of the various styles of art which have been at different periods employed in the service of religion, we come, suddenly and without warning, on the following sentence:

“One great fact first meets me.: I cannot answer for the experience of others, but I have never yet met with a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as human judgment could pronounce, perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all.”

It is one of those sayings of swift insight which the great masters or teachers of life sometimes let fall incidentally, as though they were thinking aloud: which they often do not attempt to explain more fully, to trace out to their rigorous conclusions, or to reconcile with the general tenor of their own teaching. They launch them and leave them. In this case, Ruskin does indeed follow up the words quoted by some rather elusive pages, in which he suggests partial reasons for a fact which, if true, is of tremendous import. He explains that the

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most deeply religious art is historically bound up with the distinctive dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and is, therefore, to a certain extent alien, or even repugnant, to those who do not believe these dogmas; to Protestants, that is, and to Protestant races and ages. He points out, with great force, that all art since the Renaissance has suffered from the inconsistency of being based on the religious art of the middle ages, while it has been executed by people, and for people, whose whole point of view with regard to life and religion has fundamentally changed. But these explanations, even so far as they are true, are admittedly partial and even superficial. The words quoted, which are among the most startling of Ruskin's many startling and piercing sayings, go far wider and deeper. They set before us, in terms which when once stated can never be forgotten or ignored, an essential difference between two ways of regarding life in its whole scope and meaning. This difference, in the most succinct possible form of words, is that between the artist and the Puritan. In considering the question at issue between art and Puritanism, it is well to begin with this trenchant opposition, not seeking to minimise it, or to explain it away, but rather to develop the full profoundness of its meaning. The question it really opens is, what is art? not merely in one or another of its specific forms, but generally and universally, as regards its place in life, and its relation to the nature and the end of man.

I have chosen to regard this question, as the title of the address indicates, with special reference to dramatic art. There are three reasons for doing so. First, because that is the form of art which, more than any other, sums up all the specific forms which art can take. It includes elements of all the other special arts, such as painting, music, and poetry; and is thus capable of producing the effects of art upon men on the largest scale, and with the greatest width of influence. Secondly, because it is the form of art which at the present day is, perhaps, most fully alive as a real element in men's lives, and a real influence over thought and

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conduct. And thirdly, because we have the unique advantage of possessing with regard to it a record, brief but authentic, of the deliberate thought of the ancient world. That record is preserved in the writings of the two greatest of Greek thinkers. In those writings, long before the Christian era, the antithesis between art and Puritanism was already fully developed. In them we can study it apart from many of the complex accidents which obscure our understanding of the world actually around us. In them we can see the ultimate realities of human nature, not indeed in the abstract—for there is little beyond a merely scientific value in abstractions—but more clearly and elementally, and coming nearer, by the removal of many layers of prejudice or habit, to the real truth of things. I need, therefore, make no apology for going back (as Ruskin himself does so often and with so much effect) to Plato and Aristotle, in order to observe what, more than two thousand years ago, in a state of society at once singularly like and strangely unlike our own, the true meaning of this conflict between art and Puritanism seemed to be, to minds that reached the culminating point of human intelligence.

It is one of those common sayings, which in their rough justice are often so vague or ambiguous as to be really misleading, that the English are an inartistic nation. It is true that art has, for a time that goes back long beyond living memory, not thriven in this country. But whether the reason is to be sought in the nation, or in the art, or in some larger laws of nature than can be confined in their application to either, is a question to which it would be rash to give an unconsidered answer. Certainly it is among those sections of society, whether rich or poor, which have drifted furthest away from English Puritanism, that art as a factor of life is most utterly dead. And the beginnings, as yet feeble and groping, of a new birth of art among the people, are stirring most among what used to be called the Puritan middle-class, and are closely associated with the specific qualities of Puritanism; its earnestness, its plain and pure living, its habitual direction of

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thought towards matters of more than trivial and material import. Further, Puritanism and art have this at least in common, that they both contend against the same great adversary, thoughtlessness and idleness : the thoughtless idleness of the rich, the idle thoughtlessness of the poor, the still grosser thoughtlessness and idleness—inasmuch as it has less outward excuse in pressure of environment—of the middle-class of which this city is reckoned especially the home and centre.

But if we look back at the history of ancient Greece as it lies before us from beginning to end, incredibly small and clear and soundless, like the landscape in a camera obscura, we see, among a people who were artistic if any people ever were, the antagonism between Puritanism and art in its sharpest form ; and we see this antagonism concentrating itself upon the drama, as the key to the whole position.

The dramatic art of Athens had reached its perfection, and was beginning, according to the general law of all mortal things, to decline towards its decay. It had originated, like our own drama of the middle ages, in close connection with the national religion, as an adjunct to church festivals, and as an element in what may be called public worship. That religion was of the type belonging to what are called the ages of faith ; it was unreflective, a religion of inherited dogma and traditional ritual. It was full of inconsistencies, of superstitions, even of immoralities : and it had little power to sustain itself against the dissolving influences of the great age of the thinkers—the first and the most complete emancipation of the human soul known to history. With the first weakening of the old religion, dramatic art deepened its roots and widened its borders. It attempted, not without some measure of success, to become a mirror and interpreter of the whole of human life. All the while it remained, in the full sense of the word, civic ; it was an integral part of the life of the community. But the community itself, the brilliant Greek city-state, self-contained and self-sufficient, was ceasing to be a complete answer to the

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requirements and aspirations of men. The emancipation of thought was, on the one hand, breaking down those barriers between state and state which alone rendered the old Greek life possible. On the other hand, it was daily giving greater weight and more profound import to ethics as distinct from politics, to the value and the duties of the individual soul, and the problems of individual human life. The old religion broke down before any new one was ready to take its place. Its breakdown was followed by a great decay in public and private morality. Dramatic art, and the other arts in their degree and after their manner, shared in this debasement. Then there arose—not as in England among the masses of humbler people, but in the most highly educated and aristocratic class—the new spirit of Puritanism in reaction against this debasement. Where the state, after a brief but brilliant success, had finally failed to organise human life, those men turned for refuge or salvation to a church. On its external side, they sought to erect this church into a new state, which should escape the faults and redeem the failures of a discredited democracy. On its inward and spiritual side, the Greek Puritans sought to bring human life into accordance with what reflection shewed to be the law of the universe ; or, in a more theological form of words, with the will of God.

That state which was also a church, that church which was also a state, was to embody and enforce, in its outward workings what was known as justice, in its inner life what was called by the more profound name of righteousness. In framing their commonwealth, their ideal fabric of human life, the Greek Puritans came across art as one of the first things they had to deal with. The importance of art in the actual life about them was immense ; its influence was all-pervading. So far as it stood on the side of unrighteousness—still more, if it should prove to be in its own essence immoral—it was, perhaps, the most important single enemy of all with which they had to contend. And it was not only about them, but within them. In Plato, as to-day in Tolstoi,

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we have the spectacle of art judged and condemned by a great artist: by one, that is to say, who knew thoroughly what he was talking about, and whose judgment we cannot ignore or hold lightly. Other great moral teachers, whether because they were not themselves artists, or because art was not a primary factor of the life around them, have passed it by in silence and with apparent neglect. In the Gospels, to take the culminating instance, there is not a word which directly bears upon it. But Greek art was one whole side of Greek life; and the Greek drama, which is a type for all times of what dramatic art can be, was an immense moral and social force. For the whole mass of the people, art, organised civic art, was like daily food. It was a thing the supply of which they assumed as a matter of course; they never doubted that they had the right to command it and the capacity to judge of it. Their pictures and sculptures were seldom in private ownership; but they decorated their streets and public buildings as lavishly as we now decorate the most sumptuous of our churches. And similarly, an abundant supply of dramatic art was provided free of cost by the state for the citizens, nor did it ever occur to them that it should be otherwise. Art was opposed or discountenanced only by two small and rather exclusive classes of persons: by conservative politicians, who disliked it because they saw in its cosmopolitan character a danger to the stability of the state; and by the few thinkers and moralists representing the spirit of Puritanism, of whom Plato is the foremost.

Thus Greek Puritanism differed widely from English Puritanism. It was free from some of the faults which may be noted in the latter. It was not, like English Puritanism, based on almost complete ignorance of what art is and means. It was not kindled and kept up by uneducated bigotry. In the seventeenth century, Matthew Arnold was fond of saying, the English nation entered the prison of Puritanism and had the key turned on it for two hundred years. The combination of ignorance and bigotry

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among great numbers of English Puritans gives some colour to that otherwise far too sweeping assertion. But against Greek Puritanism this charge could not have been even plausibly brought. And it was not, as English Puritanism has been, and is, in the lives of the great body of the middle classes, tainted by vulgarity. On the other hand it had not what English Puritanism has, an intimate connexion with simple goodness and practical piety diffused through the substance of a nation.

To recapitulate briefly : there was not, in earlier Greece, any distinction between the religious and the secular life. There were no clergy. The state was the church. Civic art was religious art. But as positive religion decayed (partly under the influence of the two great curses of the world, conquest and riches, partly through the advance of thought which threw discredit on mythology) civic art lost its religious sanction, and thus became irreligious ; while at the same time, the higher moral sentiment of the community concentrated itself on framing a purer and higher life for the individual and the community.

In the world as it is, something has gone wrong. The meaning of Nature, as philosophy would say, the will of God, as theology would call it, is not realised. Yet, whether through instinct, or reason, or direct revelation, men know what is right, and can distinguish what is right from what is wrong, as the better from the worse. This imperfect scheme of things has in it, as part of its imperfect self, an impulse towards perfection. The aim of all moral teaching alike is to make men different from what they are. But two ways of making men different from what they are may be distinguished, both in theory and in practice. Human nature may be regarded as something which has gone wrong because it has been unevenly developed, and so is out of proportion and does not work properly. Or it may be regarded as a mixture of what is inherently good with what is inherently evil (or as a taint of the latter running through the former), which is to be dealt with by driving out and killing the evil element. Puritanism,

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both ancient and modern, is founded on the latter of these principles.

All Puritanism has regarded art with hardly veiled suspicion; and in the greatest Puritan teachers that suspicion deepens into open hostility. It is needless to labour this point as concerns the forms of Puritanism with which we are familiar at the present day. But it will be worth our while to consider the judgment and condemnation passed on art by a Puritanism which at a long distance of time we can now regard dispassionately, and which was not mixed up with any of our own specific religious dogmas. Let us turn then to Plato's famous attack on art in the *Republic*.

In that treatise, the most important of his works and the central expression of his whole teaching, Plato is engaged in framing the type of a perfect community, in which alone a perfect life can be lived by individuals. In the course of doing so, he comes face to face with the whole question of art; of dramatic art in the first instance, and afterwards, when his argument is more fully developed, of all art whatsoever.

He is drawing the plan of his ideal city, and of the education which its citizens will receive, not only at school, but through the whole of the external influences which will surround them through life, and all the objects which will be presented to their senses and minds and hearts. Among these influences he has to mention the drama; and after explaining with some care the specific nature of dramatic composition, "we must come to an understanding," he says, "whether tragedy and comedy shall be admitted into our state."

He goes to the root of the matter at once. What sort of a life, he asks, is the life of the dramatic artist, without whom, of course, there can be no dramatic art? For if it be a sort of life that has no part in the city of righteousness which we are founding, that settles the question.

That there are debased kinds of art, or of something which calls itself art, which are obviously demoralising is of course true,

but is not the real point. He is dealing with art itself, not with its corruptions or its counterfeits. He does not lay any great stress on the actual immorality with which the theatrical profession was then, as it is now, largely tainted. That was then, as it is now, only one instance of the immorality which taints the whole of actual society, while the stage was not then, as it used to be and to some extent still is in England, a barely respectable profession. Its general atmosphere, at least as regarded its lighter and more popular forms, was without any high seriousness, and was disliked by serious people. But it is not on this that Plato founds his attack. Nor on the other hand does he expressly notice the virtues which appear to thrive in that atmosphere, and which cannot be ignored in any consideration limited to things as they are: the greater freedom from convention, the generosity and sense of comradeship, and even the virtue (for as such Christians at least, on the express teaching of the Gospels, are bound to regard it) of taking no thought for the morrow. There is nothing in Plato's attitude of that Pharisaism which is itself a subtle form of immorality, nor yet of that anti-Pharisaism—the spirit of the publican who thanked God that he was not as that Pharisee—which is a form of immorality even more subtle and dangerous. He takes his stand on a far deeper and firmer ground. "Our citizens," he says, "will imitate only the temperate, holy, free, and brave character; they will not be skilful at imitating baseness, lest from imitation they come to be what they imitate." Skill in imitating baseness! appalling words truly: yet do they not accurately describe much of what is called art, dramatic and otherwise?

But in a reformed and purified drama, it may be answered, there need not be the imitation of baseness. To this reply Plato rejoins by advancing a step further. "The same person," he goes on, "cannot both play the serious part of life, and at the same time imitate other parts." While he is imitating other people, he is not doing his own first duty, which is to be his own self.

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So far Plato goes in his first attack upon dramatic art specifically. But towards the end of the *Republic*, he develops a second attack, much more sweeping and merciless, against all art. His arraignment reduces itself to three main counts. The artist as such, in so far as he is an artist, creates without knowing or caring what is good and what bad; so that he cuts himself adrift from the bases of morality. The artist is "an imitator of appearances," and, therefore, "a long way off the truth": "the truth" here, as in the Gospels, having a distinctly moral or spiritual meaning. Lastly, art, whether poetry or painting or the more mixed and complex art of the stage, excites and indulges, both in the artist and in his audience, passions which ought to be curbed and bridled; it feeds and waters them, instead of starving them and drying them up. From our city, therefore, art must be excluded.

Such is the tremendous indictment in which the conflict between art and Puritanism is raised and carried straight through to its extreme conclusion. Plato begins by attacking only what is immoral in poetry (indecenties of the ancient mythology and the like) and what is debased or debasing in the sister arts: he ends by declaring the arts to be essentially immoral. Whatever we think of his conclusions, we cannot but admire his sincerity, his powerful imagination, the immense courage of his convictions. They sweep him on, far beyond what he had at first thought or meant: he confesses to a feeling approaching terror when he finds that he has to exclude poetry from the perfect city. Himself he is one of the world's great artists and dramatists; and he was never more eminently both than where he makes this destructive attack on art and the drama. This at first sight seems to involve a contradiction; and it has been asked whether the philosophic seriousness of deliberate reasoned conviction can be disentangled here from the merely dramatic seriousness of an artist in reasoning. But there can be no doubt that he was no less deeply serious than he was perfectly fearless. To attack the frivolity and indecency

of comedy would have been easy then : but tragedy must stay or go with comedy ; for the drama is one thing. To attack the theatre and the stage generally is what many people find easy now : but the drama must stay or go with painting and designing, with poetry and music ; for art is one thing.

A generation after the *Republic*, the other supreme Greek thinker, Aristotle, reopens the question, with a dispassionate caution as characteristic of him as splendour of language and intense moral fervour are characteristic of Plato. Greek Puritanism had already fallen into some discredit through the fanaticism of an extreme party among its followers, and its complete failure as an actual principle of government. And to Aristotle in any case it was not a controlling religious force, but a phenomenon, to be weighed and investigated like other phenomena. In reopening the question he has this further advantage (in which it would be very desirable that we should follow him) that he starts with a clearly defined meaning to be attached to the word Art.

Modern notions as to this are for the most part very confused, and highly sophisticated. Tolstoi's celebrated book, entitled *What is Art?* is no doubt known to many among this audience. You will remember that half of the book is taken up by him in ploughing his way through a desperate tangle of other people's definitions of art, or the definitions which seem to him to be implied in what they say about it. Greek thought, with its wonderful lucidity, gave an answer to the question which can be quite shortly stated, and which, whether we accept it for our own use or not, is the key to all their reasoned thought about it. It is as follows :—

Human activity has three spheres. First, thought : the energy of intellect. Secondly, action or conduct : the energy of will and character. Thirdly, production : the energy of making, or, as we may also call it, of creating—so far, that is, as man can create. Creation in the strictest sense of the term is the function of God only : but man, who is made in the likeness of God, can do what

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has the likeness of creating ; he can make things exist that did not exist before, through a conscious purpose to do so ; he can, in a metaphysical but quite intelligible sense, make a world out of nothing.

This faculty again has a double sphere, distinguishable in logic and also in fact. Man produces, or creates, in order to satisfy certain external wants ; as when he makes a table, or a house, or a large fortune. He also produces, or creates, for the pleasure of producing or creating. This latter kind of production is Art.

Like all exercises of faculties, whether bodily or mental, the exercise of the productive faculty has a natural pleasure attaching to it. When so exercised that this natural pleasure is not unduly checked and thwarted, creation becomes recreation, in the common meaning of the word. Thus the two kinds of production, that which is art and that which is not, are generally mixed up. All production that is not the bitter wage-earning of a slave gives some degree of pleasure to the producer ; if it did not he would stop producing ; he would lie down and die. And in the exercise of what we ordinarily call an art, the artist does not work for pleasure, or even with pleasure, all the while ; he has his dreary hours and days, when his work gives him no pleasure, and he goes on working under compulsion, to satisfy some external want, or from mere mechanical force of habit. But in a world ordered rightly or acting harmoniously, art and production would be exactly coextensive. The further they are from being so the worse it is for both of them.

Even further ; in such a world all production would be for pleasure and with pleasure ; all creation would be, in both senses of the word, recreation. Not only would everything made be art, but all work would be play.

Such, according to the Greek view, was the definition of Art. Art was not in itself concerned with beauty : here again the Greek doctrine coincides exactly with the doctrine of Tolstoi. Things produced by men for the pleasure of producing them might be

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beautiful or might not ; they were alike art. What was not art was a thing produced not for the pleasure of producing it, even if that thing were beautiful in itself.

But the universe was so constituted, that art which had beauty was better than art which had not. So much so was this, that art wholly without beauty was a sort of art turned inside out. We have no single word for this in English. The Greeks had ; they called it *atechnia*, "un-art," art with a negative sign prefixed. It was art in a sense, somewhat as in mathematics, $+x$ and $-x$ are both x .

In considering art as thus defined, Aristotle proceeds on the postulate that a true philosophy must make the whole of human nature rationally intelligible. The productive or creative energy in man is co-ordinate with the energies of thought and conduct. Production with pleasure and for the sake of producing, which is art, is the only kind of production or creation in which this energy is fully and harmoniously exercised. Therefore, art is the function of an integral part of human nature. Again : the virtue of anything is that which makes it do its work well, and the virtue of man is that which makes him fulfil his whole nature and do his whole work ; for the perfection of the whole consists in, and cannot be separated from, the perfection of the parts. To seek perfection, therefore, by expelling art is a contradiction. Anyone who will render a complete account of life is bound to assign to art a place and a proper sphere, simply because it is a thing which exists. There is art ; there is a faculty in man of which art is the function. Unless Nature is self-contradictory and the universe meaningless, it follows from there being art at all that there must be good art ; and that if good art is excluded from life, life is, to that extent and in that measure, a failure.

Aristotle, as a rule, is content to state facts as they appear to him ; and while his whole point of view implies that of Plato and has silent reference to it, the only distinct reply which he makes to Plato's attack is in a single sentence, casually attached to a

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definition which he gives of serious dramatic art, or what the Greeks called tragedy. But here, once more, this is the key of the whole position: for, in the first place, to him as to Plato, it is in connexion with the drama that the problem of art is most clearly and fully raised; and, in the second place, as it would be generally admitted that some art is frivolous and actually bad in all senses of the word, the real issue must be joined on the ground of that art which is serious, which is good art if any art be good. The serious drama then (which the Greeks called tragedy) may be taken as the type of art in general for the present purpose.

Plato's attack, opening by a criticism on the debased quality of much actual art and the low morality of many artists, had developed into a condemnation of art as art, generally. It destroys, he says, the equability and self-control of the temper; it panders to the baser side of our nature, the wild beast in us, the rebel and coward; it feeds and waters the passions, which ought to be starved and dried up. To this, Aristotle answers, that serious art effects, through pity and fear, the purgation of these and such like passions, that is to say, of the whole emotional side of human nature.

Why Aristotle says that it is through pity and fear that art acts upon the emotional side of human nature would take too long to explain now, nor is the point strictly relevant. It may just be noted, that he is speaking with primary reference to tragedy, and these two emotions are those which it is the special characteristic of tragedy to excite. The real point, however, which he makes is this: that through certain channels—through pity and fear in this case; through admiration, hope, and love, we might say in other cases, using the no less celebrated phrase of Wordsworth—through certain channels, art purges the passions. The metaphor is taken from physiology. As a purge stirs up the humours of the body and draws off their excess, thus restoring the organism to a healthy state, so art stirs up the emotions of the soul and draws off their excess, and thus restores the soul to health. It gives due

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excitement and necessary relief to the emotional part of our nature.

Such is the profound doctrine which Aristotle, according to his wont, drops in a few apparently casual words. How far does it really traverse the Puritan teaching of Plato?

Plato's position is, that art is, in the first place, unreal or untrue; and in the second place, immoral and demoralising. To the first charge Aristotle answers, with substantial justice, that it is a different sort of truth or reality; that it is mere playing with language, a quibble, to call anything unreal which in fact exists. But the second and more formidable charge he partly evades, although he modifies the aspect of the problem by bringing it, to a certain extent, into the light of a larger law. It would be futile to deny—and, certainly, Aristotle does not attempt to deny it—that under any actual circumstances there was (and so there still is) grave and substantial truth in Plato's view. Aristotle himself says elsewhere that artists and their class tend, in fact and on the whole, towards a type of rather low morality and weak character. That emotional side which is so dangerous if uncontrolled is normally kept in its due place (or often much below it) by the business of a man's life. But it is the business of artists, and especially of dramatic artists, to cultivate it. With them, at all events, the passions, which are the subject-matter of so much of their art, are fed and watered rather than purged by their profession: and a general tendency of art is shown by these concentrated instances in which art is the main business of life. But yet further, if art purges, this means that it is a drug, not a food. The artist is one who habitually lives on drugs; and drugs taken without sedulous caution, ill-compounded or ill-administered, are poison.

Yet Aristotle's central position, that the universe is rationally organised, and that, therefore, the existence of art at all proves that art must have a proper function in life, is one which is to all intents and purposes impregnable. It is, of course, possible to

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deny his postulate. We may then either frankly say that Nature is meaningless, give up the attempt at a synthesis of life, and fall back on blind instincts: or we may, as some forms of religious belief have done, refer the solution of the whole problem to another life, and, as regards this life, accept unreasoningly legislation from some supposed supernatural source. But we cannot take either of these courses without losing our intelligence, or our self-respect, or both. The only rational alternative to Aristotle's position is the doctrine of Platonism, that there is a principle of evil, not only in man, but in the universe.

Which of these—the question must already have suggested itself to you—is the doctrine laid down by or consistent with the Christian religion? There are few in this audience, I hope, who are not familiar with the noble and eloquent introduction to the *Crown of Wild Olive*. There Ruskin, with that combination of pathos and irony of which he is so unequalled a master, says that, in speaking on any serious subject, he is in total uncertainty whether to regard his audience as having any real belief at all in the doctrine of the religion they profess. It is so still. You may continually meet people who despise art, and yet are willing enough to use it for their own passing pleasure. For the life of the artist they feel contempt or even an approach to horror; while by what is called their patronage of art they are not merely acquiescing in that life, but commanding it, ordering it to be lived by others for their amusement. Such a spirit can hardly in any case be the spirit of Christians, or indeed of serious human beings. "It is impossible but offences will come:" these words, or their equivalent in substance, are often lightly and cynically used by those who do not remember the words that follow them: "but woe to him through whom they come: it were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck and be cast into the depth of the sea, than that he should make one of these little ones to stumble." And those who are ready to throw all the blame for the degradation of art on the ignorance and vanity, the weakness and folly

of the artist, and vindicate for themselves a truer knowledge and a greater liberty, might do well to keep in mind the grave kind words of St. Paul: "Take heed lest this liberty of yours become a stumbling block: through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?"

The Puritanism of Plato is harder and more dogmatic. His doctrine of the evil element in human nature approaches more nearly to what the Christian church has always regarded as a heresy, under the name of Manichæanism; it tends to set up good and evil as, so to speak, independent powers. Yet the line is but narrow between this doctrine and the doctrine of original sin, of the inherent taint which can only be got rid of in some other life. It is this latter doctrine which makes theologians speak of "the world" as something opposed to its Creator, something irreligious and wicked, and of the overcoming of the world not as the entering into possession of an inheritance, but as the conquest of an enemy. Hence comes the ascetic side of Puritanism, its belief that the soul can only be saved by repression and renunciation. Hence comes its rooted distrust of pleasure, a word which it has invested with a strange and sinister meaning; hence its jealousy of art as production for the pleasure of producing. The delightfulness of the world, the very faculties of the human soul itself, become full of a vague terror and menace. Even in the serene atmosphere of the Gospels you find that note of sharp distrust and alarm. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off: for it is better to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched." To enter into life maimed is, in this view, an imperious necessity. On the Aristotelian view, to enter into life maimed is a contradiction in terms. We may remember, as a final matter for reflection, that Aristotelianism, and not Platonism, was accepted by the Christian church as the orthodox philosophy.

Thus the weakness of Puritanism in practice seems to be that the universe, the system of things of which human life is part,

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does not accept it. Its home is in another world: in this world, it infallibly creates a reaction, violent in proportion to the stringency with which it has been developed or enforced. What does history teach us with regard to art? Art has had its periods of growth and decay. Generally speaking, we may say that the growth of a moral feeling against art has partially coincided with an actual decay of living art, and the growth of a moral enthusiasm for art with something at least of an actual revival. But it is difficult to assign the proportions in which these phenomena are cause and effect. The decadence of art seems partly attributable to the independent growth of Puritanism, partly to inherent weaknesses or vices against which Puritanism is the inevitable protest; but partly also, and perhaps more largely, to changes in the whole structure of society with which Puritanism as such has little or nothing to do. In a few rare instances, consummate art has gone along with, and as it were embodied, the highest morality and the deepest religious enthusiasm of the time. Yet even then, we may trace an uneasy feeling in our own minds that the art associated with the highest morality is not in fact the best art: and we may trace a sense, growing with later life, in those great religious artists themselves, that the life of the artist has something about it not only unsatisfying, but unsound. But to say on the other hand that "art happens," and that it has nothing to do with life and conduct, is one of those clever paradoxes which will not bear any serious scrutiny, because they have no meaning.

The inherent selfishness of any life which builds itself, however indirectly, on the degradation of other human lives, is a thing which the Greek mind did not feel so strongly, because the notion of full human brotherhood, and of what we call the value of the individual soul, was only developed in the later schools of Greek thought. Plato takes it as a principle, Aristotle as an experienced fact, that there are all kinds of human being, higher and lower, with different functions and different virtues. A life which for the citizen would be frivolous or immoral, might, from that point

of view, be reasonable and proper enough for slaves or barbarians—or, as we might say, and often in effect do say, for shop boys and ballet girls. The life of the perfect citizen might even conceivably require the existence of such low-grade types of life for its support. But the Stoic philosophy set all men on the same level: and the new religion, a little later, made the whole ancient position untenable by the four simple words already quoted: “for whom Christ died.”

But here we come incidentally on the second great weakness of Puritanism. The Stoic and Christian doctrine of unlimited self-sacrifice so that no other human being shall be forced into an unworthy life, no weak brother caused to perish, passes, all but inevitably, into legislating for these others, and imposing on them from without that external and enforced morality which is not, in any real sense, morality at all. Puritanism militant, still more Puritanism autocratic, is not only preparing a swift reaction against its authority, but is cutting away the ground from under its own feet. Tolstoi alone, among the great human teachers, has seen this truth in all its force and accepted it in all its consequences. And Tolstoi's doctrines, as I need not remind you, involve the destruction of the whole of what we call civilisation. Such indeed may be the price that has to be paid; for what is a man or a community of men profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? But in any case, for art to take its place and fulfil its function as the perfect flower of a pure life, nothing less is required than realised Socialism and a Kingdom of God on earth.

Once we have passed beyond the early simplicity that does not enquire or distinguish, life is full of such contradictions as baffle even the highest thought of men. Yet the more we can live in the plane of these high thoughts the better, even if they lead us to no solution. If we could keep about us something of that height and atmosphere common to Plato and Aristotle, it would not matter much whether we called ourselves Platonists or

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Aristotlians. The master after whom this society is named is pre-eminently one of those who always moved among great ideas. Self-dedicated to the service of truth, he was the slave of no system. This is what makes his inconsistencies so fertile. There is little in life as to which he gives consistent and unvarying direction: but there is nothing as to which we may not immensely deepen and kindle our whole thought and practice by the study of his works and the assimilation of his teaching. Ruskin was, and is, before all things a quickening spirit. He was a mass of contradictions, because his genius saw so clearly and expressed so trenchantly the opposite sides of truth which he yet could not fully reconcile. As regards this particular question which we have been considering, he was a Puritan who gradually lost his religious beliefs, and an artist who seems never clearly to have made up his mind what art was. He never reconciled art and Puritanism; and the clash of the two within him ended by shattering him. As we walk now in the light that he kindled, we may fitly think of the darkness which enveloped his own later years in silence, and with a feeling something like awe.

MR. RUSKIN ON BOYHOOD.

[Through the courtesy of the present High Master of Manchester Grammar School (Mr. J. Lewis Paton) we are enabled to reprint the following account of a visit which Mr. Ruskin paid to the School on December 7th, 1864. The extract is taken from a Manchester paper, dated December 8th, 1864.]

YESTERDAY afternoon, Mr. Ruskin paid a visit to the Manchester Free Grammar School, where he met with a most enthusiastic reception from the boys, whom he had promised to address. Several visitors, including a few ladies, were also present.

Mr. Walker, the High Master, in introducing Mr. Ruskin, remarked that very few of the young people would understand the value of what they were going to hear; but they might take his word for it that Mr. Ruskin's words would linger in their minds when they became men as a pleasant memory. Some among them, he hoped, would become in after years earnest and reverential students of Mr. Ruskin's books; and he trusted they might be helped towards the better understanding of them as men, after hearing Mr. Ruskin; as he himself felt that he could understand those books better after the short opportunity he had had of hearing Mr. Ruskin the previous evening.

Mr. Ruskin, who mounted a form in the middle of the room in order that he might be better heard, was again loudly cheered. He said he felt it to be a rather awkward introduction that the boys were to attach faith in what he was about to say on credit. He did not wish this at all. He wanted them to think over what they heard, and that which was felt to be pleasing and useful at the time might be rendered valuable to them. Boys could only be taught by those who had their sympathy,

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and they knew this themselves very well. It must not be expected that they could be taught much that was very difficult or disagreeable; but they would take that which they felt to be pleasant and useful, and work at it with all their hearts. He had come down with great diffidence that afternoon, because he had seldom the privilege—and he spoke seriously—of addressing boys. It was long since he had been amongst them, and he felt that he ought to be most careful in what he said. Men knew right from wrong; they could pass judgment on what was said to them, and know whether to attend to it or not. But a boy had to attend to all that was said to him. If the speaker said what was wrong he did it at his peril; but it was also at the boy's peril. It was usual to say that "boys would be boys": they could not be anything else. But if by the expression it was meant that a boy is something light and frivolous, he did not believe it. The boy ought to be in all ways a true boy—eager to play and ready to work. He ought to play more than a man, but we made him work harder, and we never gave him work interesting enough for him. This, however, was all being corrected now. Boys now were being allowed to play; nay, in our great public schools they were being compelled to play. Some boys never wanted to play, and could not be made to play, and these were not the right sort of boys at all. The one thing they had to recollect in working was this—and he believed very few people would tell it to them—that it is just at this time of life that their work is most important. It was terrible to him to think how lightly people made of boys' life. They thought and said, "It does not much matter; he is but a boy; he can make it up afterwards." No; all through life they could not make up life they had once lost. In the will of Providence, so much time, and brain, and heart, and power, was given to man, and whatever he loses there was no regaining. He might make any efforts afterwards, but those same efforts, if not required to go over old ground, might have carried him further ahead. And what was worse, the habits formed in boyhood influenced his after

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years; any bad habit acquired then stamped its influence upon all his after life. They must remember, then, that the habits formed at school would constitute the foundation of their future character, and would prove stumbling blocks or supports according as they were bad or good. They might strive to shake themselves free, but these influences would be sure to last. To speak of himself, he might say that when a boy he did not write well, nor could he to this day; and so the previous evening, when he was lecturing, he felt it a drawback that he could not read some passages of his own manuscript with perfect ease. Much more in greater things—much more in the foundation of the moral character—was it important to pay attention to the formation of such habits only as are desirable. In illustration of his remark he instanced the leaning tower of Pisa. The architect did not build it so on purpose. The foundation was laid on soft, unequal ground, and when the first storey was erected the building began to incline a little. The architect strove to remedy this step by step, and the result was the building as it can now be seen. It was so in life—begin on a faulty foundation, and all would go crooked; while, if the foundation were right, our course would be straight whether we wished it or not. The best thing a boy could learn was confidence in those about him. His companions should be those who had gained his confidence, whom he could love, and with whom he could be entirely open. No habit was so important to a boy, or to a man; but the habit was best formed in boyhood. He did not ask them to blurt out everything that came into their heads; but let them get into such an open habit of mind that those who were worthy of their confidence could read them as they could a book. It would protect them from much evil. There was nothing so noble in manhood as that free, open front which fears no man's eye. There were people going about—jugglers and others—who profess to look into people's minds, and people said how dreadful it would be if this power were really possessed by us. That was not the way it should be. We should have a mind that we should

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long for certain people to look into, and be sorry if we could not do so with those we love. There were certain things it was better should be worked out of us, and by the habit of free and unrestricted intercourse we grew stronger and better. *Nulla pallescere culpa*. We might grow pale from various causes, it might be from overwork, and that was a bad way ; but the worst way of all was the growing pale because of something on the conscience. Mr. Ruskin concluded with a few words of encouragement to the boys amidst loud applause.

The High Master thanked Mr. Ruskin, in the name of the boys, for his address ; and three hearty cheers having been given for the distinguished visitor, Mr. Ruskin said, as a practical application of his remarks, he would ask Mr. Walker to give them a holiday.


Mr. Walker, in reply, said the boys might have half-a-day to-morrow (Thursday), an announcement which called forth the most vehement cheering.

The visitors shortly afterwards left the school.

THE WORK OF THE BOYS' CLUB, AND ITS PLACE IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.

By J. H. WHITEHOUSE.

(First Paper.)

 HE foundation of Boys' Clubs belongs to recent years, and though their number is, relatively speaking, very small, their permanence in our social system is more than assured; and the great value of their work is constantly receiving, in ever increasing degree, the tribute of experts both within and without the movement. Social workers have at length realized that many great problems will never be solved so far as the present generation is concerned, and that their fair visions will only prove something more than dreams in so far as they succeed in properly training and directing the sympathies and the ideals of the youth of our country.

It is our desire in the course of the present paper to sketch, somewhat in detail, the work of a Boys' Club, the principles which should underlie its management, and the possibilities which the work of a well organized club affords.

The term "boys" in this connection refers, of course, to youths between the leaving-school age, say fourteen, and twenty-one; and the Club which we are now to consider is designed to receive the lads of our offices and factories fresh from school and to look after them during the critical period of transition from boyhood to manhood. It is hardly necessary to point out how dull and uncared for the life of the average working youth is. In the larger towns it is true that there are frequently splendid institutions on the present and other lines, for their special benefit, but in the smaller towns little is attempted, and a virgin field too frequently awaits the worker. The life of the boy in the day time is frequently both laborious and monotonous, and in the evenings he must seek his pleasures as he best can. In the

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summer this is not of so much moment ; sport, in some form or other, will probably occupy the greater portion of his spare time, but in the winter the long evenings hang heavily upon him. Frequently his home offers him but few attractions, and he seeks his amusements in the streets, at poor-class halls and theatres, and soon becomes surrounded with a thousand perils.

It should, therefore, be the first object of the Club to provide a place where lads can repair, as to a well ordered home, secure always of welcome and sympathy, where every impulse for good will be fostered and directed, and where, though often unconsciously, they may be gradually brought into a world of new ideals, in which they will be not passive but active members. We will try and shew in the following pages how this result may be attained, by considering in detail the work of the various departments which the Boys' Club should contain.

We commence with the Recreation Room, not because this is the most important department, but because it is a means to an end ; a bait by which you may obtain the sympathy of your boys for greater things. We would, therefore, urge that the first requisite in a well appointed club for boys is a large recreation room, where the natural healthy animal spirits of a boy may, within reasonable limits, find free expression. The room should be a large one, and should afford sufficient room for cricket to be played. We are, of course, now treating of a winter curriculum. At a later stage we will treat of the outdoor life of the club members. But we may here express our view that much of the railing against the time given up to sport by the rising generation is sheer nonsense. Let us by all means protest against certain bad phases of our national sports to-day. Let us protest against the ever-increasing professional element. Let us protest against those sections of the crowds who watch our football and cricket matches whose presence is only due to their lust for gambling. Let us protest against what sometimes appears to be a growing tendency to brutality in some of our sports. But do not let this just zeal in protesting lead us to condemn that deep rooted and very proper love for

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sport which is a characteristic of the race. Rather let us seek to foster it and to guide it. Let us give our poorer lads the opportunity to play themselves, instead of watching others, and to receive the invaluable moral discipline afforded by our national games. No little of the true manhood of the nation to-day is due to the games of our public schools. These have recognized the moral value of play. A lad who will loyally field for some hours under a hot summer sun, with, perhaps, little chance of an innings himself, is learning patience, co-operation, and endurance. The lad who in his football matches is taught never to give in, though he may be heavily losing, and to receive a double kick on his shins with philosophy, is learning similar things, and is developing that spirit of camaraderie which, if more widely diffused to-day, not only in our national but also in our international relations, would be of such priceless value in promoting the harmony of nations.

In our Boys' Club, therefore, we shall not be suspicious of our recreation room, and if it is a large room where in the winter months games like cricket and football, in addition to the far inferior games (for our purpose) of bagatelle, etc., can be played, we may reasonably hope to get some of those moral benefits referred to above. Given a sufficiently large room, it is easy enough to adapt it for cricket. The windows, walls, and all other breakable fittings should be protected with string netting, which will be found quite effective. A roll of cocoanut matting makes an excellent substitute for a grass pitch. Simple methods of fixing up the wickets will readily suggest themselves. For football the necessary preparations are even simpler, and call for no special comment. To social workers who have never tried the effect of these indoor games, the results will be surprising and gratifying. But to get the best results, the recreation room must be under the close and constant supervision of the club manager. The games must never be allowed to degenerate into mere aimless horseplay, but must be organised and carried out with the same keenness and exactitude that characterise our outdoor sports. The

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recreation room must not, of course, be wholly devoted to games. It should also be used as a gymnasium, and for any form of drill which may be organised in connection with the club. Above all, let it be well ventilated, and teach the value of open windows and fresh air. If the principles here outlined are followed, it will be found that the recreation room will engender a public spirit for the club, which will be of priceless value in carrying out the ideals for which the club is founded.

We pass on to the consideration of the Club Library, which is an essential feature of a Boys' Club. It will be found that there are few lads who cannot be reached through the library, though the process frequently may be a slow one. The first thing is to realise that a boys' library must be different from all other libraries, and great skill must be used in furnishing its shelves. In fiction, the great writers—Scott, Dickens, Stevenson, Kingsley, Victor Hugo—must, of course, be added, but many boys will not be equal to these writers at first. They regard them with awe, and their reluctance to get at close quarters with them must be overcome by a preliminary course of a less nutritious, but not of a harmful, nature. There is now fortunately available an excellent field of boys' books containing fiction of a high order, and boys may be easily led through such books to make the acquaintance of the great romancers, and to find an increasing delight in their works.

An excellent plan for promoting systematic reading amongst the boys is to organise reading circles in connection with the library. Hold monthly or fortnightly meetings. Take, in turn, the great writers. Tell the story of their lives, and illustrate your talks with photographs or other pictures, or, better still, with lantern slides. This method will be found of great value in getting boys to read the great authors, and just as you will obtain their sympathies through the medium of the recreation room for greater things, so you may take advantage of the average boy's natural love of fiction, and guide him through the influence of these little meetings to study other subjects. Let History, Science, Nature,

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and Poetry, be well represented on the library shelves. Appeal also to the healthy love which every boy has for hobbies, and let him find in the library all the help he wants in order to specialize. All the best school tales should find a place on the shelves, headed by *Tom Brown*, and including without exception all the stories from the pen of the late Talbot Baines Reed, which in their own special sphere are matchless.

Proper library management is essential to the success of any library, but especially to one for boys. It must never be forgotten that we are dealing with lads who have had little previous intellectual training. They should have free access to the shelves, and be encouraged to take down the books and examine them for themselves. They will be found to replace the books in proper order, and they will appreciate the trust shewn in them. Then, in addition to a general catalogue, it is very helpful to prepare special lists of books in the library, *e.g.*, school tales, historical novels, and so on. It is a good plan to prepare a list of historical novels in chronological order, under the following heads:

Period.	Title of Book.	Author.	Subject.

Another good plan is to include side by side tales dealing with English History and those dealing with foreign events of the same period, thus:

Period.	TALES RELATING TO ENGLISH HISTORY.			TALES RELATING TO FOREIGN HISTORY.		
	Title of Book.	Author.	Subject.	Title of Book.	Author.	Subject.
18th Century.	The Antiquary.	Scott.	Scottish Life and Manners.	Tale of Two Cities.	Dickens.	French Revolution.
19th Century.	Alton Locke.	Kingsley.	Chartist Movement.	Les Miserables.	Victor Hugo.	Social Conditions of France.

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If the library is really vitalized the boys will soon find this out, and will become keen upon it. It is in many cases the best medium for getting to know many points of the character of the boy himself, for it shews his interests and general outlook. The club library will also reflect in a small degree the interests of the nation. The South African War causes a demand for historical works, especially those dealing with the history of the Cape. The educational opportunities which this and similar great questions afford should never be neglected. A special list of books should be exhibited shewing what works the library contains on any special question before the public, so that they may be led to understand it and to follow it with intelligence. The same method may profitably be followed in adult libraries.

From the library it is natural to turn next to the Reading Room of the club. If space is limited, and the library is in a large room, the reading room may be arranged in the library, but it is better to have it in a separate and larger room, which can be used also for lectures and social meetings. The reading room, like the library, presents great opportunities for influence. Let it be a bright and, as far as possible, a beautiful room. With the present wealth of inexpensive reproductions of the great masterpieces of art, it is always possible at a small cost to make the least promising of rooms both beautiful and interesting. Pictures exercise a refining influence, and their value in schools is now beginning to be realized and taken advantage of. All pictures shewn should be intelligently and adequately labelled, which will do much in awakening and directing the interest of the members. The contents of the reading tables should be very carefully selected. The club must lay itself out to kill the taste for the halfpenny and penny dreadful, which is more widely spread to-day than most people have any conception. From the back slums of journalism these papers issue in their tens of thousands, exercising a fatally pernicious influence on the youth of our land, the result of which is too frequently seen in the police courts of our larger towns.

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We have already called attention in these columns to the responsibility in this connection of a well known newspaper and publishing house. Fortunately, there are at least four admirable papers for boys published in this country. They are (1) *The Boy's Own Paper*, a thoughtful high-toned paper, which deserves the great reputation it has enjoyed for more than two decades; (2) *The Captain*, a more recent paper of a very bright and healthy nature, with a large knowledge of boys' hobbies and sports, and shewing throughout a true sympathy with boys; (3) *St. Nicholas*, by far the most artistic of the four, and specially good in the encouragement it gives to the study of out-door life; and (4) *Young England*, an excellent paper within its limitations, but not of so wide an interest as the others mentioned.

In addition to these there should be a good selection of the best monthly magazines and the weekly illustrated papers, not forgetting *Punch*. As to newspapers, these must be provided, taking care to choose the highest toned. The newspapers are with us for good, and it is idle to hope ever to do without them. They are specially necessary in a boys' club because, while we wish to teach our members to think for themselves and not to be led away on great or small questions by partisan claptrap, we wish to develop in them an intelligent interest in the life of their country and its multitudinous problems. This we can largely do through the daily paper by working on the following lines:—Let the club manager hold regularly a general knowledge class, with weekly meetings. At these meetings the chief events of the past week, as recorded in the newspapers, should be considered and explained in detail. Briefly describe important proposals before Parliament and how they may affect the life of the country. If a war has broken out, try and shew what it is due to and what the aims of the contending parties are, always using maps and other illustrations where possible. By these means you will gradually get your boys to realise that they are witnessing the making of history. The head of the club will frequently find that many of

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his boys have strong political prejudices and he must be tactful in making it clear that he is treating all events in the spirit of the historian (what is more important, he *must* so treat them). He will then soon secure the perfect confidence of the boys in his leadership, for none could be quicker than they in reading motives. It will be readily seen what immense opportunities for influence such a class gives. Encourage discussion and questions, and the candid expression of divergent views. You are fitting future citizens for their great responsibilities.

The reading room should also be used for the delivery of lantern and other lectures, and for social gatherings of the members—which it is well to have at least quarterly. Lectures on Natural History, properly treated and not too heavy in substance, would be found to be greatly appreciated, and would do much good in creating an interest and reverence for Nature. It is a good plan to form a little Nature Museum, and to get the boys themselves to contribute specimens. A glass case fixed on the wall of the room will give the necessary accommodation. Exhibit near it a monthly *Natural History Calendar*, showing what bird, insect and plant life may be looked for during the month.

It will be seen that, hitherto, we have been dealing largely with the educational side of the club. Nor have we by any means exhausted this side, which is capable of infinite expansion, according to the opportunities of the managers and their helpers. If space permits nothing could be better than classes in handicrafts—such as modelling, bookbinding or woodwork.

In our next paper we hope to complete our survey of the indoor work of the club and then to consider the outdoor life of its members, which should be organised as carefully as the features we have been mainly occupied with in the present article.

CAPITALISM AND LABOUR.

By HENRY WILSON, M.A.

IT is often asserted by a certain school of thought that Capitalism, meaning thereby the system under which numbers of men work together under the direction and for the profit of one man, has only arisen in quite recent times. That this is a mistake we are reminded when we read of

Ceos, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines.

The great monuments of Egypt and Babylon, the temples of Greece and of almost every nation under heaven, down to our own Stonehenge, must have been reared by great bodies of men working under orders, and as these monuments were unproductive and were of no use to the labourers, they must have been for the profit, or supposed profit, of those by whose orders they were erected. In the case of Egypt we know the process, for we see it pictured on the walls, and there is no disguising the truth of the saying that it was the stick that built the Pyramids. The case of Capitalism presents a parallel to that of the National Debt. Macaulay remarks that William III. was accused of beginning our National Debt, but that he was not the first king who borrowed money; it was the practice of repaying what he borrowed that he was the first to begin. So we may answer that it is not the practice of employing droves of men under the orders of one that is new, but the practice of employing them on productive and useful labour for their own benefit, as well as for that of their employer.

That this is so is proved by the fact that systematic efforts by the wage-earners to better their condition began with the rise of this system, and have accompanied it and kept pace with it. It

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shews how facts admitted by both sides may be interpreted in two opposite ways, that this phenomenon has been relied on as a proof that the condition of manual labour was rendered worse under this system. In reality it proves just the contrary, for it is a well-known fact in social history that extreme misery has a tendency to produce sullen and hopeless acquiescence, and that complaints of the existing state of things and vigorous efforts to amend it are an unfailing proof that circumstances have already improved. Not that there were not occasional upheavals previously. Revolts of the slaves, *Jacqueries*, and such-like demonstrations have occurred. But they were generally ineffectual, were unintelligently conducted, were marked by excesses instead of constructive reforms, and served only to tighten the chains. Colton epigrammatically remarks that the American Revolution, from which little was expected, produced much, whilst the French Revolution, from which much was expected, produced little. That is, the direct effects of the French Revolution were small in contrast with the mightiness of the upheaval, the evil effects being the most striking, the setting up of an era of aggression and tyranny in France itself, and a spirit of militarism which is not yet extinct, while in other countries the excesses committed in France tended rather to check than to forward the spirit of reform. The indirect results, great and far-reaching as they were, were rather manifestations of the same spirit which produced the French Revolution than produced by it.

The efforts at improvement of their condition by manual labourers in our time, though occasionally disgraced by violence and based on wrong principles, have been, at any rate, based on some principle, have secured the adhesion of and been directed by men of great ability, and have given proofs of a very general diffusion of thoughtfulness, perseverance and self-denial. All the moral forces are there, and it only needs to put them under the guidance of a right economic theory for a new era of prosperity and happiness to dawn on the industrial world. A medical man

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may have the liveliest sympathy with his fellows and the most earnest desire to relieve them, but unless these moral qualities are backed up by a competent knowledge of the human frame, and of the causes and symptoms of disease, his zeal may produce more harm than good.

I know that the members of the Ruskin Union are all inspired by a most earnest wish to help on the cause of reform, and I therefore beg to introduce to those of them who have not heard of it a theory which springs from the warm heart and fertile brain of my friend M. Yves Guyot. He is a true Frenchman in his clearness of thought and clearness of style. He sees in present arrangements, and especially in the words still used to describe the different characters, traces of earlier conditions of life. The word "patron," used in French to denote an employer, has a world of meaning in it. It tells us of history, and also helps to keep up false ideas, relics of a past that we should have left behind us.

Whence sprang the subjection of man to man? Economic inequality is only the result and the embodiment of bodily and mental inequality. The famous axiom, that all men are born free and equal, is not a statement of fact, but an opinion and declaration of the speaker's view of what ought to be. In the world as we see it to-day, and in its history as far back as we have any records, we find some races, and some individuals of the same race, both actually and potentially superior to their fellows. Some men are born leaders and rulers, but it is equally true that the majority are naturally inclined to follow and obey. Even in politics to-day, we see men calling out to some Duke or Right Honourable to "give them a lead," as if they were incapable of making up their minds for themselves. I have seen an ingenious theory that the sudden social success of Beau Brummell is to be attributed to his intuitive perception of the fact that most people like to be kicked and trampled on. It was his insolence and not his "consummate toilette" that made him a king among the idle and unthinking, men "with waistcoats, under them under-waist-

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coats, under them more under-waistcoats, and under them—nothing.”

The history of mankind is a somewhat monotonous record of nations established among favourable surroundings, as in the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, or the Ganges, who ought, according to current theory, to have developed the highest moral and social virtues. What they did do was to press on the means of subsistence and so to become virtual slaves of some line of vigorous rulers. Irresponsible power always corrupts the holder of it, and in due time the effeminate king who had wasted the substance of his effeminate people in costly unproductive works, and a herd of virtual slaves, fell under the attack of some hardy race from the hills, reared under, and therefore educated to overcome, unfavourable surroundings. The same process was repeated when years or centuries had reduced the conquerors to the condition of their former victims. We find all the world over that man, if he can, makes his fellow man keep him in idleness, whether it is an African king who, low as he is, is yet superior to the rest of the inferior race to which he belongs, and makes his fellow tribesman carry him on his bare back; or a fair and superior race, be they Dorians, Goths, or Hindus, who subdue and rule over darker and lower races. There are degrees even among the higher nations. Economic pressure led to war, and the conquered embraced slavery in preference to death. Even in peace, economic pressure, in the shape of financial ruin or debt, made many a man glad to escape the burden of responsibility by becoming a slave. Small freeholders unable to resist a powerful neighbour, commended themselves to another lord, and bought his protection by their services as vassals.

It is only natural, therefore, since there is a cause for everything, and effects, like the buttons at the back of our coats, last long after the original use has vanished, that there should be many traces of the former relations in the present state of things. But these survivals, though often harmless, like the aforesaid buttons,

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or the relics of sun worship in bonfires on the 5th of November, sometimes do harm by inspiring false ideas and principles. The modern system of capitalist production is quite different to any of the systems we have been considering. The discovery of steam and invention of machinery has enabled great masses of men, working voluntarily under one who supplies the capital and the direction, to vastly increase the conveniences of life, in which increase they ultimately share. What immediate proportion of the wealth which they partly help to create they are to receive depends on their own prudence and thrift entirely. If, like the swarming fellaheen of Egypt, they multiply without thought, and compete against each other, and go into the market with no reserve, bound to take the first offer or starve, they will fare like fellaheen, and no laws can prevent it. In fact, the evils from which wage-earners suffer are equally felt by peasant proprietors and those who work for themselves. They starve just as soon unless they lay by for a rainy day. Many remedies have been suggested and tried, such as intimidation, arbitration, and co-operation. But we see at once that these have no application to the case of independent workers. If a man's crop of strawberries is ruined, as it was last year, by a May frost, against whom shall he strike, or with whom shall he go to arbitration?

The arrangement between employer and employed has hitherto been that the employer forms an estimate in his own mind of the wages he can afford to pay so as to leave him over a term of years interest on his capital, and sufficient wages of superintendence. The celebrated wages fund theory was merely a way of stating this arrangement. Sometimes the employer earns no profit over considerable periods, but continues to pay wages, which he advances out of his capital, though it is the customer who ultimately pays them. Sometimes the employer makes large profits, and the workmen have for long asserted their right to share in the profits of good times, while refusing to bear any share in losses. The strikes and lock-outs that have been the result have

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seriously crippled trade and caused much misery to the workmen, while probably resulting in little or no permanent rise in wages.

M. Guyot published last year a book, *Les Conflits du Travail et leur solution* (Paris, Bibliothèque Charpentier), setting forth a new remedy. He thinks that much of the evil springs from the relics of mediævalism that linger in people's minds associated with the use of such words as "patron" for an employer. It helps to keep up the idea of social superiority in him who pays money over him who receives it. This idea once corresponded with facts, for it was the man who was superior in body or mind who became socially superior, exacted services from his inferiors, and paid for them by food and shelter or their equivalent in money. But that has long ceased to be the case with free men. The tradesman who supplies me with goods confers as great a favour on me as I do on him by giving him the price. It is, or ought to be regarded as, an exchange of services between equals. M. Guyot asks, with fine irony, if the street Arab who takes a twopenny third-class ticket is thereby socially superior to the duke who is chairman of the railway company. But another error fostered by the use of such words as "patron" is the notion that the employer stands in a paternal relation to his hands.

This may have been possible, whether desirable or not, when an industrial establishment consisted of two or three men working in the same room with their master. But how can an employer find the time to advise, much less control, the families or financial arrangements of his men when they are counted by hundreds or thousands? But, apart from possibilities, the notion that such a relation is desirable is a relic of slavery. It is rare to find anyone who has clear ideas on this subject, and realizes that the essence of slavery is not cruelty, but absence of responsibility. It is merely a department of the all-important question of the limits of the authority of government—whether the fact of one man having authority over another for one purpose gives him authority over the other for a different purpose. Abraham had 318 slaves,

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born in his household. We may be sure they were treated kindly, and if he had had no son, his head slave, Eliezer of Damascus, would have been his heir.

Much ingenuity has been wasted in trying to explain away the fact that the Bible contains no denunciation of slavery. Of course, for hundreds of years after the last book of that collection was written, no other form of permanent service was dreamed of. Mention is occasionally made of hired servants, no doubt temporary ones. But permanent servants were members of the family, and merely shared the lot of children. By the Mosaic law a disobedient son, doubtless even if grown up, was put to death, and the Roman law gave the father the power of life and death over his family. Down to the beginning of last century there were many remains of this state of things in this country. I used to hear a story of the son of a Dean of York, himself between thirty and forty years of age, asking his father's permission to make an offer of marriage to a certain lady. His father answered that he had only one objection, that he had asked the lady that morning to be *his* wife and had been accepted. To this day the consent of parents in France is necessary for the validity of the marriage of children, however old, as it is in our Royal Family.

It is interesting to read Dr. Johnson's opinion, that "there must always be a struggle between a father and a son, when the one aims at power and the other at independence." So late as the time of the Prince Regent it was assumed as natural that a Prince of Wales should try to thwart his father's projects. If we contrast that with the conduct of our present King when Prince of Wales, and remember that now no sensible father finds any difficulty in sliding insensibly from the position of autocrat to that of affectionate adviser, we have a measure of the change of view in one department which M. Guyot would extend to another.

A favourite remedy to-day for disputes between employer and

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employed is arbitration. But a little thought will tell us that to have recourse to this is a step backwards. Everywhere we see, and an excellent sign it is, an increasing desire among wage-earners to have the control of their own time and conduct outside of the service they have contracted for. Nowhere is this tendency more marked than among young women, whose preference for shop and factory life over domestic service is mainly due to the fact that their spare time, however limited, is their own. Now arbitration between master and workman necessitates inspection of the master's books, to find what profit he is making. Yet the workman would strongly resist having his books looked into, to see if he could not bear some reduction of wages. On what ground, then, does he claim to look into his master's books? We know by the history of truck shops of old, and to-day by the result of providing houses in part payment of wages, what disputes arise, partly from the workman's suspicion that he does not get full value, and partly because he looks on the arrangement as meant to keep control of him, to fetter his liberty after working hours. Was not Mrs. Todgers' life embittered by the question of gravy?

M. Guyot's solution, then, is to remove from factory labour the traces of slavery, as they have been removed from most other callings. In slavery you buy a man's person, his time and his labour. Your interest is to get as great a return from his time and labour as you can, and you have the burden thrown upon you of seeing that you get it. He, on the other hand, is naturally prompted to give as little as he can, short of causing himself to be dismissed, if he is serving for hire, or to be flogged if a slave. This is not an economic relation, for you have the forces of nature working against you instead of for you. It also throws an unnecessary burden on the employer. His duties are divided into three main departments—buying the raw material, superintending its working-up, and selling the finished product. In the first and last of these he is free and deals wholesale. We never hear of quarrels arising out of these transactions. One party asks a price,

and the other party accepts or refuses. They do not resort to threats, intimidation or violence to gain their end. That only occurs in the middle one of the three departments when the employer hires labour. Here M. Guyot is led to criticise the solution put forward by my friend Mr. T. S. Cree, of Glasgow. If I may digress for a moment, I would remark that it is only those who are interested in important questions who know what real friendship is. There is a pleasure derived from discussing neighbours and the weather, or even food and drink, with those whom casual proximity throws together, an animal instinct comparable to that felt by two horses used to draw the same carriage, or the coachmen whom Dickens speaks of, whose intercourse was limited to lifting their elbows to each other once a day as they passed each other on the Dover road. But that is a very pale reflection of the bond between two minds wholly taken up with subjects of absorbing interest, when there is enough likeness in their views to kindle sympathy and enough difference to provoke discussion.

Mr. Cree's solution is to substitute individual bargaining for the collective bargaining which is what the wage-earners strive to introduce. He points out that the greater the number of transactions in any commodity, the greater is the steadiness and certainty in price. Stocks and shares which are bought and sold every day vary but little, and a holder can tell within a small fraction what price he can realize at any time. Scarce works of art and such things as only come into the market at intervals of years may fetch either half or double what they cost. If, then, industrial wages were settled by individual bargaining, as the wages of domestic servants are, there would be scores of transactions every day, and the rate would be settled by the higgling of the market as in the case of corn or cattle without quarrelling. To this M. Guyot answers that in buying raw material and selling finished goods the employer deals wholesale. In a sense he does. But only for the same class of goods. He does not buy or sell an inferior article at the same price as a superior, like the workmen

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who claim that a man who only lays five hundred bricks a day should have the same wages as one who lays a thousand ; also he is not the only one buying or selling at the same time. There is generally a sufficient number of bargains going on to keep the price steady.

However, if the employer could combine the advantages of both methods, so much the better. It would be a great saving of time if he could buy his labour wholesale as he does his material, and a great saving of worry if he could shift the burden of appraising different grades of skill from his own shoulders to those of his men. He would then be free, contends M. Guyot, to devote his whole attention to studying his markets and devising improved machinery.

The solution, then, proposed is that we should get rid of the idea that the employer buys a man's time or his labour. What he pays for is the *results* of labour, and so long as he receives these results at the time and of the quality agreed upon, it is no matter to him when or how they are produced. Ricardo, unfortunately, confused the effort with the result, and made the value of a thing depend on the amount of labour, that is, of effort, that it cost ; upon this mistake the system of Marx and Socialism generally has been founded. But in buying anything in a shop we never think of enquiring what the amount of labour or of time expended upon it was. All we ask is whether the article is what we want, and whether we can get it elsewhere for less. It is a matter of supply and demand, and every day we see tradesmen, in their fear of not having enough to supply the demand, producing too much and having to sell the surplus at a sacrifice, without regard to the amount of effort it may have cost to produce it. This process is old enough, but it has lately acquired a new name—dumping.

M. Guyot objects to the definition of capital as “accumulated labour”: for its most valuable part, such as the mind of Shakespeare, or the voice of Patti, is not the result of labour at all, but is inborn in the possessor. He defines capital as “utilities per-

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forming an economic function." This he divides into subjective and objective capital. Subjective capital consists of the strength, skill, taste, and other productive qualities of the individual. Objective capital is all external valuables. Wages are the portion of objective capital paid for the produce of subjective capital. The conflict between capital and labour is, then, really a conflict between subjective and objective capital. The conflicts spring from a misconception on the part of the possessors of both subjective and objective capital. They forget that the employer is only an intermediary between the producer and the consumer, who advances the wages, which the consumer really pays, so that it is not the employer, but the workmen and consumer between them, who fix the rate of wages. It is plain, then, that Trade Unions, which can only deal with the employer, cannot permanently influence the rate of wages.

Arbitration, again, cannot deal with the terms of a contract, which depend on the desires of the parties who are responsible, but can only deal with the execution of it, when the terms have been settled. If the umpire gives a wrong decision, it is not he who suffers, but one of the parties. The plan commits the fatal error of divorcing power and responsibility.

Again, the favourite remedy of profit-sharing rests on error. Profit is created by the direction and not by the manual labour. A newspaper may be set up and printed by a gang of the most skilful workmen, and yet make a loss if the management is inefficient. Therefore, though profit-sharing is meant as a stimulus to the workmen to exert themselves, it does not contain in itself the principle of self-adjustment. There are sure to be cases where the workmen think they have done their best, and yet from some external cause, such as high price of raw material or low price of the finished product, there is little or no profit. Moreover, it implies looking into the master's books, a proceeding they would resent if applied to themselves.

There is also co-operation, much believed in by many earnest

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souls. Co-operative distribution has had great success, due principally to the fact that it brings with it dealing for ready-money. But co-operative production has been little tried in this country, though more in France. But it has not had much success, as might have been expected. Skill in management plays a much larger part in production than in distribution, and it is there that it has failed, and probably will continue to fail. No scheme can be permanently successful that does not realize the realities of life. Industrial enterprise involves capital, waiting, risk, and skill in management. These have their several returns in interest, compensation, insurance and wages. Any scheme which aims at giving to a man one of these returns while he does not perform the corresponding service is doomed to failure in the long run.

M. Guyot's solution consists in working out and developing a hint thrown out by M. G. de Molinari as long ago as 1842. It is merely a full extension of piecework, which is already practised in many trades. But this generally takes the form of a single man undertaking to do a piece of work for a certain sum. There are, however, cases where two or more men contract to do a piece of work for a given sum, which sum they divide among themselves in proportions mutually agreed upon. The plan proposed is simply an extension of this. It is piecework wholesale instead of retail. A number of men would form themselves into a joint-stock company. But there would be this advantage over a society for co-operative production, that the capital needed would be much smaller. Probably a contribution of five shillings each would be enough to pay for the clerical and other management of the society. The employer would find the raw material, machinery, and workshop, the society would find the labour and nothing else. When the produce agreed upon is furnished, the workman is independent both of the society and the employer. Thus, an employer would find a mill, machines, and so many million yards of thread, and say to the society: "In what time and for what sum will you deliver to me so many yards of

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cloth?" Or, he will find a yard, machines, and so many tons of steel, and require a ship built to a certain plan. What share of the sum paid, hammermen, rivetters, caulkers, etc., should respectively receive, will be settled by the men among themselves. But it would be every man's interest to finish the work as quickly as possible. If they preferred, and found it more convenient, the different kinds of labour might form separate societies—bricklayers in one, and joiners in another—or, the different classes might form one society, and contract to produce a house out of given materials. A society may be permanent, or it may be formed to carry out a particular undertaking, and break up when it is finished. The members, or some of them, may form another society to undertake a fresh job.

In some respects this resembles the Russian *artels*, which are voluntary associations of workmen to undertake a specific job. As the workman has a share in the society, he will feel that the better and quicker his work, the greater will be his share of profit. The society will also be responsible to the employer for all bad workmanship. By this plan sub-contracting will be done away with—a fruitful cause of complaint.

The plan has already been tried with success in some instances. At Antwerp there are associations of labourers called Nations, who contract for the loading and unloading of ships. At Toulon, also, M. Goultès found that they got forty railway wagons built in three months, when under the wage system it took ten months to make thirty. But the most remarkable case, which has been working successfully for twenty-two years, is the printing company which prints and distributes the official journals of the French Republic. In this the shares are of fifty francs, or two pounds, each, the total capital of the society being about £250. Similar societies have been formed since of the breakers of stone for roads, dressers of setts for the streets, and so on.

The side on which this theory will appeal to the greatest number of persons is undoubtedly domestic service, in which the

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difficulties are well known to arise principally from the desire for freedom out of work hours. It has often been suggested that we shall come to importing our servants from outside, and that they will be free to leave when they have performed their stipulated tasks. This would mean returning to greater simplicity of life, such as is practised in many continental countries. Smaller rooms and less furniture, the absence of carpets and their consequent dust, stoves instead of fires, luncheon taken by men at an eating house, dinner sent in from a cook shop, are an enormous economy in service. I knew a case of a family in Florence, living in the best society, near the King's palace, whose total income was but half the rent of some flats in London. Yet flats and hotels multiply because they save service. There is a vast difference between a house where fourteen servants wait upon one old lady, not to save her time, for she has nothing to do, and an hotel where fifty servants supply all the wants of five hundred people. This is only one part of the gospel which we are very slowly learning, that real greatness consists in the power to persuade men and not to coerce them. We have given up the custom of indicating our rank by splendour of dress or jewellery. But we have not yet given up the habit of displaying it by a house too big for our needs, and a crowd of attendants whose chief occupation is getting in each other's way and wasting our substance. It is very pleasant to see in *Country Life* the views of the stately homes of England, but a glance at the accompanying history shews that there is hardly one but has ruined half-a-dozen or more families.


Lastly, the question arises whether M. Guyot's plan is really the final solution—whether it will be found applicable to all cases. We know that a considerable item in the cost of any goods is the trouble of testing them to see if they are genuine. Trade marks, manufacturers' names and the goodwill of retail tradesmen, owe their power to the fact that they save us this trouble. Some commodities are much more easy to judge of than others, and can be tested at leisure. But the walls of a house, still more its drains,

may not reveal defects till long after, when the society which built it may be broken up and many of its members dead. Time alone will shew whether this difficulty can be surmounted. But there can be no doubt of the correctness of the principle, which runs and must run through all plans for bettering the condition of men, that the elementary and all-prevailing passions and tendencies of men, like gravity and the other forces of nature, should be enlisted on the side of good. In physics we cannot create force, we can only place matter so that the forces of nature shall move it in the direction which we desire. So in economics, we cannot alter men's natures, we can only place them, or things in relation to them, in such positions that their natural instincts—combative-ness if we want to win a battle, desire for well-being if we want an industrial undertaking finished—shall conduce to the end we aim at. There was much good sense in Mr. Perker's action when he cut short Mr. Pickwick's speech with the offer of a guinea.

Let us carefully distinguish between the measure we apply to ourselves and that which we apply to our fellow men. Let us strive to be influenced by unworldly motives and try ourselves by the severest standard. Let us appeal to the same motives in others as far as we believe them to exist or to be capable of development. But let us recognize in theory, as the greatest theorists (like Ruskin) do in practice, that men, in the mass, at all times and in all places, will only put forth their best efforts continuously when they tend to their material interests.

REVIEWS.

The Works of John Ruskin. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. Library Edition. Volumes VIII, IX, X and XI. London: George Allen.

N our October issue we reviewed the first four volumes of this great edition of Ruskin. The issue of the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes (completing *Modern Painters*) is postponed, and we have now before us the four volumes mentioned above.

In our previous notice we dealt with the special features of this most admirable edition, and beyond saying that the new volumes justify all that was then said, we need not deal further with those features.

Volume VIII contains *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and is illustrated by fifteen plates from drawings by Mr. Ruskin, in addition to a facsimile of a page of the MS. of *The Seven Lamps*, and a facsimile of the binding of the First and Second Editions. In the Introduction, which, as in the previous volumes, is by Mr. E. T. Cook, we are told much that is of interest, and, as before, we are given many extracts from his letters to his parents, to which we shall have to refer at greater length presently.

The Seven Lamps was written during the winter of 1848-9. The writing of it was preceded by a visit to France, and it was in part coloured by the revolutionary events of that year. A letter is given, addressed by Ruskin from France, to W. H. Harrison, which is of deep interest. We quote one passage only:

“ . . . at Rouen, where we stayed about three weeks, the distress, though nearly as great, is not so ghastly, and seems to be confined in its severity to the class of workmen. There seems, however, everything to be dreaded both there and at Paris—and the only door of escape seems to be the darkest—that which grapeshot opens . . . And the pity of it is that in the midst of all this there are many signs

of the best and most patient dispositions borne down by the crowd—or ruined only for want of common humanity and kindness in their *former* treatment, for now there is, I believe, nothing available—nothing to be done but by ball cartridge. Vagabonds and ruffians, undisguised, fill the streets, only waiting—not for *an* opportunity but for *the best* opportunity of attack. And yet, even from the faces of these, I have seen the malice and brutality vanish if a few words of ordinary humanity were spoken to them. And if there were enough merciful people in France to soothe without encouraging them, and to give them some—even the slightest—sympathy and help in such honest efforts as they make, few though they be, without telling them of their Rights or their injuries—the country might still be saved.”

A vivid picture truly!

It is interesting to note that, unlike some of his earlier books, *The Seven Lamps* received a favourable reception from the reviewers, and had not to wait for recognition. *Blackwood* of course lived up to its reputation, but its venom did no harm. The country now knew that a great teacher had arisen, and the best critics of the day reflected this knowledge.

Volumes IX, X, and XI contain *The Stones of Venice*, volume XI containing also *Examples of the Architecture of Venice*. Each volume contains numerous reproductions of drawings by the author. All of them are helpful and many are of exquisite beauty and in themselves make the books veritable treasure houses of art.

In November, 1849, Ruskin settled at Venice for the winter and gave himself up to close and incessant toil in preparation for *The Stones of Venice*. He found that the existing authorities on the history of Venice and its buildings differed so often and so materially as to afford him no adequate guidance, and he decided to take nothing for granted, but to come to his own conclusions after the most minute examination of all the buildings he wrote of. Each day, so long as light lasted, was spent in making measurements and drawings. For these he used small pocket note books, and each evening he copied the contents into larger note books. This strenuous life lasted until the Spring of 1850,

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when Ruskin returned to London, and completed the first volume during the following winter. It was published in March, 1851, but no second edition was called for until seven years later. The reviews of the book differed greatly. Some of them taxed Ruskin's patience, as they well might. To his father he wrote from Venice in February, 1852 :

“Don't send me any more critiques. I did not use to be sensitive to criticism. I used to be very angry when I was taxed with being so. But I am so now—partly from being nervous, partly before my works cost me more labour. I could sit down and write a poem, with a good deal of nonsense in it, in a couple of hours; if a reviewer said it was nonsense, I felt he had a right to his opinion and did not care. But when I work over a volume for two years, and weigh *every word* in it, and a dim brained rascal like this of the *Guardian* walks up to me and tells me ‘half of my statements are diametrically opposed to the others,’ simply because the poor long-eared brute cannot see that a thistle has two sides, it does worry me considerably, and makes me very angry, and yet depresses me at the same time.”

The general attitude of the press was, however, favourable. His friend Carlyle, and other great contemporaries, hastened to send their congratulations.

After the first volume of the *Stones* was published, Ruskin wrote his *Notes on Sheepfolds* and a pamphlet in defence of the Pre-Raphaelites. Before he could complete the second and third volumes, further study at Venice was requisite, and in September, 1851, he resumed his work there, remaining until the end of June in the following year.

During these visits to Venice, despite the multitudinous calls upon his time, and the vastness of his task, Ruskin wrote a long daily letter to his parents. The treatment of these letters is the one question upon which we desire to criticise the action of Mr. Cook. In his introduction he gives frequent extracts from these letters, and they form a feature of quite exceptional value and interest. But surely these letters, instead of being chopped up in this manner and presented to the public in scraps, should have

been published in their entirety, and should have furnished the contents of one or more volumes of the edition. They reveal the inner workings of Ruskin's mind and give us, quite apart from their vast human interest, a quite priceless light upon the spirit in which he worked and the aims he had in view. The time has come when an authoritative statement ought to be issued as to the future treatment of these letters, and whether we may expect at an early date to have them adequately published.

At Venice Ruskin had the great advantage of the friendship of the celebrated Rawdon Brown, who placed all his books and knowledge at Ruskin's disposal. Professor Norton thus describes this remarkable man in whom Ruskin found a congenial spirit :

"He was one of the kindest of men ; an English gentleman in the full meaning of the term ; Oxford bred, of the old-fashioned conservative type, hating modern innovations, loving the poetry and picturesqueness of the past ; solitary in his mode of life, but of a social disposition, and with a pleasant vein of humour, a wide range of culture, and quick sympathies that made him a delightful host. He had come to Venice as a young man, and he had spent the last fifty years of his life there, never, I believe, revisiting England during all that time."

Mr. Cook tells of a romance this man had among the Stones of Venice which, as he truly says, is as curious and interesting as any of Ruskin's own. We give the story in Mr. Cook's words :

"He [Rawdon Brown] had first gone to Venice to find the burial place of Mowbray, Shakespeare's 'Banished Norfolk.' The Venetian antiquaries could give him no help, and he got access to the State archives. Mowbray had been honourably interred, he found, within the precincts of St. Mark's, and in 1533, one hundred and thirty-four years after his death, his bones were removed to his native land. But where was the precise place of burial, and where the monument that marked his grave ? The search was for a long while unsuccessful, but it was the cause of Brown's subsequent interest in the general history of Venice. At last he chanced upon a book written by a Frenchman at Venice in 1682. It contained a plate of arms, representing a sculptured marble on the outer wall of the Ducal Palace on the sea-

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façade. The author interpreted the heraldic devices as symbols of the majesty and sovereignty of Venice. Brown at once recognised them as of English origin, and it flashed across him that this might have been the monumental slab for which he had so long been searching. He shewed the plate to various masons in vain, but at length one of them recognised it. 'I have a good right,' he said, 'to know it. I almost lost my life for it.' When the French were hacking away at the Doge's Palace, after Napoleon's entry, the old mason had been ordered to chip the carving off the stone in order to fit it into the pavement. He, too, regarded the sculpture as symbolic of the glory of Venice, and did not like the job of erasing it; so he turned the stone face downwards, worked on the underside, and fitted it so into its appointed place. Then the mason had a serious fall, which was like to kill him, but when he was picked up alive they placed a cross on the stone upon which he fell. The cross and the Mowbray stone were both identified, and Brown laid plots forthwith for securing the latter. The mason was ordered to prepare a new stone of the exact size. They waited for a dark evening, substituted the new stone, and removed the old one to Brown's gondola. He examined it eagerly and it was found to bear the very date of Mowbray's death. After some further adventures, Brown had the slab shipped to England (in 1839), and it is at Corby Castle that this Stone of Venice may now be seen. Not long after Brown made confession to the authorities. They took it in good part, and set up a cast of the slab, which he had ordered, in that hall in the Ducal Palace from which one enters the stairway above which is Titian's fresco of St. Christopher. Beneath it was placed in after years a glowing inscription in honour of Rawdon Brown, the illustrious investigator of the history and monuments of Venice."

By June, 1852, Ruskin had completed the greater portion of the second and third volumes of *The Stones of Venice*, and he returned to London to prepare the plates and to revise and complete the work. Both volumes appeared the following year.

Mr. Cook truly points out that the work came as a great revelation of the beauty of Venice. Ruskin describes the façade of St. Mark's as a lovely dream, and all of us to-day agree with the description, but as Mr. Cook points out, when Ruskin wrote, such opinions were regarded as evidence of insanity. In the eighteenth century Gibbon had written :

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"Of all the towns in Italy I am the least satisfied with Venice. Objects which are only singular without being pleasing produce a momentary surprise which soon gives way to satiety and disgust. Old, and in general, ill-built houses, ruined pictures, and stinking ditches, dignified with the pompous denomination of canals, a fine bridge spoilt by two rows of houses upon it, and a large square decorated with the worst architecture I ever saw."

This was written in 1765, and in Ruskin's day pretty much the same view prevailed, and "professional opinion was that St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace were as ugly and repulsive as they were contrary to rule and order." The appreciation of the beauty of Venice which prevails to-day is almost wholly due to *The Stones of Venice*. But the work did much more than this. We suppose there is no parallel in all literature to the position which *The Stones of Venice* occupies in relation to the city of Venice. It is a classic for all time; a work which we instinctively feel can never be superseded. Ruskin has taken the history of a city which no longer exists in the sense that it existed during the long centuries when it was one of the most powerful forces in the world, and by means of the buildings which its people have left behind them, he has shewn us their virtues and their vices, the cause of their rise, the reason of their fall. And so the work is much more than a revelation of the beauty of mediæval architecture, much more than an exposition of the canons of true art, much more than a scholarly work of historical research, much more than a treasure house of facts concerning the greatest republic the world has ever seen marshalled with incomparable care and accuracy, much more than a poem couched in rare and delicate prose. It is all these. But it is something greater. It is a noble sermon, nobly preached, based upon the rock of truth, and drawing from the story of Venice the most vital lessons, not for the individual alone, but for the nations of the world to-day, and constituting at once an appeal and an inspiration to all who would take part in the eternal conflict with the forces of evil.

J. H. W.

SAINT GEORGE.

The Tombs of the Popes. By Ferd. Gregorovius. Translated from the Second and enlarged German Edition by R. W. Seton-Watson. Constable. 3s. 6d. nett.

IMAGINATION is as much needed for the historian as the poet, said a notable essay-writer; and Gregorovius showed his possession of this indispensable power no less in his vivid anticipation of the future than in his brilliant re-construction of the past. "A time will come," he thinks, "when the Papal monuments will have very much the same importance as have the busts and statues of the Roman Cæsars at the present day. There will no longer be any Popes. Religion will have expressed itself in a new form." Should this forecast ever be realized, boundless will be the curiosity and interest with which the surviving monuments of the vanished monarchy will be regarded. But even now of course they appeal to us in many ways. Though Gregorovius by no means closed his eyes to other aspects of the series, he lays most stress upon the historical value of a study of the tombs, the slabs, and the statues. He thought that it might make a useful introduction to his great *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*, although of course many of the tombs are to be found outside the City. Hence perhaps his choice of a second title for his essay—"Landmarks in Papal History." Certainly anyone who will take the trouble to master this very attractive little book (pp. xli, 167) will find he has the key to the long, intricate, and broken story of the Papacy. A good list of fixed points, associated with definite objects to be seen and remembered, makes an admirable basis for a course of historical reading. It would be a pleasant tour, too, which should carry the reader to look for all these scattered monuments—in Rome, Avignon, Bamberg, Perugia, Naples, Florence, and nearly a dozen other Italian sites.

Mr. Seton-Watson has performed well his task of translator, and has rendered the reader another service by supplying sixteen

illustrations of the tombs, very properly taken from *contemporary* monuments only. His memoir of Gregorovius himself (1821-1891) is full of interest. That historian had to face many difficulties and discouragements as a student of Roman affairs during the latter days of the Temporal Power. There is a curious account of how he was denied access in 1870 to manuscripts in the Vatican Library. But, as Mr. Seton-Watson quietly remarks, "His great work was now approaching completion; the Jesuits had delayed their blow too long."

F. T. R.

Following the Deer. By William J. Long, illustrated by Charles Copeland. London and Boston: Ginn & Co.

A Little Brother to the Bear. By William J. Long, illustrated by Charles Copeland. London and Boston: Ginn & Co.



WE have seldom, if ever, opened books on Natural History with more pleasure than we have felt in reading these two fascinating books by Mr. Long. They are books which the most unlearned reader at once feels to be the faithful record of a man who loves his subject with a whole-hearted devotion, and who has spent a large portion of his life in the patient, sympathetic, and minute study of the animals of the American fields and woods. The result is a very wonderful account of experiences which, we venture to think, will be new to the great bulk of students of natural history in this country. Mr. Long records in a deeply interesting manner a long list of facts relating to the habits and intelligence of the animals, which, for the most part, are based upon his actual observation, and the spirit in which he writes is shewn in the following extract from the opening chapter of *A Little*

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Brother to the Bear, entitled "The Point of View." After pointing out that if we would know anything about the real life of the Indian it is not sufficient for us to merely determine his race, he proceeds :

"However, it may suggest, if one thinks about it, that possibly we have made a slightly similar mistake about the animals ; that we are not quite through with them when we have cried instinct and named their species, nor altogether justified in killing them industriously off the face of the earth—as we once did with the poor Beothuk Indians for the skins that they wore. Beneath their fur and feathers is their life ; and a few observers are learning that their life also, with its faint suggestion of our own primeval childhood, is one of intense human interest. Some of them plan and calculate ; and mathematics, however elementary, is hardly a matter of instinct. Some of them build dams and canals ; some have definite social regulations ; some rescue comrades : some bind their own wounds, and even set a broken leg, as will be seen in one of the following chapters. All higher orders communicate more or less with each other, and train their young, and modify their habits to meet changing conditions. These things, and many more quite as wonderful, are also facts. We are still waiting for the naturalist who will tell us truly what they mean. I have had these two things—the new facts and the interpretation thereof—in mind in putting together the following sketches from my note books and wilderness records."

We must not omit to add that the great value and interest of these books are increased by the wealth and beauty of Mr. Copeland's illustrations. Mr. Copeland, in his drawings, has truly interpreted the spirit in which Mr. Long writes.

The Effects of the Factory System. Allen Clarke. London: Grant Richards, 1904.

HIS book is a cheap and revised edition of a collection of articles which originally appeared in a newspaper. The author is the editor of the *Northern Weekly*, a paper which has a large circulation amongst the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Allen Clarke, Lancashire born and bred, knows and loves his county and its people. Through his newspaper "Teddy Ashton," as he is locally known, reaches the hearts and wins the love of many thousands of readers.

It is a matter for regret that the author has not seen fit to carry his revision of the book much further, for most of the book cannot be said to deal with the "effects" of the factory system. It might be more appropriately styled "Some aspects of the life in an industrial town."

The early chapters deal with the period of the industrial revolution, the change from the "rural" to "industrial" England. The author's love for his comrades enables him to see much of the misery of our industrial life; he speaks of the things he knows and has seen, but the cause of the evils he so graphically enumerates lie far deeper than and are not caused by the factory system.

The book is a wholesale condemnation of the factory system of industry as compared with an idyllic system of industry which is assumed to have existed before the rise of factories. This assumption is by no means uncommon to a certain school of thought. This happy condition of the workers under domestic industry is, however, not borne out by the results of scientific enquiry. Dr. W. Cooke Taylor in *Silk, Cotton and Woollen Manufactures*, 1843, said, "the system of infant labour was at its worst and greatest height before anyone thought of a factory." Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, writing in 1840, was so shocked at the condition of the stocking weavers working under the old system at

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Leicester, that he advocated their employment in factories as a solution. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, a Commissioner of the United States, appointed to enquire into the factory system in England, reported, "unthrift and poverty do not belong to the factory system of industry to any such extent as they belonged to the system which it supplanted."

The author makes use of the oft-quoted description by Defoe of the clothing trade in the West Riding; it is a very glowing statement, ending with the words, "not a beggar to be seen, not an idle person." This account, however, was merely the impression of a man passing rapidly through the country, and that it is entirely lacking in any exact information which will help the reformer of to-day.

During the period when domestic industry was common in our textile trades, the factor was master of the lives and fortunes of the working class. They had to accept his terms or lose their means of subsistence.

The early factory system brought into stronger relief abuses which were older than the factory system; these would undoubtedly have continued unchecked for a much longer period had the workers remained isolated. The factory system made it possible for the spirit of association to be developed, and thus lay the foundations of modern Trade Unionism.

The story of our present system of home industry as told before the Commission on Sweating is one of the blackest pages in our industrial life; from it we may gain a little insight into the conditions of industrial life prior to the rise of factories. Miss Beatrice Potter (Mrs. Sydney Webb), writing in the *Times* on September 22nd, 1888, said, "Home-work is a very citadel of the evils summarised by the term Sweating . . . at once the cause and the most acute manifestation of the industrial disease which is popularly known as the Sweating system, . . . the only radical remedy is to force our workers into the factory system as we have forced our children into the schools."

The author's criticisms of the factory system may be classified as—(1) effect upon health, (2) effect upon morality, and (3) effect upon the mind of the worker.

In his use of statistics of disease and death the author compares the factory towns of Lancashire with the rural districts and pleasure resorts of the same county. The figures would have been most valuable if they had extended over a larger area, and the comparison made between factory towns and those towns which, although industrial, have no factories.

It is curious to notice what different impressions are formed by observers who stand at factory gates. Compare the author's sad report on page 43 with Mrs. Humphry Ward's glowing account on page 9 of the preface to "The Case for the Factory Acts." We cannot agree with either, the truth lies somewhere between them, but the fact which does become evident is that standing at the factory gates is a very doubtful method of enquiry.

The same method of enquiry has been adopted by two writers in the *Independent Review* for March. In two articles on "The Life of the Artizan," Mr. John Garret Leigh and Miss Alice Law, dealing with Lancashire industrial life, arrive at conclusions utterly opposite. Mr. Leigh takes a most gloomy view, asserting that materialism of the grossest kind rules. He states that there is no home-life, no interest in politics, art, nature, or books, and that ideals are entirely foreign to Lancashire operatives. According to Miss Law, "the great majority of the Lancashire operatives love their mill-life." She idealises their lives inside and outside the mill, and further states that they are a healthy, joyous, and cultured race. There is nothing conclusive in either of these articles.

Certain trades are admitted to be dangerous to health, and are specially legislated for by granting to the Home Office comprehensive powers enabling them to issue special rules binding upon the manufacturers and workpeople. These special rules compel the taking of keener sanitary precautions, the provision of fans to draw away dangerous and poisonous dust, the provision of sufficient

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washing accommodation, the wearing of special overalls, and forbid the eating of food in the workshop, etc. In all factories and workshops there must be a certain cubic air space per person employed, walls and ceilings must be lime-washed at stated times, and the sanitary conveniences must be adequate. In cotton factories the temperature and humidity of the air, the speeding of the machines, time for meals, and hours of labour for women and young persons, are a few of the matters regulated by various Factory Acts. Had it not been for the regulation of industry, consequent upon the change to the factory system, the author would have had an opportunity of writing upon the sad effects of the domestic system of industry.

The author appears a little unwilling to acknowledge the various improvements in our social and industrial life. He very rightly denounces the half-time system, and the employment of married women and the consequent infant mortality, in the strong terms which they demand; but it is amply proved by the book that these evils are the effects, not of the factory system, but of the greed which could exist equally well with any other system. He says, "many Lancashire mothers only have their children for what they can get out of them."

The factory operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire continually oppose the raising of the age of half-timers. The poor half-timer, at the command of the spinner, violates the Act against cleaning machinery when in motion. This is the cause of very frequent accidents. The author gives some important evidence of the law in respect to meal hours being violated by the employers. He states that the machines are started before and are worked after the lawful time. This "cribbing" is despicable. The pity is that it could be stopped if the workpeople would report it to the factory inspector. There is unfortunately a very deeply-rooted idea amongst factory operatives that the inspectors are their enemies. We have known a woman go all round a factory to warn the operatives of the inspector's arrival.

As with the author's criticisms against the working of children and women, so with his criticisms against factory morality ; the evils which he very rightly denounces would be considerably greater under any other system of industry. The alteration of the "loose sanitary arrangements," which he alleges to be the cause of much immorality, is in the hands of the local sanitary authority, and the change can be made as soon as the local rate-payers desire it.

An examination of our records of crime and vice shows that factory operatives figure less in proportion to their total number than any other industrial section of the people.

Much has been said of the effect of machinery upon the mind of the worker. The author says, the "severe and mental strain accounts for the inability of the average cotton operative to exercise his other mental functions." Machinery, however, is not an exclusive adjunct of the factory system. The author has little to say for the various agencies which our principal factory counties have developed, of the strong force of Trade Unionism which, by drawing up and enforcing lists of prices for piece-work, has almost ended "wage-nibbling" ; of the minimising of strikes and disputes by the tactful administration of the Trade Union official ; of the large buildings devoted to the Co-operative Movement, the largest trading concern in the kingdom, and worked by working men for working men. The various thrift societies, building societies, temperance societies, literary and scientific societies, which abound in Lancashire and Yorkshire, earn no praise from the author, and yet these societies are mostly run by factory operatives. This development of educational and other elevating agencies in the factory districts of the United Kingdom is also true of the factory districts in other countries.

The author predicts the doom of the cotton trade, and shows no regret at the coming downfall. His final chapter on "Vision and hope" is perhaps intended to be a "vision" rather than a practical guide. He looks forward to see "Lancashire a cluster

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of small villages and towns, each fixed solid on its agricultural base, doing its own spinning and weaving; with its theatre, gymnasium, schools, libraries, baths, and all things necessary for body and soul." He wants Lancashire to grow its own cotton, and sees no practical difficulty in the way.

Our modern factory system is not likely to be displaced, but rather to be still further developed. Much undoubtedly remains to be done for the operatives both inside and outside the factory, but it is largely the life outside the factories which needs changing.

There should be an eight-hour day, commencing at 8 a.m., thus giving the operatives time for a good meal before commencing work. Eating meals in workshops should be forbidden, provision of mess-rooms should be compulsory, and the employers should not be allowed to make a profit out of the use of them. The half-time system should be abolished, and there is need for the development of a strong public opinion against the work, unless for sheer necessity, of married women in factories. The payment of all wages direct from the employer's office would be a useful reform. There is also a great necessity for a larger number of factory inspectors, more particularly women inspectors.

Within the last few years many large factory industries which were not dependent upon any local conditions have been removed to the country. It is by the development of villages like Bournville and Garden City that the evils of the factory system will vanish.

BERTRAM WILSON.

NOTE.

THE
MANCHESTER
RUSKIN
EXHIBITION.

Manchester has worthily followed up the tradition established by its great loan collections. The City Art Gallery Committee has arranged a very fine collection of Ruskin's drawings, with other illustrative matter. At the opening ceremony on March 23rd, many references were made to Ruskin's connexion with Manchester. The city fathers pointed out that it was for Manchester that *Sesame and Lilies* was written. Mr. Phythian reminded us that the subject suggested to Ruskin was the prosaic and inevitable "How to Read": but Ruskin chose to talk of *Kings' Treasuries* and *Queens' Gardens*. It was for the outsider a delightful moment when Principal Hopkinson, in the course of an admirable little address on Ruskin's political and moral influence, brushed aside these amiable reminiscences. He reminded us that Manchester had in the past stood for many things which roused Ruskin's deepest wrath. It was like a glimpse of *Saint George's* "Vindication" against Mr. Frederic Harrison. Some letters of very unusual interest were read, notably from Walter Crane, Sir W. B. Richmond, and Holman Hunt. One, most pathetic in its force and brevity, was from G. F. Watts. Then, after a charming little speech by Mrs. Arthur Severn, we were left to enjoy the collection.

The arrangement of the drawings is very commendable; it greatly increases the value of the collection. The catalogue, too, calls for special praise. We owe it in the main to Mr. W. G. Collingwood. Beginning with a map drawn at the age of ten, we work through the sketches of his boyhood—wonderful work most of them. Among these are arranged very skilfully works by masters whom he studied: Barret, Prout, Fielding, Hunt, Harding, etc. Then comes a little collection of copies of Old Masters made under Ruskin's direction by such perfect copyists as C. Fairfax Murray and Frank Randal. Then a collection of Turners and

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of Ruskin's studies and illustrations of Turner—many of them familiar from *Modern Painters*. After this we find a fine little collection of Pre-Raffælites; drawings for the *Stones of Venice*; some work of T. M. Rooke and others. Altogether a wonderful exhibition, of the greatest educational value: Manchester deserves the gratitude of all lovers of art as well as of Ruskin students for making these accessible. Many of the pictures have not been exhibited before, some are scattered about, some were seen at the London Turner Exhibition. But the idea of a progressive collection illustrating the growth of Ruskin's art, and shewing the art which influenced him, is here for the first time carried out with any completeness. The generosity of the owners deserves special acknowledgment—they shewed themselves very willing to share their good fortune, and help the enlightened project of the Manchester Art Gallery Committee.

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ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

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EVER since the Boer war the nation has been casting about for some scapegoat on which to fix the blame of its failures, and, led by Mr. H. G. Wells, has fixed it mainly on the Public Schools. It is not my object either to rebut or to reinforce this criticism. It is my aim merely to enquire into the certainty of the matter, and inasmuch as the term itself "Public School" is vague, and the schools so denominated, like most English institutions, exhibit all manner of strongly-marked individual variations, I shall confine myself to the great Boarding Schools and to those broader features which, being common to all, differentiate them from the schools of America and the Continent.

We have in our English Public Schools a growth peculiarly English both in its excellences and in its defects. There is nothing in the least like it in any foreign country. It has its roots in our own soil, and must be regarded with that respect and affection which is due to every deep-rooted natural growth. Efforts have been made to transplant it into other countries. None of these efforts, so far as I know, have attained much success. Indeed, even in England it was thought that the "public

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school spirit" was the special prerogative of certain old foundations and old traditions, until the rise of Uppingham, Clifton, and Fettes, and many schools since their day, showed that a vigorous personality could build up the old spirit afresh into a new foundation—the living stones of a new community.

A study of origins would soon explain how the English Schools came to be boarding schools. Few studies are historically more interesting than to trace this development from the monastic school with its simple clause of *continuetur schola*, by which the King who abolished the Monastery became the Founder of the School, or from the old practice of sending the *fili nobilium* to learn all knightly exercises under the eye of some neighbouring baron or knight. It was from the blending of these two elements—knightly hardihood with mental and religious culture—that the unique quality of these institutions is derived. Such training in mediæval times was impossible at home, and now that conditions are changed the old system still remains. The reasons are various. We are an imperial nation. We sow beside many waters. This of itself makes it necessary for large numbers of parents, military, naval, civil servants, and business men, to live abroad. For their children there must be boarding-schools provided. Our leisured gentry like to live in the country. The country rector and squire need boarding-schools for their children. The development of our great cities conduces practically to the same result; a boy does not get a fair chance in a city, and hitherto day schools have been defective both in quantity and quality. Such are the economic causes, but there are others fully as cogent. There are social reasons. Some of these are snobbish and contemptible. The wealthy city man wants his son to know the county families and a peer or two. But in the main the motive is something higher than this: it is felt that a public school provides a social education unattainable in any other. To be a public school boy gives a man a passport at once to the better society; it gives him status; there is always a presumption

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in his favour that he is a gentleman, trustworthy and honourable; there is a sort of freemasonry between old public school men which is really helpful in all sorts of ways through life. Moreover, there is a general belief that at a public school a boy learns to be responsible and stand on his own legs. He learns that he is not the most important person in the place, as he imagined himself to be at home; that there are other wills beside his own. He loses a few of his angles, and "gets the sawdust knocked out of him." He learns to bear pain instead of being a cry-baby, to play games instead of being a "smug," to drop rank and wealth and luxury, and generally prepare himself for a rough-and-tumble world—in short, a public school "makes a man of him."

It is, beyond doubt, this widely prevalent belief which has produced during the last twenty years the rapid development of public schools, evinced not only in the increased numbers of the best-known schools, but also in the upgrowth of hundreds of other schools modelled on the public schools, but less expensive. What, then, are the special qualities which justify this belief?

The public school does not chop a boy in half and educate only one portion of him. It gives him all-round training. The continental school trains the boy's mind. Its end-in-view is knowledge and mental power. The English school takes him as a whole and trains his body and his character, and his social side as well as his intellect. Its end-in-view is a complete manhood. "I would have the disposition of his limbs formed at the same time as his mind," says Montaigne. "It is not a soul, it is not a body we are training up, but a man, and we ought not to divide him."

The most obvious feature of our schools to the continental observer is the system of games, and the seriousness with which the games are pursued. This seriousness is common to boys and masters. The English boy, who dislikes all sorts of coercion, readily submits to compulsory sports; he will tolerate slackness

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in other matters, but he cannot stand slackness at games. The most scathing stricture I ever heard a boy from one school pass upon a game played at another school was, "Why, they look as if they were just playing for their own amusement."

The physical advantages of the games system no one disputes. Those advantages in themselves are not slight. It is a great thing to instil into a boy a love of fresh air and exercise in the open; it hardens the body, and builds up the fibre of the race. It is our great national safeguard against the growing luxury and self-indulgence of wealth. What would the boys of our upper middle classes be without games?

But there are other effects, less obvious and less conscious, but more important and quite as real. Indirectly, but none the less effectively, games develope promptness of action and promptness of decision, prompt command on the part of the captain, prompt obedience on the part of the team. They teach self-restraint, how to keep one's temper under trying circumstances, and respect an adversary even in the hottest conflict. They teach straightforwardness and a rudimentary but real sense of honour. They teach unselfishness and what English people specially lack—the habit of co-operating with each other. And they teach all this in the line of the boy's own natural taste and natural activities. His native combativeness, which if neglected would make him a hooligan, and if repressed makes him a coward, is thus utilised to make him a man.*

It is interesting to compare the more formal system of the German School. "*Turnen*" is a regular class subject in all German schools. It owes its place in the curriculum to the great *Turnvater* Jahn. It is a sort of superimposed system prescribed by authority. The growth of English games has been spontaneous, the outcome

* See Mr. G. F. Watts' message to the boys of Manchester Grammar School: "Remember you who are now boys are the makers of the future. You are training for this. Aim high and make a daily effort towards this. In playing your games see what qualities they bring out. If these are manliness, straightforwardness, promptness, courage, good temper in defeat, kindheartedness, these are the true equipment for life:—make them yours by quiet daily effort."

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of the boys' own instinct. One sees on the Doctor's wall at Rugby the tablet which commemorates the day when "William Webb Ellis, with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game." Here one sees that individual initiative at work, which is one of the most marked features of our race.

The German system is formal and artificial; it aims at developing the limbs and trunk in a methodical way, but it has no freedom in it; it leaves out of account a boy's combative instinct, his passion for movement in fresh air, his gregarious tendency. It has none of the zest or exhilaration of a game, and, consequently, it is not really recreative.*

Mr. Sadler's ninth Volume of Reports contains a striking paper on the Measurement of Mental Fatigue in Germany. That paper supplies convincing proof of the inadequacy of *Turnen* in this respect. Three methods of measuring fatigue are adopted, and all three go to prove that an hour spent in the *Turnhalle* is almost as fatiguing to the mind as an hour spent in the class-room over Latin or Mathematics.

"One conclusion from these figures is clear, namely, that to ascribe a mentally restorative influence to gymnastic hours is, as a rule, misleading, and Wagner adds that, were it not that the latter half of the hour was in many cases spent in playing games, the influence of the gymnastic hour would probably appear in a still more unfavourable light."†

Thus is Mother Nature justified of her instincts. It is sad that the nation which has taught us by Froebel how to educate children through their play should have been so blind as to the educational and ethical opportunities of play in the case of adults.

And so while the German boy is wheeling in solitary splendour

* "La gymnastique fatigue le corps, mais sans reposer le cerveau." Dr. A. Jaquet, *Bibliothèque Universelle*, December, 1903, p. 542.

† *Special Reports on Educational Subjects*, vol. ix., p. 584. Mosso, adopting an entirely different method of measurement, is equally emphatic in his conclusions.

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round his horizontal bar in the *Turnhalle*, the English boy in his flannels, in God's out-of-doors, whether sunshine or shower, is growing up into the spirit of straightness, fairness, comradeship, co-operation and mastery of self, "strife without anger and art without malice," "how to win without grimaces, how to lose without wry faces," and imbibing these things unconsciously with far more effectiveness than they could be taught by any syllabus of ethical instruction. They are taught by doing them, not by precept. Οὐ διδακτὸν ἀλλ' ἀσκητὸν ἡ ἀρετή.

This is no fancy picture. One has known many a lad bred in a luxurious city home, soft and slack of body, short-winded and self-indulgent, with far more servants and far more pocket-money than were good for him, who, in the hard training of football, rowing, cricket, and cross-country running, has learned to endure hardness, put strain upon himself, rate luxury cheap, and grow up into a clean-living and continent manhood. As a matter of historic fact, one knows that games have killed out in our public schools that bullying and those worse forms of self-indulgence which startle a modern reader in "Tom Brown" and Dr. Arnold's sermons. And it is because we have games in our English Universities that we have no duelling.

The art of right recreation is an essential part of complete living. It is an art which we need to learn nowadays more than ever before ; there is no weapon so powerful to oppose the impure pleasures of city life as the pleasure of pure and manly sport.

A direct outcome of the games is the corporate life of our great schools. This social life is an essential part of all true education. "Culture," as Matthew Arnold has told us, "is not a product of mere study. Learning may be got from books, but not culture. It is a more living process, and requires that the student shall at times close his books, leave his solitary room and mingle with his fellow-men." None of us can live to himself, we are born into a family ; we become at the age of twenty-one members of great civic and national communities. The School should provide the

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intermediate stage which leads from one to the other. The boy, whose whole idea in going to school is to get sufficient knowledge to pass this or that examination, may get the knowledge he desires, but he misses the greatest lesson which the school can teach. And the great difficulty we schoolmasters have in teaching this lesson is that parents so frequently fail to realise that there is any such lesson to be learned. Their boy, says their letter, "has been attending classes at your school." How that phrase tells the tale!

There is no such difficulty with the boy himself. At a public school he soon realises the civic spirit into which he is entered. From the first he feels that he is a member of a larger society with common interests and common ideals, a society which claims from each of its members certain sacrifices and the performance of certain obligations. In games he has to play for his side, not for himself, "to set the game above the prize." There is no reward except the esteem which comes to one who has striven manfully for his house or his school. In his study the motive which spurs him to effort is quite as much his sense of obligation to the school, to uphold its intellectual credit, as the desire to win honour for himself.

But these are not the only outlets for the spirit of citizenship. It is not given to every boy to excel in games, or in scholarship, however hard he tries. He may have short-sighted eyes, or a weak heart. But every boy is good for something, and there are all manner of school societies which depend for their support on the public spirit of the boys. There is a Debating Society, a Natural History Society, with its museum, its aviary, perhaps its gardens, all needing the services of curators; a Camera Club, a Glee Society, a School Orchestra, a School Magazine, a Chess Club, and so forth; so that practically, whatever a boy's special taste may be, he can make it contribute in some way helpfully to the corporate life of the school.

In this way there grows up the sense of oneness or togetherness in a school, and the peculiar influence of the English public

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school depends in no small degree on this singularly subtle, but also singularly powerful sense of unity which gradually comes to pervade the whole school community. To the strengthening of this feeling, with its silent but strong compulsion upon the character, the mind and manner of the individual, every school-master attaches the greatest importance. Get this on the side of goodness, get your public feeling to discountenance all lying, cheating, gambling, uncleanness, and sneaking, and you may feel fairly confident, not possibly that there is no evil in the school—that is impossible with any large association—but that at any rate the way of the wrongdoer is not easy and popular, and that the new boy will not get into trouble unless he himself seeks it out and puts himself in the way of it.

When the young men came to Socrates asking how they could combat the immorality which was rife in the city, Socrates replied that there was one simple word which could do all, that word was *αἰσχρὸν*. Brand a bad thing as *αἰσχρὸν*, as “bad form,” and at once you have enlisted the gregarious instinct definitely and decisively on the side of goodness.

It is curious how readily boy-nature shapes for itself these ethical standards of conduct. When Wellington College was founded by Dr. Benson, it was arranged, in order to prevent confusion, that one half of the boys should come on Monday, and the remaining half on Tuesday. One boy came on the Tuesday, a little shy and raw, and in course of a stroll proceeded to make a suggestion to one of the veterans of Monday. He proposed a certain line of action, whereupon the veteran observed, “We don’t have anything of that sort here.”

This schoolboy code of honour is also peculiarly powerful both in a positive and in a negative direction. Of no other society can it be said with more truth that whatsoever sins it remits they are remitted, and whatsoever sins it retains they are retained. Readers of Thring’s life will remember how constantly Thring appealed to this feeling, and how, when wrong was done, he

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punished not only the perpetrator, but also those who were present and did not prevent it. They too are responsible, for they are their brother's keepers.

The fact is that there are only two ways of governing a school efficiently. The one is to rely on thorough-going supervision, a complete system of police, with no concealment possible. This is the system of the French Lycée; it corresponds to Napoleon's broad boulevards that could be swept with cannon.

The other is to rely on inward trustworthiness and a sound, enlightened, wisely directed public opinion. This is the system of the English public school. We believe with Oliver Goldsmith that "the virtue that requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel." We leave the boy a wide margin of liberty, it is the only way to train him to be his own master in after life. It is this principle, wisely carried out, which forms the best element in a public school training.

It is in furtherance of the same principle, and by way of its practical realisation, that Dr. Arnold instituted his system of sixth-form government. The boys of the highest form are invested with certain powers of supervision and government, in return for which they receive certain special privileges. There is no *pion*. These sixth-form boys, or prefects, are to the headmaster what the scouting frigates were to Lord Nelson—they are the eyes of the fleet. They are responsible for orderly conduct at meals, in the corridors, the studies and dormitories; they collect the subscriptions and pay out the "weeklies"; they are responsible under the masters for punctuality and good form at games; they are expected themselves to show the highest example in industry, good conduct, and public spirit. *Noblesse oblige*. The moral tone of the School is made what it is not nearly so much by its rules and regulations as by the leading characters among the boys themselves, and by that silent hero-worship which there is in every assemblage of boys. That their influence, so powerful, should be of the right sort is one of the most important matters for a

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schoolmaster ; it is only by exercising great care in the first selection and keeping constantly in touch with his Sixth that he can do his duty in this respect.

It is this sixth-form system which trains Englishmen in the art of government and the management of men. The boy who can govern others at school grows up into the man who can govern a province of India. If we ask the secret of the Englishman's success in the art of civil administration in all quarters of the globe, it lies mainly here. As a boy he has been entrusted with responsibility for the conduct of others. The training of character through trust is after all the Divine method with us all, and therefore the pattern of every right earthly method. The home is the school in which He educates fathers and mothers by giving them His young immortals to be trained for Himself. The school is the place where He educates schoolmistresses and schoolmasters through trust. And in the great chain of experiences with which our life is bound and drawn upward, there is none that appeals so strongly to us as that voice which says in each new generation "Feed My lambs."

Hence it is that the master's duties are not over when he leaves his class-room. The German professor may put on his hat and return to his original research feeling that he has done his duty. Most English masters would feel that it is then their most responsible duties begin, and many masters who are not specially effective as teachers are highly valued by their headmaster, by their colleagues, and by parents, because of their personal influence for good, and because they have the genuine sympathy with boys which enables them to enter into the boy's life and to take personal interest in his pursuits without overpassing the line which separates the tutor from the tutored. The closeness and the freedom of this personal intercourse is one of the distinguishing characteristics of an English public school ; it is also one of the surest guarantees you can have that the boys have nothing to conceal.

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The Royal Commission of 1864 expressed surprise that one man should stand *in parentis loco* to as many as fifty boys. He is nowadays always assisted by at least one tutor. Still, it is easy to see that the care of so large a family to a conscientious man is a very absorbing task. And no doubt we English schoolmasters pay the price for it. In the first place, we do not lay sufficient stress on efficient methods of teaching and adequate preparation of lessons. In this respect we are certainly behind our continental neighbours. We have no professional training, we are not students of pedagogic theory ; we are slow in adapting our curriculum to modern needs. If the Royal Commission above mentioned found that there was only one school in which Physical Science was a regular part of the instructions, a Royal Commission of 1904 would find that public schools as a whole were just as sadly behind the times now in certain other respects : in the phonetic teaching of modern languages, in the practical teaching of geometry, in the heuristic methods of early science, in manual training, Nature study, and other things. Again, the English schoolmaster rarely carries on his studies as the German schoolmaster does. He may edit a text-book, but very rarely does he do such a piece of research as we constantly find done by German teachers in German learned publications ; very rarely does a schoolmaster with us become a professor, and still more rarely does he write on educational theory. He has chosen other work, and his reward is in the characters of the men he has helped to shape, in the old boys of the school who are doing his country's work all over the globe. These are his epistles known and read of all men.

And here, again, we strike another distinguishing characteristic of the English public school, the affection of its *alumni* for their *alma mater*. As you come out from speeches at Eton on the 4th of June you see posted on the notice board telegrams from Etonians in the uttermost parts of the earth, sending their greetings to the old school, which is never far from their

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thoughts. Once belong to a school, and you belong to its fellowship for life. You are known among your friends as an Old Westminster, an Old Carthusian, or whatever it may be. You claim the acquaintance of any other old boy you may meet on your travels—it is a sort of freemasonry. As my old school song hath it, parodying *Pinafore* :—

“ For he might have been Etonian,
Harrowian, or Marlburian,
Or, perhaps, Carthusian ;
But, in spite of all temptation
To seek elsewhere education,
He still remains an Old Salopian,
And it's greatly to his credit,
For he himself has said it.”

This is not mere sentiment. The money which in recent years has rebuilt the schools of Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury, has been very largely raised from old boys ; scholarships and prizes without number attest their devotion. In twenty years, Old Rugbeians raised £67,500 for buildings alone, and Harrow has done greater things than that. But, perhaps, the crowning instance is the death of the two Eton officers at Isandlwana, who wrapped the colours round them, and faced their death with the “ Floreat Etona ” on their lips.*

Lastly, the public school spirit is based on religion. Not so much is said of it. There is not much demonstrative religion among the boys ; there was no prayer meeting I ever heard of at Rugby or Shrewsbury, but deep down there is the conviction that this, after all, is the one thing needful, and in such poems as *Rugby Chapel* and *Clifton Chapel* one sees what the influence of such men as Arnold and Percival has been. The first thing on rising is the short chapel service, the last thing at night is the reading of prayers in the house. Even when there was the great rebellion at Rugby, and the headmaster was barred out of his

* See Mr. Newbolt's lines on the War Memorial at Clifton College, unveiled June, 1904.

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own house, the sixth-form fellows held their regular prayers evening by evening.

It is independent of any particular system of religious teaching. There are special High Church Schools, Evangelical Schools, Nonconformist Schools of one hue or another, and there are schools, like Rugby and Clifton, where boys come from homes with all sorts of religious creed, but the sectarian differences, deep cut as they may be, make no difference to the public school spirit. It is in the Wesleyan School at the Leys just as much as it is in the High Anglican School of Lancing. It rests on the large, fundamental trait of the English character—the religious sense. “It is a matter of indifference to me,” said Dr. Arnold, “whether this is a school of 300, or 200, or 100 boys, but what does matter is that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.”

I have spoken rather of excellences. I am only too conscious of the defects. I know that athleticism is a serious danger in its present menacing proportions. I thoroughly agree with Herbert Spencer* that even physically games may easily do more harm than good. “Muscularity and the putting out of great mechanical force are no measures of strength in that sense of the word which chiefly concerns men.” Strength of muscle is not necessarily strength of constitution; indeed, great muscular development may draw too heavily upon the strength required for growth of internal organs and the brain; the alimentary organs have only a limited capacity. Still more subtle is the danger of their taking up an inordinate share of a boy’s mind and overlaying all other ideals in his life.

I admit also that there are dangers in the intense social life of the school. Ground in the social mill the angles are sometimes too much rubbed down and individualities are made too much to conform to type—a type, too, of a limited kind. I believe that of many a public school boy we could say what was said of Men-

* *Notes and Comments*, pp. 158-159.

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delssohn, "He started with being a genius and he ended with being a talent."

The social education, too, is necessarily narrow in its range. What does the future clergyman, bred at a public school, know of the working classes? Too often the boy learns to despise the great body of his species with a contempt bred not by familiarity but the lack of it. I cannot see that the public school missions do anything much to counteract this.

The social education is a terrible cold blanket to enthusiasms which are not athletic. Mr. Skrine classes schoolboys according to the types furnished by the twelve apostles. He would have to be an uncommonly sturdy Simon Zelotes whose zeal survived the cold-douching of schoolboy chaff. This lack of independent moral character and this narrow gentility are real dangers in the system.

For, when all is said and done, the English public school is not according to nature, it is not a normal development. Necessary as it may be in our country because we as a nation have to sow beside so many waters, the normal education must be for our country, as for all civilised countries, the Day School. The Boarding School treats the parent as a superfluity, that is a negation of nature which can never be universally accepted. The very expensiveness of the system means that as a system it can never cover the ground. The public school provides education for such as can afford it. The true principle on which we must work in future is that education is for all such as can receive it. In no other European country is there so wide a gulf of separation between the educated and non-educated class. In no other European country is the educated class so small in proportion to the aggregate. And the reason is simple. In England education has been hitherto principally a question of means. In Germany the parent can secure the best education the country affords for £12 a year. In England a father is lucky indeed who does not pay at least ten times that amount. True, there are rich founda-

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tions and plentiful scholarships, but it is hardly possible for a boy to win one of these emoluments unless the father has had the means to send him to a costly preparatory school which trains specially for these scholarships. So far are we still in England from realising the idea of Plato that children should be educated not according to the fortune of the parent, but according to the understanding and capacity of the child.

The problem for England at present is the development of Day Schools. In every centre of population there should be at least one efficient secondary day school, which will put the best education within the reach of the humblest home. And the problem for the men of our public schools is to go out as missionaries into this new expansion of the educational field, and build up into the new system, as it grows, the same *esprit de corps*, the same Christian manliness of character as they have learned in the traditions of such great leaders and teachers as Thomas Arnold and Edward Thring.

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By EBENEZER HOWARD.

"Say to yourself, not I will invest this money where it will pay me most, but I will invest it where it shall give most employment to English hands—produce most manufactures for English bodies. In short, seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness with this money of yours, and see if all other things—profits and such like—are not added unto you."

CHARLES KINGSLEY—*Yeast*.

"Observe the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed."

RUSKIN—*Unto this Last*.

"A financial experience which is long and wide has profoundly convinced me that, as a rule, the State, or individual, or company thrives best which dives deepest down into the mass of the community and adapts its arrangements to the needs of the largest number."

GLADSTONE (see Morley's *Life*, Vol. ii, p. 59).



TRUE function of Society is surely to make it possible for every man to ensure a supply of his real needs—physical, social, intellectual, moral, spiritual; and this being conceded, the healthfulness or otherwise of Society can be measured by the degree to which it fulfils this function. Yet, so complex and interwoven is the life of man, that no complete separation of his needs into entirely distinct and separate groups is possible; and, therefore, if in any

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one of these divisions man's needs are not regarded, there must be suffering, or, if not suffering, then at least a lack in every department of life.

Society, therefore, in seeking to supply, or to enable its members to supply, all physical needs, must be organised on a moral basis, and on such lines that their spiritual nature may be free to develop in harmony with that inner voice, which seldom reaches us in all its fulness and sweetness unless we are seeking to live in true social relations.

I wish now to place before the readers of *Saint George*, for their very earnest consideration, one practical way out of many, by which a real advance may be made towards the supply of the physical needs of our people, and this in such wise as to mark a step forward on the moral and intellectual, and, let us hope, also on the spiritual plane.

Let us consider, first, what are the most essential of the physical needs of the men, women, and children of the people. Surely they are easily stated—and with faith and energy they may be supplied; for it is not Nature that is a niggard,* but man that is ungenerous and unkind. The chief physical needs of the people, then, are comfortable healthy homes; an abundance of fresh air and water; a sufficiency of good food; steady employment; opportunities for wholesome recreation and enjoyment; in a word, all that contributes to health and to true and lasting happiness—these are needs which are clamouring for answer. And yet one has only to dwell in thought for a single moment on the vast number of our homeless ones—for the workhouse, the slum, or the overcrowded tenement in which so many millions exist are not homes—one has only to think of the frequent lack of employment which is so great a source of poverty and demoralisation; of the dulness and misery of millions of human lives, and of the low physique of vast numbers of our city dwellers, to realise that Society, in the vain pursuit of many a

* This phrase was used by John Stuart Mill.

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will-of-the-wisp, is forgetting that its true function is to make possible a life of sweetness, and wholesomeness, and beauty for all.

Now I propose to shew that Charles Kingsley was only a little in advance of his time in pointing out that the investing public of this country might enjoy no inconsiderable share in the delight of gradually bringing about a state of society which will represent a marked advance upon the present, and that he was quite right when he said this could be done, not only without loss, but with actual gain to the investors—a gain, however, which he and Ruskin urged must not be regarded as the chief end in view—the real end and aim being the supply of human need.

Let us, then, see if we can discover a way in which capital and enterprise and organising skill and energy can be effectively, and therefore (as it must prove) profitably, employed in meeting those vital needs of the people to which reference has been made.

The key to this problem is to be found in the recognition and the practical and active endorsement of the following very simple facts and principles.

(1) That the population of this country is very badly distributed; the greater part of it being gathered together in overcrowded cities, while vast areas of land are well-nigh deserted.

(2) That the evil effects of such congestion in our cities are seen, amongst other things, in the exorbitant rents which are there paid for most insufficient and insanitary house accommodation; while the continuous depopulation of our country districts is tending to lessen the area of employment in the most healthful of all occupations—the cultivation of the soil—and is making England more and more dependent on other countries for its food supplies.

(3) That a re-distribution of population is, therefore, urgently needed—a view thus forcibly expressed by Professor Marshall in the *Contemporary Review*, 1884:—"Whatever reforms be introduced into the dwellings of the London poor, it will still remain true that the whole area of London is insufficient to supply its popula-

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tion with fresh air and the free space that is wanted for wholesome recreation. A remedy for the overcrowding of London will still be wanted. There are large classes of the population of London whose removal into the country would be in the long run economically advantageous; it would benefit alike those who moved and those who remained behind. Of the 150,000 or more hired workers in the clothes-making trades, by far the greater part are very poorly paid, and do work which is against all economic reason to have done where ground rent is high."

It behoves us all therefore to try to bring about such a movement, and the more so, because

(4) A re-distribution of population will, even in its earliest stages, afford a splendid opportunity for supplying, or enabling the people to supply, their needs in the best, most economic and yet most effective and far-reaching way; will gradually open up a vast field of profitable employment and yield a safe and reasonable return upon capital.

(5) An incidental effect of such re-distribution of population will be to render it more easy and less costly to effect much-required improvements in our large cities, thus in turn making them far more healthy, beautiful and desirable.

With a view to making known these facts, and of giving effect to these principles, an Association was formed some five years ago called the Garden City Association—a propagandist body which has already done much useful work, and which, because it is entirely non-political and non-sectarian, includes among its members perhaps a greater variety of types of men and women than any other Association which could be mentioned. Through its instrumentality one step has already been taken to give effect to its proposals. It has formed a Company, which has a nominal capital of £300,000 (with, of course, power to increase), divided into shares of £5 each, for the purpose of taking active steps to bring about on a small scale—with a view to other agencies doing the same work on a far larger scale—that re-distribution of

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population which on all hands is conceded to be so eminently desirable. This Company, called "First Garden City Limited," has acquired agricultural estates in Hertfordshire, consisting in the aggregate of 3,800 acres, and it is intended to develop the very compact estate which has been formed out of about fourteen different properties, into a model town in which the advantages of town and country will be combined, and in which the great housing problem shall be shown in process of solution. It is intended that the town to be thus built shall be at once industrial, residential, and agricultural; and an important part of the project is that building operations shall only take place on little more than one-fourth of the estate, and this the central portion—the rest of the outlying land being reserved for agricultural purposes. The Garden City estate, on its western boundary, lies about one-and-a-half miles North East of Hitchin, an important junction on the Great Northern Railway—between which and London is an extremely good passenger service—the distance of thirty-two miles being traversed by numerous trains in forty-two minutes. The Great Northern Branch Railway, from Hitchin to Cambridge, intersects the estate for a distance of about two-and-a-half miles, and that Company has already erected a temporary station in the heart of the estate, and is now laying down a railway siding. The district is also served by the Midland Railway, which comes into Hitchin from Bedford, while the Great Eastern and the London and North Western are but a few miles away to the South and North respectively. The property is also within the radius of a motor waggon service for goods to and from London.

The estate, which measures about three miles North and South, and two miles East and West, lies well above the level of most of the surrounding country. It is somewhat undulating, and varies in elevation from about 165 feet at its lowest point to 350 feet at its highest, above sea level.

The subsoil is chalk, the upper soil being sandy loam, in some parts clay, with beds of sand and gravel. There is a small

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river, the Ivel, a trout stream, near the north-western boundary, while a brook flows in a small valley through that part of the estate where the town will be situated; and this valley, with a common of about sixty-five acres, will be preserved, and will form a picturesque feature in the midst of the busy life of the town.

There is an abundant supply of water obtainable from the chalk. This fact has now been well established as the result of a bore-hole, which has been made under the direction of Mr. G. R. Strachan, a well-known water engineer, who advises the Directors that a supply of 120,000 gallons per day can be secured from this source alone, and that an ample supply can, when required, be obtained for the population of 30,000 which it is proposed ultimately to provide for. It is intended to pump the water to a reservoir on Weston hills, a little distance to the south-east of the estate. A site has been purchased for this purpose, and arrangements made for a way-leave between it and the pumping station.

There are some very good roads on the estate, and these will, in some cases, form excellent frontages. Three villages are more or less involved in the experiment—the picturesque village of Norton, which is entirely on the estate, and the villages of Willian and Radwell, which are partly upon it. These are, however, on the outer belt of the estate, and their picturesque appearance will not, therefore, be disturbed. There are numerous farm buildings and cottages, and some excellent mansions, as well as two inns, and a good deal of timber, all of which are included in a purchase price representing on an average £40 an acre.

The main object of the Company will be to attract manufacturers and their workpeople from crowded centres; but as it is most undesirable to separate the different classes of society, and as small industrial towns are apt to become terribly dull and sordid, it is proposed also to attract private residents, as well as those who may desire to engage in the cultivation of the land, especially on intensive principles; while of necessity there must be

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in the town shop-keepers, builders, as well as others who may engage in various subsidiary callings, such as school teachers, doctors, etc.

The chief advantages offered to manufacturers will be low rents and rates; an excellent opportunity for erecting, on cheap land, well-designed, light, healthy and efficient factories and workshops—for the most part of one storey only; economy in distribution; sidings at works; cheap motive power; low fire insurance premiums (because each factory will be surrounded by a considerable strip of land); and last, and most important of all, greater efficiency of labour, owing to the healthy conditions under which the people will live and recreate themselves.

In addition to these direct advantages, manufacturers will profit indirectly by the benefits which will be secured by the workers—namely, better houses, at lower rents than in our large cities, with gardens of not less than about one-twelfth of an acre, which will, besides affording healthy recreation, bring in a substantial return; time, energy, and money not spent in travelling to and from work, the cottages being near the factories; physical powers improved by better conditions at home and at work; the fascinations of the public-house neutralised by strong counter-attractions in the form of abundant opportunities of in-door and out-door recreation, and greatly improved home-life conditions.

Manufacturers will also gain—as citizens of this Empire by that restoration of the people to the land which it is believed will inevitably follow the successful carrying-out of this experiment—a restoration which will bring in its train the much-needed revival of agriculture; and they will also gain by the diminution of insanity, which is largely due to the unhealthy conditions under which people now live, as well as to the ever-present temptation to drink.

Another great advantage which we may well hope will follow from the decentralization of factories will be an increasing intercourse between employer and employed, which will tend to

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convince both parties that their true interests are really identical—reciprocal rather than antagonistic; for, as has been well said, “the manufacturer who studies the well-being of his employees, not only in their works, but in their homes and in their surroundings, will receive, in return, a more willing and, therefore, a more efficient service.”

It will thus be seen that Garden City aims at being a Bournville or Port Sunlight writ large; or, in other words, it proposes to make it practicable for comparatively small manufacturers or co-operative societies to secure (by a combination which will retain for them the fullest power of initiative and control) all and more than all the advantages secured for themselves and for their work-people by Messrs. Cadbury and Messrs. Lever Brothers—men who by their work in founding Garden Villages have prepared the way for a Garden City, which in its turn will, it is hoped, make possible the organization of society on sound principles,—safeguarding at once the true interests of the community and of the individual.

A few words may be here said as to the suitability of the site. First, it was selected with the full approval of Mr. Edward Cadbury of Bournville, and Mr. W. H. Lever of Port Sunlight; while Mr. Rider Haggard, who is almost as well known as an agricultural expert as a novelist, says of it: “I consider your estate most excellently placed to fulfil all the objects for which it has been obtained. The communications with it from London are of the first class. I know of no healthier or more pleasant stretch of land anywhere near London than that which it presents. Agriculturally, I may say the land is such as under proper treatment will produce very large crops. In my opinion, certain of the lower hollows would be extremely suitable for orchards and also for the growing of vegetables for market; and, with regard to the price, I am pleased to be able to tell you that as far as my experience goes—and it has been considerable on these matters—I should think you have acquired the property reasonably.” But,

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more than this, manufacturers are themselves coming to see the advantages which can be secured by a movement to our first Garden City, which is well suited for engineering works dealing with comparatively small pieces of metal or with light machinery, or with such an industry as motor-cars. Among other industries which may be mentioned as suitable, as distinctly interested and as likely to take part in the experiment, are printing, bookbinding, mantle-making, the manufacture of underclothing, blouses, hats, gloves, basket-work, cabinet-making, furniture, biscuits, confectionery, etc. All manufacturers who take part in this project will also secure a splendid advertisement through their connection with an undertaking which, already, before it has fairly started its operations, has attracted world-wide attention.

I have just stated among the reasons why manufacturers should be attracted to Garden City that ground rents will be low. This will be so chiefly for three reasons :—

- 1st. The low initial cost of the ground (£40 an acre), including timber and buildings.
- 2nd. The ease and economy with which an estate, representing a *tabula rasa*, can be planned and developed. [Admirable plans for the development of this estate have already been prepared and can be seen at the offices of the Company, or will be sent on application.]
- 3rd. The third reason why rents will be low is to be found in the financial basis on which the scheme rests. By its Memorandum of Association the dividend of the Company is limited to 5 per cent., and all profits beyond this are to be expended in developing and improving the estate. [This limitation of dividend is, at least for a Company of this nature, perfectly sound and business-like, though doubtless the motives which have actuated the shareholders have been largely public-spirited ones. For this limitation of dividend—this sharing of profits with the tenants—

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must have a tendency to attract tenants in a way in which they would not be attracted if the dividend were unlimited, and will thus have the effect of soon converting the shares into well-secured ground rents. This is but a concrete statement of the propositions of Kingsley and Gladstone which appear at the head of this paper.]

While upon the question of low rents, it is not out of place to say that the Directors of the Company include such well-known men as Mr. Justice Neville, Lord Brassey, Mr. Edward Cadbury of Birmingham, Mr. Franklin Thomasson of Bolton, Mr. T. H. W. Idris of London, and others, and that none of the Directors, except myself, receive any fees whatever for the work they do.

I have urged as another of the reasons why manufacturers and others will be attracted to the site that rates will be low. Rates will be low, because, other things being equal, rates depend on the economy with which improvements can be carried out, roads made, drainage works constructed, schools built and equipped; and it must be obvious that to have secured a large and compact estate, purchased at little more than its agricultural value, must be a most effective way of securing, in the carrying-out of public improvements, that economy which should result in low rates. By way of illustrating this point, I will here mention a few facts which will speak so forcibly as to require little further comment.

(1) The sites for the late London School Board have cost on an average over £9,500 an acre. Many of these sites are situated in very poor districts and surrounded by slums, so that their educational value must be greatly less than it will be in a healthy area laid out with all possible care and in which overcrowding is prevented by the terms of the building lease, and by the arrangement I have referred to, under which only about 1,000 acres out of the 3,800 acres will be built upon, the rest being reserved as an agricultural estate.

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(2) The next fact to which attention may be called, as bearing upon the question of rates, is the enormous price which has frequently to be paid in great cities for the privilege of merely pulling down property. Thus the London County Council has been compelled to pay £300 per family removed in the case of the Bethnal Green area, £600 per family in the case of Garden Row (St. Luke's), £675 per family Aylesbury Place (Clerkenwell), while Webber Row (Southwark) scheme cost £153,000, or £845 per family removed—to which, of course, the cost of providing a new dwelling must be added.

These illustrations, though they are doubtless somewhat extreme ones, point clearly to the fact that in Garden City, with its clean sheet, public works will be carried out at much less cost than in old towns, and that, therefore, rates should be low.

It has already been said that the object of the Company is to attract not only manufacturers and their workpeople, but also private residents, small occupiers of land for market gardening, orchards, dairies, etc., as well as shopkeepers, builders, and those engaged in subsidiary callings; and perhaps a word may be said about the advantages which will be offered to some of these.

First, as to private residents: the Garden City Estate is within easy access of London, is very picturesque, and every care has been taken in the preparation of the plans to preserve its natural features—its trees and hedgerows, its watercourses, its common, and its wooded valley; whilst not a few suitable fields have been set apart for playgrounds, cricket and football, tennis courts, and a golf course. And the town is to be the scene of a most interesting experiment, which should be entered upon with hearts full of hope and gladness.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the Company is already receiving a considerable number of applications for sites for private residents, and there is every reason to believe that many of this class who come to the town will do splendid work in making the inner life of the place interesting, vigorous, and

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healthy. But, it may be said, "Is not Garden City to be an industrial town, and will not there, therefore, be much smoke, noise, and dirt?" Surely not. Really objectionable industries will not be admitted into the town. Smoke will be reduced to a minimum, because electrical energy, generated possibly by Mond gas, will probably be supplied. Besides, the factories will not be dotted all over the town (as they are apt to be in places where land is held by numerous owners, each anxious to let on the most favourable terms); they will be placed near the eastern edge of the town, so that the prevailing winds will drive any little smoke or smell away from it.

With reference to those who shall engage in the cultivation of small holdings, it is sufficient to say that First Garden City Limited, and its parent, the Garden City Association, will do everything in their power to speedily bring a population on to the site, and thus secure a good market for vegetables, milk, fruit, etc., effecting by these means a great saving in railway rates; while the aim of this enterprise will surely tend to bring into healthy activity that spirit of co-operation which will enable many great economies in food production and food distribution to be realised.

As to builders, shopkeepers, and others, with the advent of manufacturers—and this is becoming more and more certain—there will be at once a great demand for buildings of all kinds, and the Company will be prepared to let, either on leases in the ordinary form for eighty to ninety-nine years, or on leases renewable in perpetuity, but on the terms that the annual value of the land, without the buildings thereon, shall be re-assessed at certain fixed periods.

This plan of alternative leases is certainly in the nature of compromise, and is, no doubt, a departure from the scheme as first suggested by me in *Garden Cities of To-morrow*.*

I there described an imaginary town in which all rates are paid in the form of rents; that is to say, a town where the land belongs

* Garden City Association, 347, Birkbeck Bank Chambers, 1/-.

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to the community, and where each tenant, instead of being assessed on the annual value of his land and buildings, is assessed in respect of the annual value of the land only—is assessed, that is, on improvements due to the action of society, but not assessed in respect of improvements created by the tenant himself. And I still believe that the day will surely come when such a system of collecting public revenues (advocated as long ago as 1775 by Thomas Spence) will be adopted ; and that, when fully understanding what it implies, all tenants will readily submit to a periodical revision of their rents ; because in truth and in fact, such revision of rent—if rents are paid to a body which represents the community—will be in substitution for the periodical revision of values of land and buildings for rating purposes, and will not be more but much less onerous than such revision ; to which, however, people have grown accustomed. But a system of revisable rents can hardly be adopted at once, and by a whole community, even though it be “a state within the state.” In my book I set forth an ideal to be attained ; in our practical scheme we have to advance gradually from the known to the unknown. We have to consider, not only what a few advanced thinkers or a few zealous reformers will agree to, but how to make the pathway easy for a great redistribution of population from our crowded cities, taking care at the same time to work steadily and faithfully towards a more ideal system. Now, to ask all the first proposed tenants, manufacturers and others, to submit to a periodic revision of rents, on the ground that the whole of the increased rent will be expended for the benefit of the town, would, it is feared, be somewhat impracticable. Let such as wish it, then, have leases on ordinary terms. A good many, however, have expressed themselves as not only ready but anxious to enter into leases under which the rent will be revisable at fixed periods ; and these, by their example and influence, will prepare the way for the general adoption of this method. I would say, then, let us get our project into full working order ; let us reach, as soon as possible, the

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stage when all arrears of dividend (for the Company hardly expect to pay a full dividend for several years) are paid off; let us prove to our tenants that the management of the Company is economic and effective; let us prepare the way for the whole estate and all its public improvements being taken over by a body of trustees on behalf of the inhabitants; and then, but not perhaps till then, will not merely a few, but the great majority of the tenants come to see that a periodical revision of rents is an extremely just, fair, and simple way of collecting rates, or, at least, a considerable part of them, and of distributing the unearned increment equitably over the whole of the community. Because, it should be observed, the revision of rents would work in both directions. If A's plot were damaged by some public improvement, then A, after revision, would pay less rent; while B, whose plot had been improved through the same cause, would pay more; and enterprise would not be checked to so large an extent as at present by a rate being levied on improvements effected by the tenant himself.

It will thus be seen that, just as the carrying out of the main idea of the Garden City—namely, the redistribution of population on healthy lines—depends, at the outset, upon securing voluntary workers and voluntary subscribers from among the community as a whole, so within the area of the experiment itself there will, doubtless, be those who are more prepared than others to advance yet further towards the ideal, and who, by their readiness to *apparently* sacrifice their own interests for the interests of the community, will prepare the way for a general advance in the same direction.

As showing to what an extent, even in its initial stages, the community does secure the increment in land values, the reader may be reminded that all land required for public purposes—for roads, parks, playgrounds, schools, public buildings, etc., has been acquired at a cost of £40 an acre, as against the much higher cost which would be involved if the sites for such purposes as under ordinary conditions were acquired as the town grows up; and

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that, therefore, much of the increase in the value of the land, brought about by the growth of population, will represent a real gain to the community—that is, to all the members composing it—rather than a gain to any particular members.

Of the nominal capital of the Company (£300,000), about £92,000 has been already subscribed by about 1,340 shareholders. This is, of course, an altogether insufficient sum with which to successfully found a Garden City—and no one knows this better than those who have contributed to it. Why, then, have they subscribed and burdened, as they have had to burden, their estate with temporary mortgages? The answer is—because it was necessary, in order to secure the requisite amount of land from a number of different owners and to bind their holdings into one compact whole, that the Board should act promptly, and not wait till all the necessary capital was raised, and because the Directors had perfect confidence that others, when they come to know of the Garden City project, will do as they have done—give it their hearty and generous support. The earlier subscribers have in this way shewn not only their confidence in the essential soundness of their undertaking, but their faith in human nature—a faith which will surely prove not to have been misplaced, any more than was the confidence of the earlier subscribers, who really did run what looked to some like a great risk, for they raised £20,000 for a scheme quite in the clouds, and when no one knew where the first Garden City was to be. But now that we have a beautiful, compact, and accessible estate, and one well adapted for the enterprise; now that we have bored for water and found enough for a considerable population; now that scepticism on the part of the public is rapidly disappearing; now that the press of the country is heartily with us, as has been shown by the truly wonderful help it has rendered the cause; now that manufacturers and others are coming forward and expressing their readiness to build on the site; can it be supposed for a moment that we shall not get £300,000, and even

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more if we but spend that sum well, and find we require more? Surely not. Meantime, however, a sum of about £12,000 is urgently needed for road making, water supply, etc., and subscriptions are earnestly invited.

But there are many other ways of helping forward this work than by subscribing for shares in the Company. We need a band of resolute men and women who will come and reside on the estate, and who will spend of their leisure, their experience, and their means in helping the development of the town on the best lines. What a noble work has already been done by University Settlements—by men and women who have lived in the most wretched quarters of our cities, and have helped to brighten the lives of their poor neighbours there! Such work tells—it is of incalculable value; and yet, perhaps, truer and wiser leadership would be shewn by helping the people to come out of the slums into a city of homes than even by the very successful attempts which are made to brighten the lives of the people who dwell in the darkness. Be that as it may, there is plenty of work on both lines; and work on one cannot fail to assist and stimulate and inspire work on the other. And our small band of workers on the spot must be aided and strengthened by a yet larger number of friends of the movement, who, though they cannot actually join in it by residing in Garden City, can help to forward the cause in various ways—by working strenuously from the London or great-city end; helping to arouse interest and enthusiasm, and assisting in various ways in promoting the happiness and comfort of the workpeople from among whom the main body of our migrants are to be found.

Let us now examine our problem from another point of view. Here we will suppose are manufacturers employing girls who seriously contemplate establishing works in the Garden City; but who fear that the girls will be dull “in the country,” and that even if they go, there may be some difficulty in retaining them; who fear, too, that there will be great difficulty in providing them

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with comfortable, respectable homes. And here, on the other hand, are manufacturers employing chiefly men and boys who wish to establish branch works in the town, and who, though they have capital enough to build their factories and to equip them, have not capital enough to build cottages for their workpeople, and certainly have little means to spare for gymnasium, swimming bath, concert hall, library and reading room, but who yet see clearly that unless such things are started at the very outset the men may not come, or, if they do, will often stray away to the public-house, or, if that is too far off, will leave the city altogether, and spread reports of its dulness and monotony. Now, surely much can be done by wise forethought in this matter to clear the path of all such difficulties, and much of this work is work which can be best accomplished by women with real kindness and tact. Some time must elapse between the determination of a manufacturer to go to our city and operations being actually started in his factory there, and during this period our workers must be busy. They should come to know, as far as this is possible, the families of those who are going, and, having ascertained what their needs are, endeavour to see that they are provided for as fully as possible—and this from the very outset. Many of the girls who will migrate could doubtless be provided with comfortable lodgings in the cottages to be occupied by the families of some of the workmen, but others may prefer to be provided for in a residential club, of which I have seen a capital example in the city of Dundee.

But perhaps the best way in which outside assistance can be rendered to the Company is by aiding in the work of providing cottages. There is much to be said, no doubt, in favour of the Company building cottages themselves, but their funds do not admit of this—at least, not to any considerable extent—at present; and after all, if people of public spirit will come forward and build cottages, one can see many advantages which will follow. For surely they can exercise, as well and as wisely as the Company

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can, the "true function" of a landlord ; which, to follow Ruskin's thought, is to provide the best cottages at the lowest rents ; and they may come into closer and more friendly association with the workpeople than would otherwise be possible without undue intrusion of themselves. They may enjoy, too, what one can imagine will be the very great pleasure of selecting their own designs, and superintending their own contribution to the solution of the housing problem.

There are a great number of other ways, some of which have been already suggested, in which work can be done to promote this enterprise—ways many of which will admit of a fair return upon capital, and others which, while not admitting of this, will give a joy to the worker greater than money can give.

Among the latter class is one suggested by the nature of the experiment. It is sometimes said the Garden City will benefit only the better class of British workmen and workwomen—that it will not help those in the very lowest social scale—the dwellers in our slums, the outcast, and the destitute. This is not true. Some few, at least, of this class are certain to be directly reached ; and, besides, it is certainly impossible to really do substantial and real good to any one class without benefiting all classes ; while anything which relieves, in however small a degree, the pressure in our great cities must tend to bring down the rents of slum property. But a small experiment of this kind—for after all it is, nationally considered, a small experiment—will produce little noticeable effect (except through its example and influence) upon London, which is growing at about the rate of 50,000 per annum ; and it would be well that something should be done to touch directly and immediately those of the very lowest strata ; and I would suggest, therefore, the building of a home for waifs and strays, thus dealing with those at the very bottom of the ladder in the most hopeful way—by beginning with the children.

There is one other aspect of the Garden City Association's work which, though very important, I cannot do more than touch

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upon. The Garden City Association—a quite distinct body from the Company—has aims far wider than the building of one or even of many Garden Cities on new areas. Its aim and object is, by means of the experiment which it is promoting, and by making more and more widely known what has been done at Bournville and Port Sunlight, what is about to be done at Dunfermline, and what might be done near it at Rosyth (where the Government are establishing a Naval Base), to set forth a higher standard of action in corporate life—a standard which shall be at once the expression of that inner change which is slowly working in Society, and a stimulus to a further healthy change and growth towards that higher social order which, in many ways that we wot not of, is coming nearer and nearer, and will come soon if we but learn to labour faithfully and cheerfully.

PEASANT ART.

By GODFREY BLOUNT.



WE have, under primitive conditions of civilisation, no artists, but only artisans. Additional care or decoration may occasionally be given to certain things, such as a king's crown, a god's temple, or a bride's bonnet, but there is no separation of ornament from service or use. That separation only creeps in subsequently, and the history of Art is simply the history of the struggle or interaction between the beautiful making of useful things, because they are useful, and the pursuit of Art for Art's sake, whatever that may mean. All history is a tragedy, and the history of Art is no exception to the rule. The tragedy is, we must believe, always redeemed by a re-birth, the Crucifixion by a Resurrection. Let us hope that we may be called to-day to witness the latter, a revival of the Life of Art from the shadow of its grave. But we must first premise that it is dying, if not already dead. There was a time in Italian Art when the frame was more valuable than the picture, the niche more important than the statue. Then the picture and the person predominate over their surroundings, and the craftsman's energy is spent more and more in their greater realisation. The object of his labour becomes more mental than material, and consequently he becomes more dependent on the patronage or charity of others, and the producer of an object of luxury instead of use. Up to a certain extent this evolution is obviously a just one; we must recognise that some people are more "gifted" than others, but we are taught that as the gift is free, it should also be freely spent. Theirs should be the music to lighten the work of the world; when it is present the work is easy, when absent, sordid. In times of great civilisation, the greater the artist the more he works for the public, so that all may share in the harmony he creates or

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reveals. But with the growth of skill, and science, and private wealth, the musician is lured from the market-place where he used to pipe to his fellows (otherwise than idly) and becomes his patron's slave, and no longer the public's servant. The public loses what the individual gains, loses, however, more in intelligence than in actual skill. I mean that, with the increase of culture in luxury, there is a corresponding decrease of culture in handicraft. Sir Joshua is refined and simple, Grinling Gibbons redundant and vulgar. Intelligence has deserted the workshop for the studio, and the gap between rich and poor is intensified by a distinction in mind as well as in money.

While the crafts are sunk in this unspiritual plight, James Watt or the devil discovers that the less imaginative handwork can be produced by steam-driven machinery, and before a score of years is past the greatest revolution our world has seen reverses the tradition of centuries and introduces a new custom and a new faith. This revolution has been so rapidly, deliberately, and successfully effected, that few of us to-day dare doubt its necessity or question its, at any rate, ultimate beneficence.

I am one of that small but rapidly increasing number of sceptics, but it is hardly within my province to do more than contrast some of the conditions under which we live to-day and the art that popularly expresses them with the work that the Ruskin Society has brought together at Birmingham under the title of Peasant Art, and the conditions that produce it, conditions which we must produce in some sort again if we think the art justifies them.

I am glad for some reasons that specimens of modern artistic handicrafts are not being exhibited with their country cousins, and I am specially glad for this reason that, though our handicraft movement has been no doubt partially inspired by a healthy ambition to make things instead of merely pictures of them, it has not yet shaken itself free of the system of rich patronage, and is therefore still the servile slave of the plutocracy, and in no sense democratic or aspirational. It seems to me to matter little,

judged by a final standard, whether a millionaire pays £100 for a picture, a tea service, or a towel-horse, if these things are produced under conditions and sold at a price which prohibits their purchase by any but rich men. Great Art must echo the life of the *whole* of Society. It must consequently be cheap art.

Perhaps the word "cheap" is a little misleading. I mean that great art is simply and carelessly made. It is really only under conditions which allow him to be simple and careless that an artist's imagination is really free to act. The expression is misleading also because in the sphere of fine art (that is to say art done for fine people) a sketch has a fictitious value for the very reason that it exhibits the artist's power unhampered by any restrictive considerations of the cost or destination of what he is doing. Work, on the other hand, which is conscious of its material value is always a poor form of art.

In the galleries at South Kensington there is a room devoted to what I imagine used to be the Burmese regalia, and the policeman in charge of them was kind enough the other day to point out their peculiar beauties to me. They are for the most part excellent examples of unimaginative labour, in which the preciousness of his material and the stagnation of his tradition have entirely killed any originality on the part of the artist. Their only redemption lies in the actual exchange value of what they consist of, precious metals and precious stones, used with a lavishness that we associate with Eastern despotisms, and unequalled in vulgarity by anything I have ever seen except the display in a Bond Street jeweller's shop window, or the rings on a fashionable woman's fingers. This porringer, which only cost me a penny, is worth, if only our eyes could see the real value of things,—their power in other words of making for so much life or happiness,—all this commonplace finery: in its brief promise of stirring joy and candid appreciation of nature; brief, because the happy charm of it lies, you will note, in the fact that it is of the commonest clay, porous but for the glaze, and very fragile and

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unfinished. I do not say that it would lose by being stronger, I only assert that it was the consciousness that he was decorating a cheap thing which allowed the artist to make it beautiful too, unhampered by classical cant or the traditions of any school of art.

One of the most curious anomalies of popular political economy is that which regards a community as rich in proportion not to the excess of its exports over its imports (I am not now discussing finance), but to the degree in which money actually circulates among its members. In Bavaria, a few years ago, in hunting for such rough earthenware as this, I met a potter who did not so reckon his fortune. The front room of the potter's cottage was full, as usual, of plates, dishes, cups, and jugs, and bowls of plainly utilitarian shape, but often delightfully coloured and simply patterned. The maker of this ware, however, informed us that he was giving up his business not because he had, as *our* phrase goes, "made his pile," but because his furnace had cracked, and he had not capital enough to repair it. "How, then, was he going to live?" Why, it didn't apparently much matter, because he owned that acre or so among others belonging to his neighbours of the township. And there he grew practically all he needed, and exchanged the surplus for what would buy him the few luxuries he and his family needed, coffee and tobacco, and clothes. His cow gave him milk, drew the cart to the field, the plough at the season, and the produce home or to market, and in proof thereof he insisted on our tasting a huge rye loaf and some somewhat sour grapes. I should call this man rich in the possession of such independence. He was obviously happy, too, in what made his home complete, and though I should refrain from taking him as fulfilling the most ideal conditions, for I should have liked him to have enough money to mend his kiln, and bake me some more pots, his position illustrates accurately enough the state of mind and the condition of life capable of producing such art as I am now praising.

Such possibilities are, of course, obviated by the invention of

steam, the industrial revolution it effects, and the growth of the town into which the country craftsman drifts, and where his skill, no longer needed, dies. Our industrial development is the development of the factory system which, whatever its real or fictitious value to the world at large, must and does mean the destruction of the countryman and his craft. For I have two truths to state which, whether we like them or not, underlie the possibility of any revival of this or any other sort of art. And the first of these truths is that under modern conditions of life, only a degraded, and depraved, and bastard art is possible, the art of the poster and the art of the prostitute, the lying art which persuades us to buy what is not good for us, and the putrescent art of the periodical and fashion plate which caters to our poisoned taste. For as soon as machinery usurps the province of the hand it enslaves and degrades the imagination—and ours is the age of the machine. We must choose between machinery and art. As faithful followers of Ruskin we must insist on the urgency of the choice. And here in this exhibition we can see for ourselves how very soon we should have had no choice left us at all, in the fact that such things have to be collected now and exhibited as rarities, when they ought to be, and used to be, as common as coals. We are not asked any longer, however, as passive arbiters of the national welfare whether we prefer a Titian to a cotton mill, because few of us could distinguish a Titian from a Doré, and you might as well, says the master, "see the devil as Doré," but we are asked if, compromised and dependent on machinery and the town life it has introduced as we are, we shall plunge deeper still into this labyrinth of materialistic ideals we have built round our own souls, and persist in trying to persuade ourselves that culture means the collection of indiscriminate loot, and art the creation, however conscientiously, of luxurious nick-knacks for those who can afford them; or whether, if there is still time—and God send there may be—we shall make one effort to rouse ourselves from this nightmare of squalor and sordidness,

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and make one stand to redeem our country life and all that country life means!

It was Ruskin's perception which could reconcile the spirit of Burne-Jones' work and that of Turner. The tone of Burne-Jones' pictures is a sad one. It is eminently the art of his time, the only possible expression of its best feeling. He reflects the yearning for a truer and more beautiful life among an increasing number of people whose aspirations were not satisfied by a mechanical elysium, but more than this dissatisfaction he is unable to express. The leaven had only begun to work, the leaven which is to work its way through the three measures of our life, and inspire our society, our industries, and our religion with a new hope rising to a new belief. He is a John the Baptist crying in the Wilderness, a prophet of better things to come. Like his great contemporary and fellow worker William Morris, he can see no other refuge for a poet's bruised imagination than a return to the Art of the thirteenth century, and offers to console us with a revival of that. Such is the strength and such, perhaps, the limitation of the greatest artist of the last half-century. And if we really prize his work, we must take what he has to tell us to heart, which is not, at any rate, that any apotheosis of machinery will bring quiet to our lives or colour to our art. For if any of you cling desperately to the popular doctrine that it is but a natural and easy change from the tyranny of Trusts to the Nationalisation of everything, and that we must keep in view the good time coming when improved machinery will do all the drudgery of the world in less than half the time it takes to do it now, and so bring us leisure to paint pictures, play the pianola, and learn wood-carving, I shall disappoint you again by saying that I believe by the time we are ready to patronise art under such a dispensation, Shakespeare will have become an immortal classic, or in other words, nobody will care to read his works, and there will be no wood left to carve. The real truth underlying the relation of work to play, or of labour to leisure, is that the

one is the complement and not the contrast to the other ; that what a man works at must also become the subject or inspiration of his art or play. We know that children like to play at "trains," but it is difficult to conceive a national sport based on our admiration for steam-engines and dynamos, or *Bradshaw* supplanting the popularity of the *Police News*. The only imaginative art which can adequately symbolise the consummation of the factory system is the art of advertising, and its inventions are already, if we consider the subject from a rightly imperial point of view, a far truer expression of the popular fancy than the annual exhibitions of pictures throughout the country.

I referred, however, to Ruskin's comprehensive appreciation of different styles of art to draw your attention to another warning sign of the times. While pictures were still an expression of the national imagination, as they certainly were during the first three quarters of the last century, the truest, the most national and, therefore, the most abiding and best among them consisted of what is considered a peculiarly English gift, Landscape. Have you ever thought why landscape art should have been born and flourished here? It may seem a somewhat fantastic reason to attribute to our special excellence in this direction, but it often seems to me that as soon as England began to play the rôle of workshop to the world, God raised up a body of men peculiarly endowed, who felt and depicted what they thought was sacred in the sky, and the hills, and the rivers and fields of their own land and God's earth, to warn or remind us how responsible we were for the welfare of the country we were hastening to despise and desert. Is it not, at least, worthy of notice that such a school should have arisen and flourished contemporaneously with the rural exodus and the insidious commencement of the ruin of Nature's beauty and rustic life? Can you conceive how a clearer message could have been sent to dull ears than this one, given by a still honest and faithful profession, that there was a divinity in Nature of unspeakable beauty and perpetual refreshment with

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whose entirety we should meddle at our peril? There is very little of such art left. Nature, it seems to me, has wrapped herself up from inquisitive gaze and refuses to reveal herself in any prophetic guise. The last of the Sibyls is silenced. I do not know whether between Birmingham and Wolverhampton a landscape any longer exists, or any soul could be born capable of carrying on the message that Turner delivered in other colours than those of fire and smoke; for it seems to me that no painter now has any prophetic imagination, and that a new inspiration and a sterner message is being prepared for other vessels and another form of art.

The second truth which I have to state is this: that just as no sane or healthy life is possible till we have repented of our ways and returned to the country to busy ourselves there with producing things that make for life, instead of gambling in these and manufacturing things ourselves which are destructive to life, so no art is possible till we have regained or returned to the faith, which in leaving the land we left, and in building the town we betrayed.

It has been a difficult task for me, unversed in economics, to put my convictions before you for the necessity of a return to the land from the point of view of a revival in art, or of restoring to the workman his right—his divine right—of using his imagination, a right that has been as veritably stolen from him as his garden and cottage. It is a still harder task for the layman to assume the rôle of preacher and insist on the necessity of a religious revival preceding an artistic one, and yet I should not be fulfilling the task I have set myself if I did not conscientiously state what I believe to be true. It only remains for me to explain my meaning when I say, what must seem a puzzle to many of you, that we cannot hope for a renaissance of any art worth having unless it is heralded by a religious enthusiasm.

It ought to be considered redundant to associate the words religion and enthusiasm. I cannot conceive of any vital religion which is not a subject of enthusiasm to those who pretend to hold

it. The one enemy of all progress, the real obstacle—*diabolos* or devil—is *Apathy*. It matters less to what sect a man belongs or under what name he prays, than that he should believe ardently in Something, and be ready to sacrifice himself for that belief, were it only that his country should excel in war, or his county in cricket. That is the essential difference between a man and a beast, between a being who obeys a call from outside to raise himself and others, and a creature who answers no appeal and knows no god but his belly. The fetish of to-day is a fond belief that if we look after ourselves God will look after the world and put a generous dividend into our pocket on the transaction. The machine has not only enslaved our hands, it has captured our hearts. We have a consistent standard to which all reforms must concur before we allow ourselves to patronise them. They must pay, if possible, us, who have financed them; pay their own way in any case.

The Conversion of England did not take place thus. It was only effected by the most strenuous labour, the most rigorous self-denial, the most open-handed generosity, the keenest faith. You will perhaps laugh at me when I say that England has become heathen again, that never more than now was there greater need for an appeal to civilize and Christianize our country. For unless we identify religion and civilization they are both vain, and the things I am trying to convince you to look at as types of what we ought to aim at, poor examples as they may be, do display this unity of purpose; do, if you will see them rightly, express that coincidence of body and soul, of work and play, duty and desire which is only possible when we have made the whole of our life approximately at peace.

For I hope no one will misunderstand my use of the term "religion" or imagine for one moment that by religious art I meant ecclesiastical art. Far from implying that, I know of little decorative work more atheistical than that which passes for religious art to-day, an opinion, I am delighted to find, I share

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with the Bishop of Worcester, only I wish as a reformer he would obey the promptings of his individual taste and "tear ninety-nine out of every hundred (designs) submitted to him in two," instead of allowing their incarnated apathy to poison the message of his church. How, I wonder, can any temple of God be purged unless by some such consuming zeal? No artist has any right to paint or depict in any form the symbols of Christian belief, unless he does veritably believe in the efficacy of those symbols, or the real existence of those beneficent powers whose aid or presence their pictures and attributes are supposed to recall or invoke. The insincerity that can supply the demand for these things without any faith in what they represent, is only equalled by the blindness of those who can make use of them, and fail to see that a symbol is only effectual when it really embodies the artist's energy or faith who conceived it. That is the magic of Art. It awakes in other people's minds the feelings which inspired its author to create it. We understand this truth in relation to music and literature; it is just as true, perhaps truer, because less conscious, in matters of Art. The religious Art of the present day does not carry any conviction with it, no more than what is manufactured at Munich by the ton for the Catholic Church. Art, to be Christian, must embody an enthusiasm not primarily for the Church; she only evolves the letter, and carries on the tradition and shape, she has been, and must again become herself, the artist; but for the WORD, the principles which Christ inculcated. And this is the only Canon by which to-day we can judge of any Art. For, believe me, we have reached a crisis in history. We have come to imagine that Art has nothing to do with morals, still less with religion, and see! It is only by what morality and religion it contains that it shall be called Art in any sense. And as all work, as soon as it is delivered from the tyranny of the machine must be judged as Art, so must we all, too, become critics, applying one test to every effort, "Is it sincere? Has it any message for us, and does the man who did it believe in what

he had to say?" But perhaps we are diffident of judging because we have not yet answered the question we are everywhere putting to ourselves, "What do we ourselves believe in? Have we at the beginning of this twentieth century of the Christian era any vital faith at all except in what will bring us material advantages in this world, or help us to forget or disbelieve that there is any other?"

I have implied that in enthusiasm of any sort we possess the essential of religion, for where enthusiasm exists apathy cannot. In the discovery and conversion of enthusiasm to higher motives lies the hope of the present and the redemption of the future, for enthusiasm is creative energy, is divine in its essence, is that evidence of things unseen but acutely felt, which has been called Faith. But before we convert a passing enthusiasm into an abiding faith we must have an object capable not only of exciting our admiration, but also of altering our lives, and I ask you in all earnestness to tell me what, in these days of universal competition and scientific Christianity, we are to have faith in. Dogmas are dead, miracles are discredited, and the Sermon on the Mount, excellent and perfect system of ethics as it undoubtedly has been proved to be, will alone neither bring men nearer to revealing the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, nor console them for its loss. I say this because the strange spectacle is offered us to-day—not so strange, perhaps, when one remembers how consistent it is with modern clever business methods, of a strong movement, within and without the Church, to assume that the influence of the Founder of our religion was of a purely human, kindly, and *unsensational* character, and not of a divine or superhuman one; and this in direct contradiction to all tradition and of the very documents which have delivered its message unmutilated till now. The old atheistical onslaughts on religion were honest because they were open and sincere; the modern attack is dishonourable because it is underhand and treacherous. It dares to call itself Christian. But when Christianity ceases to be a revealed, or miraculous religion, it ceases to exist. There is nothing, of course,

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to prevent our preferring the Gospel according to the *Higher Criticism*, as it modestly calls itself, but it is surely time that some defender of the old faith should definitely state that it is not the same as the Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, or even of John.

I used to regret, as a child, that I was born in an age so unromantic as ours. I am beginning to realise that no romance we have read about can equal that of the crisis on which the world is now entering; no struggle for freedom, no championship of the oppressed, can for interest enter into competition with the battle that must soon be waged between the powers that make for simplicity in our homes, art in our industries, and aspiration in our religion, and those that entice and drag us back into the slough of luxurious idleness, hopeless slavery, and an apathy that is indeed death.

The crisis is indeed a critical one. Besides the continual protest of landscape art against the desecration of the country, there have been, ever since machinery and the factory system were introduced, signs of a natural reaction against their evil influence. This has shown itself in Oxford Movements, Catholic Revivals, Pre-Raphælite Brotherhoods, fashions for romantic fiction and æsthetic decoration, all expressive of a longing for the mediæval faith and furniture which have irrevocably floated into the past. I say "irrevocably" not with resignation but with relief. We do not want to return even to the glories of the thirteenth century. We want to press onwards to the first of a new era. But just as the earlier enthusiasms of the last century aimed at reviving a mediæval exuberance of faith and fancy, of ritual and dogma, so our new-born passion, rising with lighted lamps to meet its Saviour when He comes, shall aim at the grandeur and simplicity of the earlier faith, and strive to wrest from the confusion of creeds and conduct into which we have fallen, the joyful secret for which its first possessors could find no better name than the "Good News." What that secret was and is, in all humility, and in what poor part

I can grasp it, I have been trying to show you is told in the spontaneous labour or art of those who alone can be said to inherit the blessed earth. Its presence is what makes all work art, and all art sacred. Its absence makes the most precious crown dust under the foot of the believer. Its presence in these poor things makes them of infinite value to me. It is what Christ loved to call Himself—the Light, the Sunshine, the Life of the world.

A belief in its redeeming power, not as a poetic sentiment to be doffed with the mood, but as a consciously practical motive force freely offered to all who will accept it, and filling all it reaches with a completeness that defies analysis or imitation, is what must stamp the art of the future as it must also inspire its life. I mean nothing metaphorical or abstruse. It is more the temper in which a thing is done, the atmosphere it carries, than the sentence it spells or the incident it relates. Here is a motto dear to the heart of my German potter: "In grünen Wald da ist mein Aufenthalt." In the heart of the forest, aye, and everywhere where God fills the solitudes with Life, and in everything which having Life is an incarnation and reflection of the Heavenly—in this and these, in their innocence and beauty and well-being, and not in myself, is my true home and content. It is the Life which is indeed miraculously translated into this clay which makes it art. It is our own Life which we can sacrifice or make holy by giving it away in what we make or do, that alone will make *us* artists also—disciples, that is to say, of Him whose confessed mission was, "I am come that ye may have Life and have it more abundantly."

THE WORK OF THE BOYS' CLUB, AND ITS PLACE IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.

By J. H. WHITEHOUSE.

(Second Paper.)

PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT. Let us now briefly consider the principles which should underlie the form of government to be adopted in the Boys' Club. We are well aware that we are treading upon debatable ground, but we propose to set forth the course which our own experience has shown us to be wise and effectual.

HOME TO BE THE MODEL. A Boys' Club should resemble a true home. It should be a place of peace, of happiness, of love, and of liberty. It must be, too, a place of education in the fullest and noblest sense; and just as a Public School cares and is responsible for the whole life of its members, so also should our Boys' Club, though necessarily in a far smaller degree, take a similarly comprehensive view of its duties. For it has to take the place of home to many who scarcely know what the word means, and to others whom the stern realities of life may have caused to be prematurely separated from its influence and love. We would, therefore, follow as nearly as possible the principles governing a home. There should be a supreme and undisputed head, in the person of the warden or manager, but under his fostering care there should be such healthy liberty as will most surely encourage the growth of personal and corporate responsibility. The ideals of the head of the Club must necessarily be in advance of those of the members, and the recognition of this fact renders it undesirable to attempt to make a boys' club self-governing in the sense in which an adult club may very properly be so made. The benevolent despotism which is here suggested

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will not be found incompatible with a large measure of self-government. It will indeed exist to promote this, and a wise manager will endeavour to carry out all branches of the club's work with the active help of the boys themselves, through committees and in other ways.

COMMITTEES OF THE BOYS. Thus the programme for the social meetings, the arrangements for game competitions, and the organization of most of the departments of the Club can be most effectively carried out through such committees of the boys, subject to the control and advice of the head.

In thus developing the public spirit of the members by shewing them that they are not members of a club merely to receive a personal benefit, but that they themselves are helping in its government and are responsible for its success, will be found the most effective means of making the Club one in which every member will feel a personal pride, and in which there will be that strong *esprit de corps* which springs from a common affection.

EVOLUTION OF HEAD BOYS. It may reasonably be hoped also that in due time a certain number of the older members, filled with a true love and zeal for the club and its institutions, would be qualified by their club training for a yet more active share in its work. Their position in the club would be approximate to that held in Rugby School by the members of the sixth form under Arnold, and many important officers, such as the librarians, the heads of tents at camp, the captains of the teams, would naturally be chosen from their number. From the best of these older fellows, again, when they have reached the age limit for members, the manager might well select his permanent helpers.

THE AGE LIMIT. The age limit is something of a problem. On the whole we are inclined to fix it high and to regard 20 as a desirable limit. Unfortunately, the chain of which the boys' club is but a link, is not yet completely forged, and it is hard to lose lads who have reached the age limit without being

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able to pass them on to some other organization fitted for their special needs.

THE OUTDOOR LIFE. We turn to the consideration of a department of the Club's work surpassed in importance by none—the outdoor life of its members. We have, perhaps, already sufficiently referred to the advantages to our boys of organized games,* and we may here content ourselves with briefly indicating lines of working.

RECREATION GROUND. The first problem in this connection which the Club has to face is the provision of a field suitable for cricket and football. We shall touch upon the financial side of the work of the Boys' Club at a later period, and are not now concerned with it. But this question of ground is a vital one, and all difficulties must be surmounted. Unfortunately in all the big cities the problem of how to obtain recreation ground is constantly growing more acute, and if our Club is in the centre of one of these, our recreation ground may have to be found at a considerable distance away. But if ours be a village club no great difficulty should be experienced in getting ground fairly near to it.

COMMUNAL LABOUR. Having once obtained a ground, however unpromising its condition, little, if any, further outlay upon it should be necessary, since the work of levelling it and making it suitable for play may well be done by the members themselves. They will readily respond to an appeal for their personal service, and the work itself will be at once a happiness and an inspiration to them. A simple pavilion or shelter could also be erected by them. They would be capable of carrying out, too, simple drainage operations, where such were necessary. It would, of course, be necessary to have skilled guidance, but there are few cases in which this could not freely be obtained from sympathisers with the work of the Club.

The most progressive schools of to-day have successfully demonstrated the great moral and educational value of thus

* *Saint George*, April, 1904, p. 116.

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encouraging boys to undertake manual labour, and we would particularly mention in this connection the experiments at Bedales, the Ruskin School Home at Heacham, the Manchester High School, and Abbotsholme. These schools have proved that outdoor work is thoroughly appreciated by boys and, questions of health apart, tends to promote a true manliness of character. We venture to express the belief that in the near future it will be recognised as an essential part of all education. Certain we are that if work of this kind is successfully organized and carried out in connection with the Boys' Club, its members will thereafter be bound together by those hoops of steel which are made only in the presence of a spirit of mutual service.

THE TEAMS. We need not here dwell upon the organization of the football and cricket teams in their due seasons, beyond suggesting that the members of the teams should be entrusted as far as possible with the management of the arrangements. Social gatherings of the members of the teams will naturally be arranged from time to time. Cricket and football "caps" should be given to members winning their places in the teams, and every opportunity should be taken to promote keenness of interest. There must be no place for the fellow who is slack.

The manager and other officers of the club should, if possible, be with the teams on the occasion of all matches. Apart from the fact that this helps to maintain a higher standard of conduct, the closer intercourse which it gives between the officers and the boys will be found invaluable. If the manager and his helpers are playing members so much the better.

OTHER GAMES. The resources of the club in the matter of outdoor pastimes need not be exhausted by cricket and football. Cross-country runs might well be held at regular intervals, and these will be found to be keenly enjoyed by many boys. There are many other games which could be introduced as opportunity offers, but we believe it to be sound policy to

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specially encourage those which can be joined in by a number and which, therefore, offer the best facilities for co-operation and joint enterprise.

EDUCATIONAL RAMBLES. But let us also have the regular country ramble, making some old Church or other interesting building, or some scene of natural beauty or of historic association, our objective. Such rambles, especially if aided by a judicious use of the camera, cannot but be of great educational value. They may awaken the interest of the youthful pilgrims in architecture and in natural and human history. But they may do more than this: they may prove the first revelation of the beauty of the earth; they may herald the dawn of a love for nature to prove hereafter one of the truly precious and elevating joys of life.

THE SUMMER CAMP. A permanent feature of all Boys' Clubs should be the Summer Camp. It is unrivalled, from the standpoint alike of health and moral training. The first point needs now no demonstration; on the second a few words may be permitted. A camp teaches boys the joy of simple, natural pursuits. He is enabled to repeat with sincerity Professor Beeching's *A Boy's Prayer*:—

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

He is taught, too, the joy of mutual service and helpfulness. The individualistic spirit is restrained. The boy takes his share of all the work of the camp. He thus acquires independence by doing things for himself, and is shewn at once the necessity and the dignity of so-called menial tasks. We heartily wish the

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Summer Camp were an institution of every public school. We know no better antidote for snobbery, for the contempt for labour which so frequently results from a system under which a lad learns to ring the bell. We know no better way of promoting his unselfishness, and of training him for the great service of man.

We are not now concerned with camps conducted on military lines, with drill. For many clubs such a camp is not possible; to others it would not be wholly satisfactory. Our experience is that a camp can be conducted as efficiently without drill and military organization as with them. This is perhaps hardly the occasion to go into minute details as to the working of a camp: they would require a book to themselves. The broad lines to be followed, however, may be indicated.

Camp out, if possible, near the sea. The site is generally healthier, and the variety of recreation is greater. See that you have an adequate and pure water supply. Make only necessary regulations and see that they are adhered to. Let there be an officer, or a trustworthy senior boy, in charge of each tent. The question of amusements will present no difficulties. Let the boys bathe, and boat, and fish. Take them occasionally for whole-day tramps and mountain rambles, picnicing by the way. Provide football, hockey, and cricket. In the evenings gather round the camp fire for a sing-song, or the telling of tales, or for little talks and the exchange of confidences. Do not overcrowd the tents. Seven is usually a sufficient number. On cold nights see that each boy has sufficient blankets. If possible a marquee should be provided as a mess-room. This is far preferable to any arrangement for separate tent-messing.

THE EXPENSE OF THE SUMMER CAMP. The expense of running a Summer Camp is not considerable; indeed, such a camp may easily be made self-supporting. The Railway Companies all issue low-priced tickets for such camps, and the necessary tents and bedding, together with most of the other apparatus necessary, can be hired at reasonable rates. An admirable little camp hand-

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book is published from the headquarters of the Boys' Brigade, which would be of the utmost value to those desirous of forming a camp for the first time. It will be found that the boys will look forward to camp as the chief event of the year, and it is an excellent plan to open a Camp Savings Fund, in which intending campers can make deposits weekly. A boy can then save the moderate amount required to take him to camp for a week, about ten to fifteen shillings, without undue difficulty.

THE CLUB What is that elusive thing known as the "spirit "
"SPIRIT." of any particular institution—a spirit always with a distinct personality of its own, with its attendant ideals and obligations? It is hard to describe it or to analyse it. But no organization is worth much without it. For it is the expression of a noble pride in the object of its affection; it is a mark of brotherhood, of camaraderie; it is the expression of conscious life, progress, hope; its absence frequently marks failure and decay. We have assumed in these papers that the club "spirit" is not only desirable but essential, and we have touched on features and methods which we believe will produce this spirit. It is essential that it should be a noble one based upon ideals which each member of the club must feel he is striving to realize. Then indeed our club will become a true brotherhood, and each young member admitted to it will gradually feel the privileges of belonging to an order which has brought into his life sympathy, love, knowledge, guidance, and will be inspired to put forth the best that he is capable of in co-operating for the success of a club which has made these words living realities.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

Robert Browning, by Edward Dowden. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1904.

LOVERS of Browning's poetry will all be grateful to Professor Dowden for this *appreciation*. It is a book from which we come to know at once the poet and his poetry far better than we did before; and this because it is a most happy blend of biography and of criticism.

It must be admitted that Browning's life was not an eventful one. But the bearing of the poet's external life upon his work is treated in this volume with the greatest skill and care. It is needless to say that there is no dilating upon petty and insignificant details. It is the development of Browning's mind and spirit and the influence of this upon his poetry that forms the main subject of his book.

We are made to realise that Browning was a wise teacher, who was always on the side of the effective energy and the bracing ardour by dint of which the world progresses. He was an optimist, but untainted by any touch of easy-going self-complacency. As an optimist, it is true, he had—in the language of Professor Henry Jones—"little respect for the Welt-Schmerz, and can scarcely be civil to the hero of the bleeding heart." This feeling is, perhaps, most emphatically expressed in the poem entitled "At the Mermaid." Also, in "The Statue and the Bust," a verdict is pronounced upon "each frustrate ghost whose sin is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin, though the end in sight was a vice, I say"—a verdict which, like many of Browning's utterances, is a paradox intended to arrest attention and to evoke reflection.

The writer of a passage like this is not likely to be tolerant of an optimism whose roots lie in the sleek over-prosperous

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survey of life. This, indeed, is condemned by the general tone of Browning's writings, but, above all, by a passage from "Pippa Passes" of sternest and almost savage denunciation:—

"that hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit,
That seems to take possession of the world
And make of God a tame confederate,
Purveyor to their appetites."

It is well, at the outstart, to emphasize this view of Browning. In an age when the general tone of literature was melancholic and despondent, he remained sanguine and ardent, and thus very helpful to all such as wished to work rather than to whine, however much impressed they might be with the world's sadness. If he hoped well for the world, it was certainly not because he was blind to what in striking language he called its "dread machinery of sin and sorrow," but because he was by nature's own gift of a manly, robust temperament.

Dowden, in commenting upon Browning's treatment of Heracles in *Balaustion's Adventure*, remarks that he uplifts the demi-god "into a very saint of joyous effort"; and then proceeds to point out that "something of the Heracles ideal appears again and again in other poems of Browning. His Breton sailor, Hervé Riel, has more than a touch of the Heracleian frankness of gaiety in arduous effort. His Ivàn Ivànovitch wields the axe and abolishes a life with the Heracleian joy in righteousness. And in the last of Browning's poems, not without a pathetically over-boisterous effort and strain, there is the suggestion of an ideal conception of himself as a Heracles-Browning; the old man tries at least to send his great voice before him." How largely, in truth, does gratitude to our poet as a source of inspiration—as a very real strengthener of our spiritual sinews—enter into the reverence which we cherish for his memory! For this quality he, of all the teachers of our time, possessed in a quite singular degree.

But Browning was one of the most versatile of men, and touching, as he did, life on almost every side, we must not

linger too long on any one aspect of his teaching, however important it may be. Of his own dramas, Dowden tells us that the *Luria* was his favourite; one of its most striking features is the contrast between the natures of Eastern and Western, which reaches a climax in the great passage spoken by the Moor, Husain :

“ There stands a wall
 ’Twixt our expansive and explosive race
 And these absorbing concentrating men.”

Dowden, in a fine passage (page 57), writes: “ The region of untrammelled, unclouded passion, of spiritual intuition, and of those great words from heaven which pierce ‘ even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow,’ is, for Browning’s imagination, the East.” The whole paragraph is very impressive, and should, by all means, be compared with what is said on the subject of the somewhat similar contrast between men and women [pages 270-271].

Italy, however, occupies a far larger space in Browning’s poems than the East. “ Italy,” writes Dowden, “ is a land of passion ” ; also, of “ casuistries of intellect.” For both reasons, then, Italy provided “ material best fitted for his artistry.” Some of the poems on this topic are specially significant as self-revelations. Who can help feeling how heartily Browning sympathises with the full-natured Fra Lippo Lippi in his fine outburst?—

“ This world’s no blot for us
 Nor blank ; it means intensely and means good.
 To find its meaning is my meat and drink.”

But, in addition to this autobiographical interest, these poems, as descriptive of Italy itself, its scenery, its people and their pursuits, above all, of its artists and art, may be read again and again, and their contents remain unexhausted.

We have heard much—too much, surely—about Browning’s obscurity. Dowden, to say the least, does not dwell on this

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subject ; although he admits that "from first to last in the genius of Browning there was an element, showing itself from time to time, of strange perversity" [page 294, compare page 301].

We wish, rather, to say with all due emphasis that this occasional obscurity seems to us redeemed by the appealing beauty and, still more frequently, by the matchless power of our poet when at his best. As examples of the latter quality think of the description of arms of Eastern workmanship as "Horror coquetting with voluptuousness"! [*A Forgiveness*.] Think of the passage about the "hateful smirk" quoted above, and compare it with Pompilia's dislike of the Archbishop's smile :

"My heart died out at the Archbishop's smile ;
It seemed so stale and worn a way o' the world,
As though 'twere nature frowning."

And then for passages of quite a different tenor, think of this from *Aristophanes' Apology* :

"A sea-worn face, sad as mortality,
Divine with yearning after fellowship."

What a picture of the pathos of lonely wistful lives! Or, again, who does not seem to listen in a sympathising ecstasy with the wise thrush, who

"Sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture."

What a picture, too, and what food for thought are provided by this stanza from *Two in the Campagna* :

"The campaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere ;
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease."

But every student of Browning can tell how easy it would be

to multiply from his poems passages of quite exceptional beauty, and, still more, of unmatched impressiveness.

Readers of *Saint George* will be pleased to learn that the relations between Ruskin and Browning were friendly and cordial [as Dowden points out on pages 153, 172].

We began by speaking of Browning as a fortifying writer. We cannot conclude, as a further illustration of this, with a subject more important than his teaching on the future life.

In one place he writes boldly:—

“Death is the summing up of life’s meaning,
Stored strength for new adventure.”

And in another, “No work begun shall ever pause for death.” Few, surely, can forget the sentence towards the end of the aged Pope’s soliloquy in *The Ring and the Book*, in which the arch-criminal is made to descend

“Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state,
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain: which must not be.”

In *Evelyn Hope*, a poem much admired by Tennyson, there is predicted a meeting of the older man with the beautiful girl, who died when only sixteen years old, at some distant time in some far-away world. In the *La Saisiaz*, a poem analysed by Dowden with much care, it is argued that had certainty and not merely hope been allowed mankind on the subject of the future life, this life would lose its value as “a pupil-place—just probation space.”

Professor Dowden’s book is eminently an interpretation of Browning’s life and work. If we have said more about the interpreted than about the interpreter, we feel sure that this is what Professor Dowden would desire. Assuredly in his most interesting and attractive book, he does not for one moment obtrude himself to the disadvantage of his great subject.

A. J. S.

NOTES.

EXHIBITION OF PEASANT ART. An exhibition of deep interest to Ruskin students has been open in Birmingham since Easter. One of the rooms of the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Society of Artists was devoted to a collection made by the Birmingham Ruskin Society, to illustrate the kind of design used by peasant artists in the production of homely articles. The quaint and simple beauty of the designs, executed with a workmanship at once strong and rough for the most part, produced a remarkable effect; which was enhanced by the proximity of the ordinary collection of pictures. Some, at least, of its significance could hardly be missed just now when the genius of design is almost entirely latent or sophisticated—turned into affectation by bad teaching and mistaken ideals, or starved out of the market by the competition of machines, human and otherwise. The fact that we feel this, and that anyone cares to collect and exhibit things made under simpler conditions, happier for the craftsman, is a very hopeful sign. The backbone of the collection came from the treasures of the Rev. Gerald Davies, of Charterhouse, whose unique collection may some day, we are glad to think, be accessible for the public: this exhibit was mainly Scandinavian woodwork and embroidery. The rest comprised a fine show of old blacksmithing, German pottery, wall-hangings; and there was a beautiful collection of old lace and lace made upon old patterns, lent by Mrs. Bruce Clarke, of Harley Street. As we passed in from a room whose walls were covered with brilliant oils, the change was startling; but the deep and mellow tints of wood and tapestries soon asserted themselves in beautiful and peaceful harmonies, as of an old English home. But we were not asked to a feast of colour; for soon we heard Mr. Godfrey Blount asking us in impassioned words “if these things had any other value for us than purely æsthetic or antiquarian. If not, leave them to the

collector and antiquary. If they have, try and learn what they have to teach us; for unless we do, they will soon cease to exist except as curious instances of abortive art-instincts in the museums of enlightened corporations or collections of private curiosity-mongers." What these lessons are we shall read again in *Saint George*—the right saint for such an onslaught on the dragon. And we who heard are not likely soon to forget it; nor its impressive and eloquent confirmation by the late and the present headmasters of the Birmingham School of Art. As in our visit to the Manchester Ruskin Exhibition, there was much food for reflection, with the sauce of some very piquant contrasts.

THE LATE
PROFESSOR
YORK POWELL.

Frederic York Powell is dead. His name is not likely to be long remembered, for he never sought to do anything memorable. Yet those who knew him will find few more memorable among their friends—alas! that he should have become a memory before his time. He gave himself, all his wide learning and robust sense, to his friends and pupils; and was content to be an inspiration. That helps to explain why he "did" so little. A man's output must be limited if virtue is going out of him all his days. It must be confessed too that he had his share of that slackness, commonly called "constitutional," which is epidemic at Oxford. Yet (Oxford again) his energy in many directions was very great: the story that he refused the editorship of the *Sportsman* to take the Regius Professorship of Modern History has some of the elements of truth in it. Like Morris he had much in him of the Vikings whom they loved and have taught us to know. In art he had wide but strong tastes; he was himself both poet and painter.

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His breadth of taste and sympathy, and his genial hospitality made him an ideal host for the undergrad. and the young don; he could always talk with wisdom and knowledge on any of the great variety of subjects which interested his guests. "Go and ask the Yorker," was a fairly frequent solution of a difficulty. Perhaps he did not suffer fools very gladly, but he never abused the privilege of the great to be rude. Few men, since Christopher North, could have had so wide and incongruous a circle of friends at home and abroad, and not all could be so staunch a friend as he was. For shams of any kind he had a burning hatred; in denouncing them he very soon became unprintable.

Readers of this review should remember him because he was one of the first to welcome the young and doughty *Saint George*. His fine address, given at a few days' notice, just after Ruskin's death, became the chief tribute in our memorial number. Ruskin Hall remembers him as a generous friend and clear-sighted critic from the first: for their students he wrote that nervous and manly little address to democracy, which appeared as an Introduction to Mr. Beard's *Industrial Revolution*.

In memory of a true man, we print from it some "things I have wished to say for some time."

"The classes that labour with their hands for weekly wages have now entrusted to them much of the power possessed by the Government of this country. The future of this country, and the parts of the world dependent on it, must be largely settled by the use, wise or foolish, good or evil, they will be making of this power. Their own future depends on it. If they refuse to think, if they choose to listen to fools' advice, if they do not take advantage of the opportunities they have for making themselves better, morally, physically, and intellectually, the world will pass them by speedily and inevitably. Goodwill is no excuse in face of facts; only good deeds will count.

"Knowledge and the will to use it, and the courage and perseverance required to use it rightly, these are the necessities of progress and of well-being of any kind. Ignorance that may be felt (but that may by honest effort be destroyed) is the cause of many more of our troubles than we like to admit. Science, not Creed, is the Deliverer, if we will

only take the trouble to follow it. There will be plenty of mistakes on the way, but if a man means to learn by his former mistakes, he nearly always has the chance, and the advance, though slow, will be continuous.

"Democracy is no heaven-born institution. There is no right divine about it. Darwin has dismissed the fatal poisonous absurdities of Rousseau to the limbo of lost rubbish. If democracy cannot do its work, it will, and must, go as other political methods and expedients have gone. If this country is not healthier, stronger, wiser, happier, and better off in the highest sense under a democracy than it was under an oligarchy, democracy will have failed, and some other plan of government will be tried, whether people like it or not. Democracy is on its trial. If it is worked by wise men and honest men, it may do well; if it is worked by ignorant, prejudiced, gullible, and selfish persons, it will not do well. The greatest enemy of the democracy is the lie-maker, the flatterer, and the person who tries to persuade the voter that dishonesty is not always the worst policy, and that a bit of boodles for himself cannot hurt him or anyone else. A democracy, of all governments, is the least able to afford to listen to lies, or to grow corrupt, or to remain self-indulgent or ignorant. Its stability depends upon the persons it trusts; if it trusts the wrong persons, it falls sooner or later—generally sooner.

"These are commonplaces, but they are not sufficiently attended to. Democracy is a good or bad thing as they are remembered and attended to or not. It is worse and more unpleasant and more dangerous to be ruled by many fools than by one fool or a few fools. The tyranny of an ignorant and cowardly mob is a worse tyranny than the tyranny of an ignorant and cowardly clique or individual. Rulers are not wise by reason of their number or their poverty, or their reception of a weekly wage instead of a monthly salary or yearly income.

"Again, workers are not respectable or to be considered because they work more with their hands or feet than with their brains, but because the work they do is good. If it is not good work they do, they are as unprofitable as any other wasters. A plumber is not a useful or admirable creature because he plumbs (if he plumbs ignorantly or dishonestly he is often either a manslayer or a murderer), but because he plumbs well, and saves the community from danger and damp, disease, and fire and water. Makers of useless machine-made ornaments are, however 'horny-handed,' really 'anti-social' persons, baneful to the community as far as their bad work goes; more baneful, possibly, than the consumers of these bad articles, quite as baneful as the *entrepreneurs* who employ them. We 'practical English' spend

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millions on machine-made ornaments, and so-called art which is not art. Every furniture-maker's shop is crowded with badly-made, badly-ornamented stuff which ought never to have been made, and would never be sold if people only took the trouble to try and understand the difference between real art and sham art ; if they only knew so much as that a machine can only copy, it cannot make or create a beautiful thing at all. The hand of man, worked by the brain of man, is needed for that. A Windsor chair is an honest piece of work, acceptable ; the pieces of the wretched "drawing-room suite" the women are so proud to put in their front parlours are vile to look at, and degrading to live with. The wax flowers you see in the front windows of 'respectable artisans' houses, and the detestable 'painted vases' they set on their chimney-pieces, 'mantels' they call them, are horrible to look at, and pure waste to make. They do not please the eye ; they merely puff up a silly and anti-social conceit. They are symbols of snobbery. The dreadful waste on sham art and bad ornament is bad and anti-progressive. People who cheat themselves into liking, or pretending to like, bad art are blind to good art, blind to natural beauty, and cannot understand what true art is. This is a degrading state to be in for any person or set of persons.

"We must not be deceived by words. We talk of 'doing well' when we only mean 'getting rich,' which is a very different thing in many cases. The only good institutions are those that do good work ; the only good work done is that which produces good results, whether they be direct, as the ploughman's, or navvy's, or sailor's ; or indirect, as the policeman, or the schoolmaster, or the teacher of good art, or the writer of books that are worth reading. A man is no better or wiser than others by reason of his position or lack of position, but by reason of his stronger body, wiser head, better skill, greater endurance, keener courage. Knowledge teaches a community to breed better children, to bring them up better, to employ them better, to encourage them to behave better, and work better, and play better, and in their turn breed children who shall have better chances than themselves—not necessarily better chances to grow rich or to become idle, but better chances to become honourable, wise, strong-bodied and strong-brained able men and women. No system of government, no set of formulas, can save a state unless the people who work the system or formulas are wise, and honest, and healthy. A nation with too large a proportion of stunted, unhealthy, besotted, irritable, excitable, ignorant, vain, self-indulgent persons cannot endure in the world-struggle. It must and ought to be swept away, and the sooner the better. What we call Nature does not indulge in sentimental

pity; she puts her failures out of their pain as quickly as she can. She does not keep idiot asylums.

"In the competition for trade that is upon us, nay, in the very 'struggle for life,' we can only hold our own by greater physical and intellectual power. We must put ourselves in training; we must throw off the 'anti-social' habits that hinder our efficiency; we must beware of the quack mixtures of the demagogue and the superstition-monger, and accept only what satisfies trained reason. We must put off Sentimentality, which means the wholesome feeling for humanity gone rancid and turbid and unwholesome, and is an expensive and dangerous folly. We must take deliberate and calm judgments, and we must look ahead.

"The record of progress in this little book is largely the record of the success of men who with honest material objects worked in many ways wisely and prosperously, and made England the richest place on earth; but this is not all, it is the record also of a great sacrifice, a sacrifice of health and happiness and vitality—a needless sacrifice offered up to Mammon. The English people, never by any plague, or famine, or war, suffered such a deadly blow at its vitality as by the establishment of the factory system without the proper safeguards. Napoleon's wars crippled France (though not as badly as his legislation), but the factory system threatened to sap the very existence of our people, because those who could have helped it (both employers and employed) at that time were too greedy, too ignorant, and too callous to understand the full evil they were doing, and the governing classes above them too foolish to see that the remedy must be swiftly applied.

"Ignorance and the blindness caused by greed are deadly enemies that we can only meet by knowledge and by honesty. And it must be remembered, though it is often forgotten, that the acquisition of knowledge does not mean book-learning, which is only a very little part of it. It is no good reading a book without understanding it, and no good understanding it unless one profits by it, and makes the principle or the piece of wisdom or fact a part of our mental store, ready for use when the proper time comes. A man may be book-learned and very ignorant. . . .

"There is a time, perhaps, when ignorance may be tolerated, but this is emphatically not the time. We have to set our house in order, as everyone knows who has a grain of sense left, but it cannot be done unless we choose the right men to do our political and economic work, trust them wisely, back them wisely, and resolve not only that the nation, but every town, every village, every workshop, and every

house be made healthier, be better managed, and the causes that check progress and security be done away with. We cannot afford to sit down and rub our bellies and think how fat we are. Disease and crime can be tackled, and would be if we were in earnest. It requires probably less effort to keep ourselves and our children healthy and out of the dock than to save money and leave it to fools, or buy an annuity, and it is a great deal more necessary to the nation. It is not a sin to break some old Hebrew *tabu* that has no utility left in it, but it is a sin to be diseased when you can be healthy, to be ignorant when you can, at a little trouble, learn the truth of the matter, to be dishonest when you can, at the cost of a little effort, speak and act truly. Adulteration, again, is criminal and vile in all its aspects and results, and honest men will have nothing to do with it. It is one of the worst symptoms in the body social when adulterations and shams are tolerated. Adulteration is simply a low and vile form of larceny practised treacherously by persons who pretend to be respectable (like the bakers and brewers who poison their customers by the careless use of adulterants) upon persons who are often unable to detect or avoid the deceit and injury.

“The reading of good books without thinking things out is a mere debauching amusement, and reading for pastime is not a respectable thing, when it is pushed to extremes, at all, any more than over-eating or over-drinking. ‘The habit of reading’ is no better than the ‘habit of snuffing,’ unless the reading which the habitué does is good reading—reading that gives noble pleasure or that helps directly to progress, mental or physical, or trains one to practical ends. Waste of time is not only folly, but it is anti-progressive and means degeneration, just as waste of money over bad or foolish things, or waste of work over ugly shams or false ornaments or dishonest productions of any kind. . . .

“The world is ‘full of a number of things,’ as R. L. Stevenson says, and we have only learnt to make use of a few of these. There seem almost endless possibilities open, but they are only open to those who mean to take advantage of them, who mean to make themselves and do make themselves able to see the things that the ignorant and the lazy miss and always will miss. Our trade rivals have learnt all they knew till a few years ago from us, we can surely afford to take a lesson from our own ancestors; but we must be prepared to strip off prejudice and renounce hollow formulæ. Even if such a sacred institution as a trades-union stands in the way of real progress, it must change or go.

“Good work, not sham work; good art, not bad nor even mediocre art; good food, not the bad bread (one of the worst disgraces of this

country) and the bad beer, but good bread and good beer; plain, good clothes, not 'fashionably cut' shoddy; good news, not party lies and foolish flattery and idle or malicious gossip; real information which need not be cheap, and cannot be easy (for knowledge is not an easy thing to get, but a hard thing both to win and hold), not chopped-up rubbish and dirty garbage; as much fresh air, and clean water, and out-of-door exercise as we can do with. These are things within our grasp, and we have not got them yet, though we have thousands of things we do not want, or really enjoy at all, but which we are fooled, or fool ourselves, into paying for through the nose. The end of work is to produce useful things, beautiful things, necessary things; but the end of life is not merely work, nor what people look for in exchange for work—riches. Riches without health or security, or the knowledge of how to use them, are merely a danger, and a daily reproach to an individual. They are also a danger and a daily reproach when unused, ill-used, or wasted to a nation. Health and wisdom are not incompatible with wealth, but worn-out vitality and blind ignorance quite certainly are. Only the strong man armed and healthy of brain can keep his house.

"Healthy people look to the future, sick people are content to linger through the day, or ready to sink into oblivion; the mark of a healthy nation is that it looks forward, prepares for the future, learns from the past, gets rid of its parasites, shakes off its social diseases, and walks resolutely in the service of her whom Defoe celebrated as that 'Most Serene, Most Invincible, Most Illustrious Princess, REASON,' and whom, long before him, Solomon, and the son of Sirach, lauded as the Chief of Things, the very emanation and breath of their God Himself."

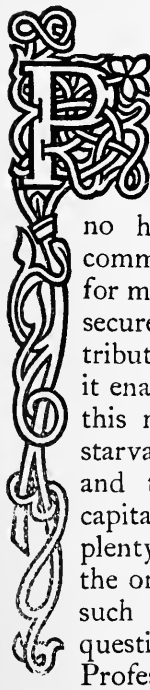
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THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF RUSKIN'S TEACHING.

By the Very Rev. G. W. KITCHIN, D.D.

OLITICAL Economy sprang out of the materialist temper of the eighteenth century. The common-sense philosophy which flourished in Scotland was the base of it: it was inductive, with foundations laid in observation; it admitted no play of fancy, no vision of imagination, no heroic attitudes. On the level ground of average commonplace it flourished and grew strong. Society longed for material well-being, and this a science of prosperity would secure. It was a philosophy of accumulation, not of distribution; the "wage-fund" theory was invented because it enabled employers to urge that if liberal wages were paid this mysterious fund would be the sooner exhausted, and starvation ensue;—we must concentrate our efforts on money; and the creation will be the Mammon-millionaire;—the capitalist shall be the working man's Providence; out of his plenty shall grow bread and cheese. Thus, Adam Smith, the oracle of the eighteenth century, would not even discuss such a vital question as "What is wealth?" No abstract question, in fact, is solved by him. Both in his lectures as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, and in his later

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classic, his *Wealth of Nations*, he “examined,” as MacCulloch tells us, “those political regulations which are founded *not on the principle of justice, but on that of expediency* ; and these (he adds) are they which are calculated to augment the riches, the power, and the prosperity of the State” (or the triumph of the rich man in the State, which is a very different thing). And Sir James Mackintosh notes that “The Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations employs great care in ascertaining those laws which are *immediately deduced from experience*—it applies metaphysical or abstract principles with considerable negligence.” Out of these low-toned lectures grew the Political Economy of a century : Adam Smith’s book was long the only classic, the one ethical and economic work, in the English language.

I need not, at this day, add that in this book are many truths, whence came a reform movement, which presently swept away the vicious mercantile system and the cramping Navigation Acts. Hence, too, came the whole dominance of the earlier school of economics. All was based on the value and the use of the soil ; it sprang, like wheat-growth, from the land.

On this the inductive pyramid was built up : it seemed so safe, so productive of wealth, so sure to last. Yet every colossal work must in the end be tried by the ultimate outcome of it. In other words we must ask,—What figure stands on the apex of your pyramid ? It became quite clear that here Adam Smith’s great building failed. The doctrine of commercial expediency built a mercantile palace on the foundation of myriad workers, who were steadily sinking under the burden of it, and placed on the top of all, as a crowning apex, the unworthy figure, the grim appalling horror, of Watts’ Mammon.

But when a man of large, independent character sees this result, he loathes the selfishness of it, and lifts up a prophet’s voice to denounce an immoral and unworthy end. This is what brought Ruskin into the economic world, and, when there, his language was far from measured. One feels how indefensible was Adam

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Smith's view as to the maintenance of our Colonial Monopoly, when he says (bk. iv., ch. 7) "it has been the principal, if not the sole end and purpose, of our Dominion *really to raise the rate of mercantile profit*"—a declaration in flagrant contradiction of all the principles on which a just State should be built; fit only for an age rightly characterised as "dull, sceptical, sordid, and soulless"—the hard side of the eighteenth century.

Adam Smith died in 1790. He was a devotee at once of the classical unities and of the equally characteristic "common-sense philosophy" of the age; he loved hard things cast in moulds, or trammelled by the unities; his ideals were not in the true world of nature, in which living hands and personal intelligence come first. This artificial system ever called for a change, and for a more natural understanding of things. Indeed, to the unconscious Professor Adam Smith the change had already come. For five years before the *Wealth of Nations* first appeared (A.D. 1776) Walter Scott was born. In his infant breast lay dormant the germ of the new period, the romantic age of thought and letters. It was the seed of a vast revolution in these islands, as well as across the water.

Men began to question the validity of the older economics—Might there not be a more natural form? Might there not be a moral uprising against the secondary results of this Capitalist system? Could it be right that accumulated riches on the one side should cause the depression of labour into poverty on the other side? Surely there must be some better principles than this hard cruel law of "buying in the cheapest, selling in the dearest market"! In the dealings of men, let not imagination be cast out: restore the forgotten laws of right and wrong; refuse to think that *medio tutissimus ibis* is the safe way;—for 'tis meanness and a miserable mediocrity. No great things can spring out of the average. If you grind down men till the personal equation is lost, no great things, no original beauties, will be born. If your State is falling to a marshy low level, it is time that individual

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force should revive, and the world be awakened by some hero of a nobler kind. We begin to call for some fresh type, as Ruskin tells us—for some man like Valerius Publicola, so noble and so poor that he was the precursor of that amazing side of England, the world of the penniless pauper; so poor that *de publico est elatus*, he was buried at the public expense; so noble and unselfish that even patricians dubbed him “the cherisher of the public rights,” self-denying, heroic in relief of trouble and need. No doubt Publicola belongs to legend—still it is in recognition of such noble characters, apart from riches, that a State must learn to be great. A race that can honour a mythical King Arthur has not lost the germ of life. It sees, dimly it may be, that true nobleness which is the salt of the community.

The older economics had a terrible code of laws—it would be mockery to call them their Laws of Life. They began with an aphorism of which Ruskin says that “there is not in history anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as this modern idea”—this idea that success depends on (1) “*buying in the cheapest, selling in the dearest market*,”—he goes on to denounce other characteristics, such as (2) “*Act as if your neighbour were your enemy*”; or, (3) “*Establish a Wage-fund*” of fixed amount for patient workmen, and so keep the cost of production low by cheap wages; or, (4) “*The more you can subdivide labour, the easier you will rule it*,” and the cheaper the product, and the greater your profit; or, (5) “*Machinery shall increase this subdivision*,” and be the final blow to the independence of man. “The development of complex machinery, by substituting mechanical power for human power, is of the essence of capitalism,” as Dr. Fairbairn tells us—that is, it is the subjugation of labour; or, (6) “*The augment of wealth lies in the land*,” and (as a tax on the advance of Society) a large part of that augment (royalties or rents) goes naturally to the lord.

Many more may be the Aphorisms, but these six may suffice. They are rightly called Aphorisms, for an Aphorism is (Ruskin

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would have said) an oracular statement cut off from human sympathy, stinking of selfishness.

It was against this hard and tyrannous system that the new literature rose in anger. While Sir Walter Scott was the imagination of this new world, Newman, Carlyle, and Ruskin (as Dr. Barry well says) were the three critics of progress, as laid down on the lines of Bentham. "Newman (he adds) came as a ghost to trouble the festivity of a generation which thought itself progressive, enlightened, and prosperous beyond all that ever had been." And Carlyle launched against the system his torpedoes of fiery insult, his denunciations of the "Dismal Science"; and Ruskin was the poet and the prophet, eloquent, if inconsequent, of the new movement for the restoration of true moral and humane principles in the world of toil.

Ruskin belongs to no School of Economists; rather he is the forerunner of the modern Humanitarians. His was no system; rather a string of eloquent dogmatic utterances bearing on the conditions of modern life, instinctively wise rather than logical or definite. He bases his philosophy on the highest laws and principles of being; on natural growth rather than on a study of the details of daily work or routine. We might apply to him what Bacon said of Plato, with whom Ruskin had many points in common; "*Neque de Philosophia naturali admodum sollicitum; nisi quatenus ad Philosophi nomen et celebritatem tuendum, et ad majestatem quandam moralibus et civilibus doctrinis addendam et aspergendam sufficeret*"—"He cared little for Natural Philosophy, except so far as it might strengthen one's claim to the honour of the philosophic name, and so far as it lent dignity to morals and citizenship."

He hoped to restore man's moral life, and, by so doing, to reform his economics. His citizen must be upright and pure of soul; he must be humane, and must love his neighbour as himself.

This is why, in other connections, he denounced the whole art of the Renaissance period; why he has never a good word for

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Michael Angelo. It was in a visit I made, shortly before his death, to Mr. Watts, that great leader in Art, that profound teacher through Art of moral and social duties, that I learnt why Ruskin was so hostile to the 15th century development of Art. Mr. Watts told me that Ruskin thought little of the human form; and used to declare it imperfect and lacking in true nobility. He seems to have transferred into this paradox something of his own early training; accepting the 18th century hymn-phrase, that "only man is vile"—vile in physical form as well as in moral life. And this is why he denounced the *cinqe cento* manner, as pandering to the Medicean princes, and as absolutely immoral and dedicated to luxury; it is also the cause of his abhorrence of the naked and brawny forms of Michael Angelo's splendid creations.

It is now nearly fifty years since Ruskin delivered in Manchester that amazing pair of lectures, now called *A Joy for Ever*,—the first on the "Discovery and Application of Art" (10th July, 1857), and the second on "Accumulation and Distribution of Art" (17th July, 1857). These, and the remarkable series of papers, now entitled *Unto This Last*,* (*Cornhill Magazine*, 1860), give us his mind as to the relations of Art and Economics. This little book cannot be left out, for he tells us that he deems it one of his best bits of work. "I believe," he says, "these Essays to be the best, *i.e.*, the truest, rightest-worded and most serviceable things I have ever written; and the last of them, having had especial pains spent on it, is probably the best I shall ever write. . . . I rest satisfied with the work, though with nothing else that I have done." It opens full blast with a contemptuous assault on the "Modern *soi-disant* Science of Political Economy," which he declares to be based on an idea that an

* These four Papers, so shocking to the polite world of 1860, and so dangerous to the respectable *Cornhill Magazine* in which they appeared, have, as a little book, had a most encouraging sale among the people. It is now in the 12th edition, and is read and thought about by the best of the workers of our day. It is selling now at a rate of nearly 3,500 copies yearly, though the 1st edition took 15 years to sell out!

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advantageous code of social action can be got at by neglecting the influences of social affection, and by treating man as merely a covetous machine (*U.T.L.*, p. 2). This is why, also, at the opening of his *Joy for Ever*, he says that "he had been led generally to doubt all the most established maxims of Political Economy—especially the greatest of all errors, that it is founded on self-interest, which is Mill's grand law on the subject." I know not how the Manchester of to-day, so distinguished a home of the earlier system of Economics, mother of Free Trade, the generous believer in the "every man for himself" doctrine, has listened to and approved of the fiery spirit of the prophet, who placed moral uprightness first, not fearing to praise the happy "rich man" who is penniless, and to denounce the squalid poverty and sad fate of the poor prosperous millionaire, who has no thought beyond his money-bags.

Yet Manchester has listened, and all the world listens now intent. The *Manchester Guardian* said, a few months ago, that "the full force of Ruskin's doctrine has to be countenanced (nice patronising phrase!), and has in it, as it were, a reversionary right to practical application, as soon as civilization has proceeded somewhat further—as Shakespeare has it :

' Hereafter in a better world than this

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.' "

As You Like It, I. ii., 297.

Let me now, with small skill in the matter, and, I fear, laying myself open to the taunt of *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, endeavour to mark the points at which Ruskin left the current economic doctrines, and brought in fresh ingredients, in order to show mankind the best way of living socially, the best way of reviving art, the best way of rearing a better race of cultivated Englishmen.

We must touch on his attack on "the Gospel of Greed," the "Backward rush of Progress." Mr. Ruskin was always eager to bring into action the loftiest aims of a noble mind. He had begun life under the narrow protection of an earnest, limited

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theological party ; then embraced in a receptive spirit the opposite principles of the romantic school of letters, and of the liberal movement in theology. Here, too, came in the picturesque elements of the ancient faith, with the marvellous expression of that faith in art, in painting or architecture, or in the goldsmith's craft, or in delicate skill of the needle. We see his "instinctive sense of right and wrong" in his constant appeals to God's world, in the emotional sentiments of a poetic spirit, or in the curious and inquisitive searchings of a mind eager to find out the mysteries, large or small, of God's hand in nature. Next, he sought for a due and correct appreciation of the relations between man and law ; between the limited and the unlimited, the finite and that negative conception we call the infinite. Hence came the title of the little book. Outside the common horizon of man's thoughts lay principles which affect the whole complexion of materialistic science, and force us to construct some new theory of proportions, and of relations of man with man in life and commerce. This title, in the words of our Lord, "Unto This Last," seems to stand in flagrant contradiction with our usual wisdom of traffic ; for it gives reward to motive rather than to act. The last to come in to work is as worthy of the Divine praise as is the steady-going, whole-day labourer, for the eleventh-hour man went promptly when called, and wins a full reward by willingness. In this interpretation Ruskin's mind re-echoed a mathematical rule, namely, that in dealing with the infinite one may regard the finite as of no importance in the argument. One remembers, in one's old studies, what a light this rule of the infinitesimal calculus threw on the mysteries of space, how it made real the value of the "incomprehensible," that infinite which stretches illimitable beyond our narrow life, beyond even our poor capacity of thought. Once I had a talk with Ruskin on the way from his lecture room to his home. He was complaining of the inability of mathematicians to tell the painter the laws of the curves formed by waves breaking on the shore ; he spoke of it as a grievance of his

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own, a grudge against the exact sciences. I, for my part, could only protest that what seems most simple might be beyond their skill; the simplicity of nature being often as difficult as her complexity; also that what we call "straight lines" are really segments of a great circle; and that on the surface of the earth no such thing as a straight line exists at all;—yet in practical work the infinitesimal curve may safely be neglected, and the geometrical straight line assumed to be true.

And so, in adopting this title for his little book, Ruskin fearlessly appealed to the higher law against the practical sense of the economists. On the margin round our narrow horizon of rules and laws there are principles and motives of action far beyond the usual dogmas of society. Man, the social man of brotherhood, as well as the calculating man of the counting-house, will do well to reckon on these higher interferences, or perhaps corrections of arithmetic rules; for there are motives arising from a world nobler than our daily life. So Ruskin, startled by the failures of civilisation, is for sweeping away lesser barriers, and for introducing as a ruling element the law of brotherly kindness; instead of the lash of the driver comes the fatherly command and reasonable rule; instead of the commercial art of the day comes a fount of beauty which freshens weakened powers. In place of the "Dismal Science," there reigns a higher law, a juster tribunal; not now an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth, but a rule which reckons life by love. Above all, in the event, he proclaims that gospel of beauty which pervades his whole tone of thought and gives rare fascination to his writings; it breathes harmony into a discordant world, and makes the desert blossom like the rose.

In all this one can believe his frank statement that he has not wasted his time on the study of Economics; he assures us, at the outset, that he has "never read any author on Political Economy, except Adam Smith's book, twenty years before"; he starts with thoughts of his own, clear of the tradition of the elders.

In this broad appeal to Nature, and at the same time to man's

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moral instincts and the generosity of his qualities, he seizes on, and applies to economy, phenomena which the older Economists had passed by. He saw that this hardness and dismalness, as Carlyle calls it, was at the root of the failure of English Art. Commercialism was fatal to life in this higher realm : the atmospheres are so different, that the life of the one is the death of the other. While they were shouting "De'il tak' the hindmost," and men were panting along the cinder-path of competition, no still small voice of God could be heard. To his mind sub-division of labour kills the play of individual powers ; while machinery dominates us, the worker cannot be free.

To counteract this great evil, contemptuous of "great established laws of trade," Ruskin flung down, in hardest dogmatism and with full force of conviction, his principle of a moralised economy, a brotherly state. And thus this pronounced Tory of the old school came to proclaim revolutionary doctrines, and to join hands with those who had been leaders or workers of a very different tone. It is a curiously right account of him, in the stilted style of an Oriental, that I found only the other day. An Englishman lent to his Japanese servant a volume of Ruskin ; and when the Japanese returned it, with it there came the following curious appreciation :—"The greatness of his words are but reflections of what was in his soul, which was forged with the hammer of beauty on the anvil of Christianity," and then he adds, "his mother built the frame of Christianity on the foundation of his natural intellect, which his father decorated with the furniture of beauty, until at last he himself finished it with the flowers and greens from the yard of Oxford." Stripped of fine writing this is not far amiss. It is a basis of human and moral nature, enlightened by religion, with a keen delight in nature, and with the colouring of Oxford.

The text of *Unto This Last* (156) is "*There is no Wealth but Life.*" He lifts us out of all prudential levels. It naturally met with keen resistance. The Manchester paper reporting the open-

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ing of the Ruskin Exhibition, held in that city in the spring of this year, tells us that in his address Dr. Hopkinson gave to all around him the wise advice, "Everyone who cares for his country should read and observe Ruskin," and then the newspaper goes on to deal with the master's reference to the Evils of Usury. "Anyone who strictly observed Christ's teaching as to riches and poverty is passed by as a Crank ; and anyone who really minds what Ruskin says about interest is a Faddist."

But then the "Faddist" is the motive power in this sluggish civilized world. He alone can sting through the pig-hide of contented ease. Thus Ruskin set things moving again. We are no longer content with the ancient saws of the Economist. Not the cheapest and the dearest markets, but the bread of peace and goodwill ; not interest as a guide, but love ; walk in justice, not in expediency ; create demand for good where it does not exist by proclaiming what is right, not what is profitable ; secure the good remuneration of labour, and ennoble labour itself ; treat your neighbour as your comrade, not your foe ; resist the dominance of money by creating a better wealth ; redirect and better the influences of machinery, that it may give breathing-space and leisure to the workers. And should you be the hindmost, fear not the Satanic pursuer, but press on manfully, for it is written "unto this last" shall be given even as unto thee.

These are some of the principal matters of his reform of Economics, and in the main his contentions are noble and right. It is a concordat of man with higher things, duties, ideals. This recognises the Fatherhood of the Almighty Ruler, and brings into proper harmony the relations of master and servants, of state-law and personal independence ; it insists on the good gospel of bearing each other's burdens—and all this in the light of the best moral qualities of humanity. Thus by three things, by *Obedience*, by *Love*, and by *Purity*, we shall throw light on all the dark places of man's economic life. These three things—the Love of God, the Love of Man, the true Love of Oneself—cannot be reconciled

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with the stiff rules of dominant Economy, which are, for God, Mammon; for the Neighbour, the Rival; for Oneself, Selfishness. The old rules will hereafter need much trimming: "Cheap buying," with attendant sweating, will give place to wise buying; "big interest," with unfriendly pressure of competition on the weak brother—a robbing of the poor, as Ruskin says, because he is poor, that "especial mark of the Mercantile Economy,"—will have to give place to fairer distribution of good things: *laissez faire* must no longer mean don't help your lame neighbour over the stile; for the kindly hand will be outstretched joyfully to give him his chance; and so on with the rest of the maxims. We shall no longer be exhorted, with the old dramatist:

"Why! that's the end of wealth! Thrust riches outward,
And remain beggars within—contemplate nothing
But the vile, sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble and the precious go!"

No more Pharisees for us, the "whited sepulchres, beautiful outward, but within"—full of dead men's bones.

Hereafter, instead of using appliances or machines to bereave the labourer of his tools, and to force him to more minute subdivision of work, we shall aim at humanising man's inventions, and so at applying steam and electricity and engineering devices to secure for the worker more room for independent labour, for leisure well-applied, not wasted; give him more chances for that intelligent application of the immeasurable forces of mind and hand combined; for these will triumph in the days to come against dull force, uninspired by thought. "Who thinks wins;" but just now labour is ordered off thought; and England has no love for education or mental growth of any kind.

In a word, Ruskin has moralised labour, and preached freedom to the souls of men. Under his rule there would be no longer a "*nation de boutiquiers*," full of the spirit of the pedlar; no more of gilt-edged riches without and a moral and a spiritual beggary within.

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Ruskin's reply to the "supply and demand" theory of economics (a strictly inductive view, based on observation of facts as they are, not as they should be) was eminently characteristic. It is, he cries, "the privilege of fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the law of supply and demand ; but the distinction of man is to live by the law of right." Nor will future thinkers endure that dreadful definition of Political Economy, which I believe he invented himself, as "The Science which enables us to get the greatest benefit with the *least* amount of honest labour." On the contrary, we shall understand that "Economics are the way of making the greatest number of human beings noble and happy," and so of delivering the community from the glaring evils of a selfish civilization. Hitherto the inventions and efforts of men have been misdirected. Economy, he cries, is a word misused—misunderstood, as the "art of mere sparing or saving"—whereas it really means wise administration, prudent and careful stewardship, often bold spending rather than penny-wise holding back ; and especially it means "the wise management of labour." (*Fox for Ever*, p. 8.)

Interest Ruskin does not care to distinguish from usury. He condemns alike Jew moneylender and Christian investor. This form of pursuing money, and gaining it, without working, is hardly debatable in these days. A time may come when we shall do without such conveniences ; these things are but aids, placing spare money where it can promote industry, and taking toll from it. There are many who believe that the ultimate development of labour will come through a wise combination or application of working men's capital ; they will apply their savings to objects tending to their own comfort and well-being ; they will build themselves good and wholesome houses, and revolutionise the workmen's districts of large towns ; or create a rational agricultural life ; or by securing hours of leisure, and wages fair and sufficient, will give themselves a fairer outlook ; or by protecting themselves against bad times, will dwell secure. But, even

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with all this, we shall still be far from the fulfilment of the scriptural rule—"Lend, hoping for nothing again" (*Luke vi. 35*).

Perhaps the most unsolved problem of all is the difficulty arising out of the substitution of machinery for hand-work. This Ruskin denounced vehemently. For when the workman loses control of his tools he is on the edge of the pit of slavery; and how can he possess a steam-engine? One can see that machinery stands to the labourer in the same kind of relation that cast-iron work bears to architecture. The opening for beautiful building has often been fatally blocked by the iron girder; great spans must be got without dignity; a mechanical skill is encouraged, which has no true boldness, nor indeed can it have any artistic feeling at all. Consequently, our railway stations in large towns are either absurd copies of "Gothic" buildings, masking the true iron-work affair, or they are appallingly ugly. And even in the interior, where everything, properly enough, bows to the useful, here and there large spaces, roofed in with bold semi-circular arches, will give some kind of greatness and effect of useful dignity, in spite of the malign influence of machinery.

Again, the relation of supply and demand keeps life down to a mercantile level. It places the producer in the inferior position of a servant; it withers up all his originality. Art, in his case, is mere arithmetic. Invent something of general convenience, and your fortune is made; a good soap, a comfortable button, an improved heating apparatus; all will be well. But for nobler things—for exquisite ironwork, for use of fine woods, for pure carving in them—for these things there is no call: they are expensive, we pass them by.

Here, then, are a few scattered thoughts on the general relations between Economics and Morals; between what Ruskin calls "Mercantile Economics" and his reformed "Political Economics." The former are the narrow counting-house system, for the piling up of money for the master; the latter are larger, a patriotic system—aiming at the welfare and beauty of the whole *πῶλε*, the

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community, in which even the most selfish among us has a share.

It has often been remarked that Christianity in past times has given a great impulse to Art, infusing into it a purity and a dignity which in darker days it had lost. This impulse may have been the ennobling preaching of grand ideals; as when the Divine Comedy of Dante soared above the narrow quarrels and jealousies of city life, and reached the serene atmosphere of a world living in the light of the Divine presence; or as when the great painters illustrated the subjects of Redemption and the Love of the Heavenly Father for erring man. On the other hand, in our time, it seems as if Art in her turn would give a friendly hand to lift enfeebled Christianity out of her devotion to things commonplace. For Ruskin's high principles of Art run up into moral life; they stand in bold antagonism against the hard theories of the older Economists; he ever preaches action instead of theory, and conduct guided by goodness, not by rules of gain. It is the sense of Order in Society, and Brotherhood, and the desire for the Neighbour's good, that shall guide our course of action, and be the motive of our art-production. It is the wealth of good living and social harmony at which it aims. The older Economy made each man's profit come out of his neighbour's pocket; the newer joins hand-in-hand, with equal gain for all; and this through a wiser distribution of good things, and a perpetual lessening of the irritations of competition: for while competition makes your neighbour your foe, good economy finds him to be a brother.

And how will this new Economy affect employers and employed? We must not forget that happily there is now a tendency which inclines towards goodwill between these two elements of true capital, of the head that directs and the hand that fulfils. Their interests will become less opposed; in some fortunate cases all antagonism will disappear. The splendid illustrations of Belgic enterprise in the Godin experiment at Guise, and the wonders of Bournville and Port Sunlight at home, give large proof that

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true prosperity can follow the obliteration of the old barriers ; for here are high principles, and the best definition of wealth and men, diffusing noble life, coupled also with success from the monetary point of view. Even the most philistine of Englishmen ought to be moved by such a phenomenon.

When Ruskin cries aloud that "Art should enter into all life," he is not merely appealing to the employer to lay out more cash in statues, pictures, horses, houses; he appeals also to the working man to accept for his own life something far better than the sunless houses and monotonous existence which mars the meaning of life for too many of our fellow creatures. No doubt the employed are often aggravating; they make poor use of their chances; discourage those who wish them best; are content, for a "circle of interests," with the ring left by the beer-pot on the taproom table; do not know how to face losses; clutch at gains and "*divi*."; are often as helpless in prosperity as in adversity. Yet surely there is a higher stratum of the working classes, for whom much may well be ventured; in spite of all drawbacks, of suspicions engendered by long estrangement, and of meaner aims, the employer will still find it his interest as well as his wisdom to prefer combination to hostility, and replace strikes by common interests and mutual confidence; he may kindle a flame of pure responsibility, and find a higher sense of right, and a more scrupulous conscience among his men. Then the stupid boast that success comes from being feared by all around will never again be heard. Neither employer nor politician will any longer preach ill-will; for they will see that content and prosperity run best when diffused over the whole body politic. This would be, in the true sense, the reign of Credit in the mercantile world; Credit, the trust of the workman who thinks no evil in the probity of his leader; Credit also in the confidence of that leader in his men. We come round, in truth, to John Bright's famous aphorism, "Force is no remedy."

The relations of labour in future will be like a well-ordered ship, in which the captain has the goodwill and confidence of all,

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and each does his best and bravest, bringing the gallant barque through storm and stress to port. In some few great businesses this natural ideal already is being fulfilled.

In such ventures the thoughtful head will also be ever anxious to infuse some sense of Art-work among his people; we shall then draw near to the longed-for day in which true and beautiful work will be everyone's work, and will be at least as common as uninteresting and ugly work; then each artisan will once more become an artist, and good work will no longer be dearer than bad.

In this connexion let me remind you of the ancient story of the building of the tomb of Mausolus of Halicarnassus. His sorrowing wife Artemisia had begun a splendid edifice in his memory; she died, however, ere it was half done. The next successor to the throne grudged the waste of money on Art, and refused all supplies; it looked as if this noble building would remain unfinished. But the workmen, builders, sculptors, painters, decided that this should not be, and that for love of Art they would complete the monument without pay. And so this noble work of genius, fit to be a world's wonder, was crowned by the self-devotion of the workmen, and so made tenfold more glorious than it would have been had the Eastern King finished it with his purse; for it breathed a spirit of independence and intelligence, and toil bay-crowned by the sacrifice of love. A higher spirit gleamed through all the work, a faithful nobility leading to a disinterested beauty.

This tale preaches the great value of a high level of labour: these ancient workmen were architects, sculptors, artists; they needed no office-drawings, no worked-out plans; each man's hand did his best—his best, which was also his own. I remember a similar case, on a very small scale, many years ago, in work done in the West of England by a very poor parson and his parishioners. I saw at once that it was original work and interesting; no stiff machine carving hardening all the work;

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and on enquiry I found that the men had been bidden to use no measuring lines, but to carve by the eye ; and so well did they respond that the general effect was charmingly fresh and free, and quite harmonious with the building. And Mr. Watts' Mortuary Chapel at Compton bears witness to the same truth. There every village home is proud, because their Jack or Tom has had an intelligent bit of work to do in it ; and the building re-echoes the affection and skill lavished on it by the humblest artisan.

This, then, is the quality which we have lost in Art—and Ruskin's Gospel of Economics is preached to restore this blessing. Restore personality to our buildings, and defy the deadening effect of machinery. That Mortuary Chapel at Compton, in Surrey, will stand for ever as a proof that such things are possible. Here the interest, the capacity, the love of good work, are fostered and brought to a triumphant success by the sympathetic guidance and patience in well-doing of Mrs. Watts ; in her hands we have the one English society answering to that Brussels *comité*, the "*Œuvre nationale de l'Art appliquée à la rue*"; for Art has here escaped from the studio and the exhibition, and has become everyone's dower. Here it has conquered commercialism ; one sees that here work is done for work's sake, and that those who toiled loved their labour. The Brussels society is but another evidence of the saying that "God has blessed the little States" : they have small treasure of gold and silver, but large spirits, and intelligence to train their young ones well. This is far nobler than the copper magnificences and Imperial statues on our modern plains of Dura. In the Compton Chapel, as Mr. Hugh Macmillan writes, "everyone in the district helped by taking an active part in it. The squire moulded some of the beautiful bricks ; the villagers, first drilled by Mrs. Watts' evening classes, prepared the choice work on the bricks, the symbolic reliefs, the fine *basso relievo* bits ; the ironwork of the doors was beaten out by the village blacksmith, and is a work of art by itself. Good stuff in willing hands, wisely directed, has resulted in the fulfilment of one of Ruskin's

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dreams. There was no demand, there was no competition, there was no ill-will ; but over the working men and women a fatherly hand, and for the artisans themselves an equitable distribution and division of good ; and in all a real joy in the work. The whole village is proud of their own work," standing, as it does, on a woodland hill among them, seen through the stems of fine fir trees. Thus the greatest of all results will follow : the refinement of Art in practical work will in the end make the artisan a "true gentleman" ; and his achievements will last, for he has no temptation to hurry his work, and would scorn to put into it anything lower than his best. We have here also an element of hope. We all know how entirely our usual work falls below the art and the architecture of old days. We here have a glimpse of the reason of it. For the old work was good because the whole heart and gift of every man went into it. As one has said, the thirteenth century mason was perforce an architect ; the man who had a power of sculpture had the right work set before him, and did it with all his heart. Now and then only does one find a dim echo of this better life among us. I remember watching the Irish genius who carved the capitals of the columns in the Oxford Museum. It is work which is altogether true and bright, and permanently good. It was because the man loved his work, and would go long walks into the country round Oxford, bringing back with him fine fronds and graceful leaves ; would set them up before him as he carved and worked boldly without drawings. Thus he breathed freshness and life into his work. Such men as he was could really rise above "the insult that adventurers are to come in and do their thinking for them." It is thus that work wedded to intelligence will save our country from the discredit of the cynic's utterance—"There is plenty of Art in England—but then—it is all such bad Art." Man, as St. Gregory once said, has in him something of every creature of God—*being* with the stone, *life* with the plant, *feeling* with the beast, with the angels *understanding*. St. Gregory surely would not have been content with the modern economist who aims

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only at filling money bags, but would have raised production to the level of the best.

It is not to be wondered that Ruskin thought that his proposed Guilds of working men (no doubt a mediæval revival also) would work miracles ; the Guilds men would be the best workmen in each trade, chosen by their fellows ; they would direct and regulate the fortunes of their trade, controlling the price of labour ; they boldly defy the "law" of supply and demand, and stimulate the production of fine things. He thought that they would create new and better designs, fashion new and more handy tools, and compel each trade into welfare by exorcising all selfishness, and by making artisans *love their work*. Thus he hoped to sweep away the old notion that no man would work if he could be idle—like the Red Indian saying, "No man would walk if he could stand, or stand if he could sit, or sit if he could lie." For no longer should the only motive for work be hunger and cold, whipped on by competition. Thus to him Art and Economics go together, with happiest results. If a man now does not like work, slipping out of it when he can, coming five minutes late, and leaving five minutes before the hour, it is because the conditions surrounding his work are bad, and indeed unnatural ; horribly monotonous, as of a man spending his days grinding points of needles, or fastening on heads of pins. It needs responsible interest, and some play of ingenuity to make a man take pleasure in his daily task. For as Mazzini, that lover of liberty, says well, "You can only prove your case for regenerated labour by showing yourself capable of founding and maintaining a system of association by means of your own honesty, mutual goodwill, love of labour, and capacity for sacrifice of self."

Of all this the sum is, that in spite of Ruskin's waywardness and paradox, we have in him still the root of the matter. In all his utterances we hear exalted rules of life and of art ; if he speaks sharply and vehemently the society he addresses is exceeding deaf and scandalously indifferent. As he sketches his picture of labour infused by Art, and capable of unlimited skill, we feel that the conventions of

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF RUSKIN'S TEACHING.

society are beginning to slip away—when he strikes hard on the tough skin of the time, we, with wonder, ask, Is the reign of selfishness at last coming to an end? His high Tory theory of Life, Education, Labour and Art, has already been accepted by the best of the working men, the best and the most thoughtful; they see in it a hope of better things. Hitherto their world has been seen through a glass of smoky darkness, and the light was dim; now he has begun to clear the window, and the broad landscape without begins to look bright and sunny to those within. It is a new day beginning; with better hopes, and worthier interests, and work that may even fascinate. As this day breaks the young men will come out into the fresh air, their faces kindled with the visions they have seen, and their hearts eager to work them into their daily life; and on the servants and the handmaids shall be poured something of the right spirit; and we too, the old men, having dreamed dreams, will also come forth to tell, with quavering voice, and, I fear, too, at interminable length, the purport of these dreams. And yet they may be summed up in one happy sentence—for in this weary working world, what could be a better word than that sentence of gold, sung by the angels at the birth of Christ—"Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men"? Let it not be said of us, too, that we have pursued this gleam of light only to find that it enlightens other lands and other hearths, and leaves us in the dark.

THE ITALIAN PENINSULA.

By FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS, M.A.

IF there are few of us who have not gone, or do not hope to go, to Italy, there are also but few who do not grumble at the long journey. Go by sea, and it is a matter of a week or so ; go straight by rail, and you will be shaken or banged about for some thirty hours, and will reach the promised land dusty and overtired. Only a few years ago, too, travellers who went by land had to climb, and suffer from cold and weather, perhaps, over the Alpine passes ; the enormous and expensive tunnels were not yet made. Or, if Rome was the object, one might combine the disadvantages of both ways of travelling by crossing France or the Alps, taking boat at Marseilles or Genoa, and landing at Civita Vecchia. But in any case time and energy were—and still are—used up ; Rome is not reached in a day ; and her pilgrims arrive somewhat sore-footed.

But now let us look at the other side of the same facts. Think how it has affected Italy herself to have the mountains behind her and the sea nearly all round. The fatigue or the rough sea passage, one or other of which tell upon us according to our choice of route, have perhaps been Italy's best friends, friends whose powers only failed now and again in defending her. Certainly she has suffered enough from foreign invasion, but level country, easily reached by land, and offering such attractions, would have

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suffered yet more. It cannot, too, have been quite without consequences for Italy that she occupies a long and comparatively narrow peninsula, and that her capital—her imperial, papal, modern capital—is situated far down its line and not distant from its coast.

If we, helped by the compass, the steam-engine, and all modern comforts, find the voyage from Southampton to Genoa no trifle, the sea-warriors from the North of Europe (our own remote and savage kinsmen) certainly found a like voyage far more formidable. When invaders did choose to travel that way (which was probably not often the case), the sea-bottom all round Spain and through the Straits of Gibraltar would be strewn with galleys, wrecked empty on their way out, or laden with spoil on their home-coming. Even if they came from nearer coasts, the Mediterranean Sea can be very rough; it inspired terror: the sailors of the oldest times never struck boldly out into it, but crept along the coasts or lurked as pirates in the Straits of Messina. Later, of course, sea-robbers of a bolder type might (as Gibbon says) go up the Rhine or the Seine, and down the Rhone to the sea; or they started from Africa or from a Russian river or a Black Sea coast and harried the Mediterranean. But even these, and especially the last mentioned, had far to go before they could do great harm to Italy or even to her outlying Empire; and the Black Sea well deserved its name of *The Inhospitable*.

As for coming by land in old days:—We now arrive by train, we are told by doctors how to live, we fortify ourselves with quinine: our fore-runners found Italy a country hard to reach on foot, and poisonous when reached. Excess in fruit and wine, excess in bathing, the mysterious illnesses which are to-day traced to a mosquito, swept away the armies with which invaders arrived. But those armies themselves were but the shadow of the hosts which started from beyond the Alps. Cold, privation, fatigue, wore away the men as they marched. Not every general could profitably heat the rocks and then split them with cold vinegar

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(or sour wine?), as Hannibal is said to have done;* and even those commanders who succeeded in crossing the mountains brought forces shaken and weakened. In early days (whatever happened later), few women and children could accompany the men; and that meant that the incoming race was absorbed sooner or later into the population of its new home. King Theodoric, coming from the north-east, brought his whole nation with him. But it is significant that his people never fused with the Italians and ultimately withdrew.

Let us, however, see more methodically how the peninsula has been affected by its physical geography, how, in short, the conditions of mountain and sea and river tell upon Italy as well as on her invaders. An English, or Irish, writer who travelled with eyes in his head about Central and Southern Europe in the eighteenth century, seems to have detected little connection between country and people. Goldsmith remarks that

“ Could nature’s bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blessed.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter’s toil.

• • • • •
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.”

But since Goldsmith wrote, Italian history has moved on many a long step; we have begun to learn what Italy can do, as well as what she must inevitably suffer; and innumerable observers have

* Another general, a living one, confirms this queer story in a way. See Lord Wolseley’s *Soldiers’ Life*, vol. 2, p. 189, on splitting rocks with fire and cold water.

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been watching and describing, painting, measuring, counting, or prophesying. Thus we have fuller means of estimating the present state of things (which is, of course, a joint result of physical and historical causes), and of forecasting the future. The writers differ often on matters of opinion, matters on which clear figures cannot be appealed to. But the reader who takes a view midway between the enthusiastic rhapsodies uttered by Mr. Swinburne in the sixties, when united Italy was yet in the making and her fortunes trembled in the balance, and the desponding or hostile attitude of M. Zola and Mr. Marion Crawford to-day will not, perhaps, be far wrong. A very sober estimate of united Italy's condition and prospects will be found in Mr. Bolton King's writings. Hehn's *Italien* has gone through many editions, and contains some excellent essays on special features of the Italian landscape; but it has not been translated. The late Mr. J. A. Symonds dealt at length with parts of Italian history, and wrote also on single towns or districts, as Amalfi. Professor Freeman's scattered essays are invaluable as companions on the ground; it is a pity that they have not been collected in a portable form. MM. Taine and Boissier carry us on a series of agreeable and instructive rambles. Mr. A. Symons' *Cities* renders with vividness the impressions made on a susceptible mind by the sight of Venice or some other towns. *In Tuscany* (Carmichael) is a readable study of one district by a man who knows it intimately. Even novelists, other than those mentioned, can tell us much about town life or country life in Italy, especially Mr. Harland and Mr. Bagot. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald have quite recently described and illustrated the life of the Southern half of the Italian kingdom; and M. Bertaux (*L'Art de l'Italie Méridionale*) has done much to place the neglected study of Art in S. Italy on a sound footing. Here, too, may be mentioned the *Christian Archæology* of Mr. Lowrie, very many of whose examples and illustrations are drawn from Italian soil.

But for the moment we shall have most to do with Professor

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Deecke's *Italy*, now accessible to English readers in Mr. Nesbitt's excellent translation.* We can find in his book a good many solid facts or figures wherewith to test his conclusions or our own *a priori* inferences. But it takes a much wider sweep than the immediate object of this paper.

There is no country which is not obviously in a hundred ways governed—pushed forward here, held within limits there—by its physical geography and conditions. But there is more than one difficulty or danger in discussing them. Commonplace hovers all round the edges of the subjects; and, moreover, in setting out the consequences of the natural agencies, it is hard to know where to stop. On the one side, nature created the neighbours of a country no less than the country itself; and their powers of attack or defence, their commerce, their religious or artistic influences, must neither be forgotten nor dwelt on at too great length. On the other, an enquirer may run on endlessly into the most minute details of modern social and industrial life; these rest ultimately on physical causes. Geography has an economic aspect, and

* Something more than a passing mention is due to this full and careful monograph (published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein). It strikes one from the first as resembling a good Encyclopædia-article expanded and made readable; but it is only as one goes on with it that one realizes how indispensable it will henceforth be for a long stay in the country which it systematically describes. Professor Deecke deals with the geological structure and with the weather of Italy, with her plants and animals, her trade, her political institutions, the halting steps of her progress, and her different districts with their varying characters of men. He gives "a vivid picture of the domestic and city life of Italy's inhabitants, their attractive manners, their passion for play, their superstitions, and their crimes." Sicily, Sardinia, and the Maltese group of islands are included. We hardly see why Corsica, too, should not come in: natural and linguistic connection might override political separation. The maps are small and rather rough; a good map of modern Italy would be a welcome addition: full maps of the past would of course amount to a whole atlas. The other illustrations are numerous, really good, and not confined to commonplace subjects. They come out clearly, and the execution and amount of detail are such as to enable us to use them upon questions of art or archaeology; good specimens are the Cloisters at Monreale and the Reading-desk in the Cathedral at Ravello. The Sicilian cart preserves for us something of a kind of decoration which may not last much longer. But still the least satisfactory sections of the book are those on History and Art; both are too short and leave the feeling of hurry and imperfection. But it would be difficult to have everything adequately handled in one volume; and the pages on science, commerce, and manufactures leave little to be desired. Mr. Deecke seems to have no political prejudices, and, which is an excellent thing, he is no flatterer of modern Italy. When he thinks she is making a mistake, he says so plainly. The translation is good, and leaves the text free from Germanisms.

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throws light on commercial as well as historical development. Trade and manufactures depend on the facilities or the products of particular districts; but their presence or their absence will alike produce a hundred ramifying effects. The straw-plaiting industry, which does or did flourish in one part of England,* is said to be dependent on the specially stout straw which the soil there grows. (Compare the special straw-work of Ischia, described by Mrs. Fitzgerald, p. 202.) Without coal (unless water-power comes in) it is hard to get the driving power which modern manufactures require; yet without such manufactures social life, and especially town life, must keep or assume very different characteristics.

"Italy possesses very little coal. The effect which the almost entire absence of this subterranean wealth exerts on the most different branches of industry and husbandry will appear often enough. . . . Northern Italy receives a great part of its supply over Mount St. Gothard. . . . Elsewhere the coal comes from England by sea."—(Deecke, p. 168.)

We must limit ourselves to hinting how the Italian peninsula (I) has had its history governed in two or three respects, other than those already mentioned, by physical geography, and how to this agency are linked (II) its population and, perhaps, in some odd ways, even (III) its art.

It has often been pointed out, chiefly by writers on ancient history, that Italy and Greece "stand back to back"—that is, their chief river mouths and harbours face away from each other. (Of course the R. Po makes an exception, but the mouths of that river were never found very inviting for commerce. What the district had to offer in the way of business or settlements was secured by sites near, not on, that great stream, by Aquileia, or

* This industry is mentioned by Mr. Mackinder in his suggestive work on *Britain and the British Seas*. He tries to trace the consequences of Britain's position and physical constitution. But his chapters illustrate to some extent the second danger mentioned above. He works out the military, the economic, the historical aspects of the geography, and more too. I cannot say he is wrong; the causal connections are undoubtedly there; but I do feel that the book comes to lose unity as it goes on.

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Ravenna, or Venice on the coast, or by the important Roman colonies on the river higher up, above the difficult delta.) This different facing postponed and diminished Greek influence in Italy till such time as the Roman State and Roman commerce could deal with the Mediterranean on a large scale. It also turned Greek colonisation away from the side which would otherwise naturally have received it. Such Greek colonies as were planted in Italy were chiefly on the South and South-West Coasts, not on the East. Two of these at least are still considerable places—Taranto and Naples. I should not like to say who founded Brindisi.

Even now the features of the coast and the nearness of the mountains to the Adriatic retard the development of the east side of the country. Look at a railway map of Italy south of the Po valley and see how comparatively scarce communication is across the Peninsula from west to east. South of Venice, too, there are not many harbours (Ancona, Bari, Brindisi), and these are not all of the first class. Yet even these have had their effects in artistic and other history. Ancona was one inlet for the political and architectural influences of Constantinople. Bari helped to admit the Middle Age migrations from the opposite coast. Brindisi is worth a great deal to modern Italy.

As to other South-Eastern harbours :—

“An unsatisfactory anchorage, a want of protected bays, and the continual threat of being blocked with sand, are common to all of them. The want of good and plentiful drinking water from which they suffer in summer makes them unhealthy and dirty.”—(*Deecke*, p. 404.)

Sicily, too, is not well off for harbours, badly as she needs them to counteract the obstacles to her traffic by land.

“Catania and, still more, the harbours of the South Coast are little protected. It is only at an enormous cost and by making use of the ruins of ancient temples that a dam has been constructed at Porto Empedocle, which gives some kind of security from the winds and the waves.”—(*Deecke*, p. 232.)

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It is hardly needful to point out how this state of things cripples exports and imports and keeps the country back.

The West-Coast harbours of Italy, of good quality, if not numerous, are yet not so scarce, and, what is more, they are fairly distributed. More than once in history they have directed Italian enterprise to the West. Yet even here sand or mud has proved an enemy. Rome and her neighbourhood have lost much by the silting up of the Tiber mouth. This told against Rome even in antiquity, and at the present day we cannot well go to Rome by water. Yet in the Middle Ages a coast line which was too bad for commerce was not bad enough to keep pirates or war vessels at a distance. Vandals and Saracens took or threatened Rome from the sea. The fear of the latter led to the building of the Leonine walls, and so produced a historical monument comparable to the Watch Towers which stud the Southern coasts. These inroads illustrate, too, the objections to the position of Rome, viewed as a capital. For such an alluring prey, it was placed too near the sea. Even in the nineteenth century Rome suffered from her accessibility. A French Republic or a French Emperor would probably have been less willing to uphold the Pope if his capital had been hard to get at.

But, also, as time went on in much earlier days, the Roman rulers discovered that their old capital was too far from the scenes of real danger to the empire. News was carried, or control exercised, too slowly at such a distance. Not even the great Flaminian Road shortened the journey enough.* The emperors had to move up nearer to the front; and so came the opportunity of the cities of Milan, Trèves, York, Sirmium, or Constantinople, to the prejudice of old Rome.

If the difference between West and East then is important, so is that between North and South. This difference neither time

* This is the imposing highway of which most travellers have seen something between Rome and Rimini—the arch perhaps at Rimini, and the bridge there, or the huge broken piers in the river at Narni, well seen from the railroad.

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nor the railway has levelled away. The South of Italy, below Naples at least, has neither the kind of ground nor the kind of citizens for modern industrial or agricultural development. The shape of the peninsula thrusts these Southerners far off. They have few ports to receive civilization by sea. The mountains cut them off from their progressive Northern countrymen, protect brigandage, and leave little plain cultivable country. To these natural causes add historical ones, such as the successive alien rule of Constantinople, the Normans, the Saracens, or Lombard duchies; and we shall not wonder that the inhabitants of the South are reported to be often either savage or idle, and in any case unwilling to bear those teachers of order, method, and honesty whom the Italian Government sends among them. That is probably the plain meaning of what Professor Deecke says:—

“The Piedmontese are said to be energetic, persevering, and tenacious in what they undertake, as well as reliable and conscientious and of sober judgment. This is all the more important as the same cannot be predicated of the inhabitants of Southern Italy. Piedmontese and Lombards have consequently been appointed to many positions of trust [in South Italy] and have often made themselves unpopular by their bureaucratic harshness and strictness.”—(*Deecke*, p. 129.)*

* Mrs. Fitzgerald tells us that “the Neapolitan is often his own enemy, and is not sufficiently lavish in his labour. He is content to live on a crust of bread rather than better himself.” Here is a curious story of his letting a fortune go:—“A baker happened to make a certain biscuit which gradually became a kind of ‘Sally Lunn’ in popularity among the foreign residents. It brought him an increased *clientèle*, and his fortune as a baker seemed assured; but one day the delightful little cakes were not forthcoming, and why? ‘Alas, Signora, I had to cease making the dolci; so many ladies wanted them!’”

But the same writer indicates many good traits in the Neapolitans:—“The people seem to me remarkably generous, and generosity among the poor is proverbial.”—The *Naples* of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald (Black) is a very different volume from Professor Deecke's handbook. Page after page, whether you look at text or illustration, you are penetrated with a sense of light, brightness, sunshine, and colour. Pergolas and flowers, distant islands and the blue haze of the sea, are swimming all the time before your eyes. The narrow and sunless streets of old Naples are not overlooked, but they are somehow merged in the general effect. The scenery of Naples or Capri or Sorrento is such as to lend itself well to the colour illustrator; and, if our first feeling is that the colouring is sometimes overdone, we must remember that it reflects a visit paid in the summer, not winter, and therefore in a season unfamiliar to English visitors. The word-pictures by Mrs. Fitzgerald are happy, whether of town, country, or museum. She has a keen appreciation of beauty, and knows how to inspire the reader with her own enjoyment. Her style is light, and her pen never dwells too long on anything. She is a shrewd observer, but it is the present alone which

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The largest valley and plain in Italy belong to the North. Therein arose the Leagues of the Lombard cities, and there, too, the Italian was in touch with progressive races to the North and North-West. Contact with these was not always a blessing; Lombardy had much to suffer from the Swiss, and much of the peninsula had to endure French interference long before the days of Napoleon. But still upper Italy did learn much from her neighbours, and the thing to be chiefly regretted is that she could not pass on these civilizing influences to the South and to Sicily.

It would probably be just to say that the further North we go in Italy the more we find that nature (*i.e.*, natural advantages of every kind) has been utilised by man, while in the centre and the South nature has imposed herself on man with more overwhelming power. But in one respect, perhaps, the two ends of the peninsula have taken equal advantage of their opportunities. One of the easiest ways in which man can sway nature, while obeying her, is the introduction of suitable new trees and plants. Hehn writes strongly about the metamorphosis accomplished in ancient Italy, the change from forest to garden and orchard. But, whether his view be sound or not—and there are some reasons for thinking he has pushed it too far—both ends of modern Italy draw wealth from introduced vegetation. The maize, the rice, the mulberries (for silkworms) of the North, the oranges and lemons of the South, enrich the landowners of to-day.

“Numerous lemon and orange gardens cover the low-lying parts of Sicily and Calabria; the dark foliage, the white blossoms, and the yellow fruit hanging by hundreds to the blossoming trees afford a charming sight.”—(*Deecke*, p. 115.)

The figures which Prof. Deecke gives for the cultivation of *agrumi* (*i.e.*, oranges, lemons, &c.) are really surprising; and interests her. Nor is even the present accounted for in any way; it is just accepted and enjoyed. It is not her business, as it is Deecke's, either to get statistics about to-day, or to explain, so to speak, the overlying skin from the underlying skeleton. Permanent causes are not her affair, but the life of the moment is brought vividly before us. The book is one to be recommended to all who wish to retain something of that gladness in mere living which the South holds up before the envious eyes of the North.

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tobacco-growing, too, seems to be creeping up, especially in the middle provinces; but the growth of these things is strictly limited, as he hints, to *low-lying* parts. Nature will have her say.

Through few matters does she have her say more emphatically than through the matter of roads. Think how English people of a past generation prided themselves on carrying a good high road from London to Holyhead; then look at a contour map of Italy (even the little one in *Deecke*, p. 30) and realize the difficulty, over much of the country, of connecting by road two towns which hills and ravines separate. In short, the mountains will not have it done; they forbade it altogether formerly; and even now the money cost tells heavily against every mile. New Italy has spent a fortune upon roads which cannot yet pay, and much remains to be done. "Many of the deep perpendicular valleys [of S. Etruria] are made use of as roads in summer," and "in S. Sicily the rivers [*i.e.*, dry river beds] form convenient by-ways into the interior." It took many years of old before even the energetic Roman Republic could provide Italy with a set of roads sufficient from her standpoint. The military cares of the Republic and the piety of the later Italians seem to have been the chief impulses to road-building. The remarkable zig-zag road up Monte Pellegrino, near Palermo, is a Pilgrim's Way; and it is a pity that objects of devotion were not discovered in a hundred other parts of Sicily.

Italy, then, is essentially a mountain country which has known how to make the most of her occasional plains. Lombardy must not be forgotten; but

"The Roman Campagna, the plain of Campania, the depressions on the Gulf of Tarentum, the Tavoliere di Puglia, and the plain of the Simeto in Sicily sink into insignificance as compared with the extent of the mountainous districts."—(*Deecke*, p. 33.)

It would be interesting to take another mountain country, Norway, and see in detail how different its history has been. Why? Why, indeed; that would be "another story," and a long one. But just note in passing that both countries have the

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habit of driving cattle up the hills in the hot weather ; that Italy did, and Norway did not, plant cities on hilltops, *Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis*, as Virgil said ; and that Italy, with all her long stretch of coast, never sent forth Vikings—except by land. The sea-robbers whom King Hieron of Syracuse defeated (his helmet-trophy is now in the British Museum) were Etruscans, hardly to be called Italians, and certainly an exception to many generalizations about Italy. On land in the peninsula a *ver sacrum* or something of the sort sent forth many a wave of population. Vikings and *ver sacrum* had one thing alike ; their starting was due directly or indirectly to short commons at home. But the Italian migrations always pushed South, and they generally halted at the Straits of Messina.

Once again, then, our train of thought brings us round to Sicily—naturally an island of Italy, but one with many points of difference from its continental neighbour. Italy's worst enemies are those who have found her out by land, and who tormented her more and more as their power of organization grew. Sicily has had to bow over and over again to foes coming from the sea. Sometimes the sea has brought help to her, as when, for instance, the English held the island against the French conquerors of the kingdom of Naples. Then, and at other times, *Oceanus was dissociabilis* for Sicily ; it has cut her off from, rather than linked her on to, the fortunes of the mainland. The ordinary migrations of Italian folk could not cross the straits ; the Visigoth Alaric and the Lombard Autharis failed, too, like Napoleon's generals ; and the detached position of Sicily counts for much in her unrest to-day.

But other natural agencies, too, come to their height in determining the history and present state of the island. The centre of Sicily is all mountain ; no roads, no railways can be easily made. Even the coast on the South-East has no thorough-going road between Cape Passaro and Catania—nothing, therefore, to bind together the villages, to encourage commerce or inter-marriage. The railway, to be sure, runs along the coast ; but as

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you travel by it northward, you look down the swiftly-succeeding glens to the sea on the right, or up into the hills on the left, and see no road, no viaduct, save that which you are using : and now that a railroad has come first, it may well happen that there never will be a road. The rivers of Italy have not helped her much.* They are generally too short for navigation. Why? Because the peninsula is narrow, and the mountains are, on one side at least, near the sea. New Italy has set about various water enterprises (as the reservoirs of the Ofanto), but she finds her work cut out for her. Mr. Deecke's chapter on Hydrography contains a summary of her troubles. Floods are an old grievance, floods of the Tiber, the Po, and other rivers. Even Cicero and Tacitus tell us of the water difficulties connected with the Upper Tiber or the Sabine country. Messina keeps, at least, one tame torrent. She cannot, apparently, divert it, so she has made for it a broad shallow-paved channel through the town, which is used in fine weather like a sunken street, and when the water comes down in spate, is crossed by a light iron footbridge.

But it is fair to remember on the other side, when we talk of rivers, that the raised beds of the Po and its affluents help the cultivation of rice and irrigation generally. The Tiber, too (whose violence is perhaps not quite quelled yet at Rome by the new embankments), preserved many treasures of antiquity for us under the slime and gravel deposited along its banks. As the river Kladeos in Peloponnese did us a good turn by burying and preserving the Hermes of Praxiteles, so the Tiber-floods buried and kept safe the official account of the Secular Games of Augustus, with its contemporary mention of Horace's ode on that occasion.

From what has been said already, it will not be difficult to see how the conditions of the country ruled the choice of sites for towns, and determined that the number of separate walled settlements should be very large. The high-piled towns of which

* Sicily has little that deserves to be called a river, and in some Italian islands the inhabitants have to live on collected rain-water only.

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Virgil speaks were traces of the unsettled raiding days of primitive history: every group of husbandmen or fishers must seek safety on heights or within walls. Fiesole, Orvieto, Ravello, and to some extent Siena, are examples of such a choice of site. To these old refuges the population was driven back, especially near the sea, when the hand of Rome grew weak, when Rome was once more at war with Tibur (Tivoli), and enemies again sailed the Mediterranean. That state of things never mended for much over a thousand years, till, in fact, the power of the Barbary States was broken. The "Sallee rover," of whom Robinson Crusoe was so much afraid, is answerable for the continued abandonment of coast-districts in Italy. Fugitives, who fled from Attila's advance on land, actually used the coast, or rather its islands, as a refuge, and ultimately founded Venice. But this too illustrates, in a different way, the same general principle.

But there was another enemy, too. Swamp and fever still hold back considerable sections of the kingdom. Man has been helpless against them till to-day, and even yet he has not taken over the control. The want of money and the difficulty of dealing with an ignorant and prejudiced population retard the application of modern discoveries.

"Fever formed a strong reason for leaving the low-lying districts and seeking the purer air of the heights."—(*Deecke*, p. 141.)

The same reason, I suppose, on a much humbler scale, made peasants outside Rome perch their tiny huts on the summit of the core of old Roman tombs. The modern town of Ninfa was altogether abandoned because of the malaria. Harbours, also, and trade-routes settled where towns should grow up. When the harbour mouth was closed by deposits, or the old routes were shut or changed, the towns dwindled. The distant barbarians who occupied Asia and Egypt in the Middle Ages impoverished Italy by cutting the lines of her oversea trade; and later still the Venetians found out what it means when commerce, following a new route, abandons an old one.

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“More unsteady than the Southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;
While naught remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave.”

So, too, Pisa “lost its importance as a maritime town owing to the receding of the land from the sea [*sic*], and was replaced by Leghorn” (Deecke, p. 101). Pæstum has perished, and Ravenna has nearly perished, from ceasing to be on the sea.

Towns deliberately founded in Italy for military reasons (as Piacenza or Alessandria) owed their choice of position to defensibility or to command of a road, a ford, or (late) a bridge.

The multiplicity of sites brought with it multiplicity of centres (centres of commerce, art, science, literature, and history or politics) and most entangled local histories. Hence, as we said, the need of a whole atlas for Italian history. (The curious story of the Spanish *Presidio* seems to be passed over by Professor Deecke.) It helped, too, to create the separateness or aloofness of districts which long helped the various tyrants of Italy to keep their places. But we cannot now follow out these points.

Finally, the sore place of modern Italy, her poverty, is connected with her very soil.

“The large increase in the number of inhabitants, combined with the already somewhat dense population, obliges hundreds of thousands [!] every year to seek their fortune abroad. The land adapted for cultivation is almost completely occupied, and can scarcely support a larger number of people under the present high rents and oppressive taxes. Industrial pursuits are only just beginning to develop : they attract some thousands of additional hands every year, but still there is not bread enough for all at home.”—(Deecke, p. 146.)

“External difficulties consist, first of all, in the competition of other countries which produce corn, wine, oil, and oranges. Italy does not produce nearly enough corn for her own needs, but nevertheless, unless it is willing to be entirely dependent on the foreigner, it cannot give up the cultivation of corn, and thus a remedy can scarcely be found for the low price of corn on the one hand and the dearth that would be brought about by a rise in price on the other.”—(Pp. 209-210 *abridged*.)

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The history of the population of Italy, the story of its various races, is quite closely linked with the study of the land itself. Just as in every other part of the world the older races, where they were weaker, sought refuge on heights or in remote mountain-valleys; as the uplands of Switzerland have protected forms of speech that cannot readily be found elsewhere; as the Caucasus range is called with justice a "Mountain of Languages"; so the out-of-the-way corners of Italy have defended many odd survivals of race or custom or speech. It is not necessary to lay stress on the suggested presence of Cimbri still in an isolated settlement near Verona; or on the discoveries in Etruscan religion claimed by Mr. Leland: there are plenty of more certain instances. But, taking Italy as a whole, its many invasions have given it "a most varied intermixture of peoples." The change of population, also, introduced some two thousand years ago by the enormous importation of foreign slaves from the whole basin of the inland sea, has never been sufficiently appreciated. Local feeling tended to keep every distinct settlement, where there was one to start with, distinct for ever. (Compare the stories told of the Scottish Newhaven, or of Little-England-beyond-Wales.) Enclosure in an island might have the same isolating and therefore preserving effect: perhaps, as Deecke says, "it is the Greek blood that endows the population of Capri with regular features, beautifully arched brows, and straight noses."

But in the larger blocks of accessible and yet self-contained country something like national characters and features have been developed; and these, though they make for picturesqueness, impede unity. Prof. Deecke hits off these sectional characters with some skill. But the Neapolitans will not thank him for one of his observations:—

"In Naples the popular type, especially among the women, has something of the negro; this is sharply evinced in the black woolly hair, the stumpy upturned nose, and the thick lips. This, and the small figure, sometimes lean, sometimes bloated, make the Neapolitans the ugliest race in Southern Italy."—(P. 131.)

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But, though this judgment will strike many travellers as exaggerated, and though Mr. Fitzgerald received a very different impression (see his *Women Knitting*, *Neapolitan Type*, and other illustrations), yet the least observant eye must notice the change as we travel South, from tallish and fairish people to shorter men and darker complexions. The straight nose, too, becomes curved. The North of Italy has received for many centuries settlers and invading armies from across the Alps, and is still drawing fresh blood from the same quarter ; the Germanic infusion is strong in many, though not in all, places. The South never had the chance of absorbing much German blood ; the Lombards and Normans were not in sufficient force ; and the supply was not kept up, as in the North, for centuries. But the South, and especially Sicily, did receive, among other settlers, a certain number of Mahometans, coming as invaders or as mercenaries. These Mahometans are usually grouped together by historians as "Saracens," but they mainly come from Africa, and that continent might send many strange strains of blood. The darkest and most Oriental looking folk that I have seen were in Palermo, not in Naples ; and it is no wonder, if we remember the successive peoples who have held the former city.

The connection between the art and the conditions of the country is much harder to deal with, as being more intangible. Apparent cases of fertility in art here or barrenness there may sometimes vanish if we direct our eyes from one kind of art-production to another, and, instead of looking, let us say, for pictures, look for architecture. Or, again, the barrenness of a district in any particular form of art work may be due to the race and character of its inhabitants rather than to the inferior outlines of its hills or its clear or misty sky. The late Mr. Grant Allen pointed out that the Etruscans of old produced beautiful objects in bronze or pottery (Prof. Deecke, at p. 153, surely exaggerates the faults of Etruscan work), and that the part of Italy which produced all the best painting of modern days is almost exclusively

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that in which Etruscans are known or suspected to have been settled.

The position and shape of Italy opened one or other of her windows to every breeze of artistic influence which blew about the Mediterranean. It is a truism that the art called "Roman" was based on the Greek. How again, later, Ancona, like Venice, naturally learned something from across the sea, we have already hinted. How much exactly we are to ascribe in one region or another to Oriental influences, to Northern influences, to copying the impressive magnificence of Rome, and so forth, is a matter of minute and, as yet, rather inconclusive enquiry.

If the connection of the painting with the scenery of a country is to be felt rather than proved or explained, there is at least one certain link between the features of Italy and her artistic history. Like the Tiber, Vesuvius saved specimens of the old arts to animate the new or to record the stages of the past. More than that, the study of history and of classical antiquity generally has been quickened by the finds of buried towns.

"It is to volcanic action that we owe the possibility of beholding ancient life down to the smallest details, for the cinder-covered ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae speak to us more clearly and more impressively than any books."—(*Deecke*, p. 55.)

It is a pity that Mr. Deecke cannot give a more encouraging account of present-day art in Italy. He makes rather hesitating allusion to goldsmiths' work combined with mosaic, to Courts of Justice and what he calls other "tasteful palaces"; but, when he summarises, he has to admit that if "new creations in painting and sculpture are being produced without intermission, it is true that these are for the most part from the hands of foreign masters, educated under the influence of Italian masterpieces."—(P. 312.) We will hope that the terrible sculpture to be seen in the shops of Florence, seeking its triumphs by representing lace minutely in marble, or by worse ways, is chiefly meant for foreigners; then the responsibility will be at least divided. But the obscurity of

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the subject, to which we make reference, is nowhere more apparent than here. The peninsula was long eminent in painting or sculpture or architecture : where have the native taste and genius gone to? If they still survive, why do they produce little except for the most vulgar class of patrons? The use of glass and iron is perhaps, imposed now for certain buildings; but the marbles and the old building-stones are still to be found ; the light, the atmosphere, the hills, and the water are unchanged.

ERASMUS.

By the Rev. A. JAMSON SMITH, M.A.



HAT an age! learning flourishes: the minds of men are awake: it is a joy to be alive!"

So wrote Hutten, author in part of the *Literæ Obscurorum Virorum*, who himself is a marvellous illustration of the learning and, still more, of the intense vitality which he describes. The sentence is a forcible expression of the enthusiasm of an age which had, as it were, just shaken itself loose from trammels. Western Europe had long before gone into prison, and had turned upon itself the lock which shut her out from the light of freedom. But now the long captivity was over: and Greece, as so often, was the deliverer. Greece had once more arisen from the dead, and with her own new life brought light of freedom to the nations of Europe. Men were rejoicing in the free play of the mind, in thoughts of political liberty, in the sense of spiritual freedom—in all that of which the very name of Greece is suggestive. And many another besides Hutten was raising a cry of delight.

Of this new light and life, to which Europe had arisen, the writings of Erasmus are the most interesting and eloquent expression. The constant burden of his works is *Bonæ Literæ*, the Good Learning. It is Erasmus' passion for *Bonæ Literæ* that explains his career. It made him an ardent friend of Reformation: it made him a bitter opponent of Revolution. It made him rise in strenuous revolt against the ignorance and superstition in whose jungles Europe had stumbled, until he with others pioneered the way to regions clearer and more bracing. But it made him an intense believer in the power of knowledge. He hated anything that appeared like an appeal to the argument of

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force because he had supreme confidence in the force of argument. Thus he was in very deed an Apostle of Persuasion.

An injustice is done by those who think that the Erasmus after Luther's revolt was untrue to the Erasmus before that event. An injustice is done by those who picture him as a mere scholar mainly desirous of keeping his delicate hands clear of a tangled turbulent business.

In the nobler sense of the word Erasmus had much of the Saint in him, although he certainly had more of the Sage. It has been said that "Goethe's heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew." This seems to me very much of an exaggeration. It would not, however, be doing Erasmus much more than justice to say that his heart was as good as his intellect was great. It may be reasonable that men should complain that Erasmus did not throw in his lot with Luther: that is, on the somewhat large supposition that they themselves believe in the doctrines of which Luther was so vehement a champion. But their complaint, if in itself reasonable, is very frequently based on quite wrong grounds. It is believed that Erasmus went so far with Luther and then drew back. It is believed that Erasmus had advocated in his own scholarly witty fashion the same reforms as Luther advocated like a courageous prophet—and that then Erasmus, finding what a ferment of agitation this created, recoiled. He and Luther, it is supposed, put their hands to the same plough. But the one was coward enough to draw back, the other was courageous enough to carry the work on to the end.

This is to leave out of sight a whole world of important considerations.

It is to leave out of sight that Erasmus continued (till death stilled his marvellously active brain) to be a consistent advocate of certain reforms within the Church. Religion presented itself to his mind as a system of ethics—a system of ethics whose trustee was the Catholic Church. The Church, he argued, late as well as early in his career, was scandalously untrue to her trust. Still, he

hoped that she would reform herself. This hope never died within him, and this partly because he was naturally of a buoyant, sanguine temperament—partly because of his intense faith in the power of ideas. Nor must we forget that the Church did reform itself; that great movement we call the Counter-Reformation was begun in his time, and resulted in certain important changes which were stereotyped at the Council of Trent. It is needless to add that he hoped for far more than was actually achieved. But in this he erred in company with a large number of earnest and wise men. No one, indeed, at the time when he died, in 1536, could have foreseen of how limited and unsatisfactory a character would be the reform within the Church itself. We judge Erasmus in the light of what took place after his death. We ought to judge him only in the light of what he and those who felt with him might reasonably expect would take place.

Erasmus, too, would have made Luther's own violence largely responsible for the reactionary tendencies of which this most incomplete reform was the result. Indeed, it is an oft-repeated complaint of his that the cause of *Bonæ Literæ*, of Good Learning, had been checked by the appearance of Luther on the scene. This in his view was tantamount to saying that the cause of sure though gradual reform, which the New Learning was bound to effect, had been retarded.

We need not wonder at Luther's own extreme dislike to Erasmus, though we are surely unwise in sharing it. The dislike of the two men for each other indeed is perfectly intelligible. They both devoted much time and labour to the study of the *New Testament*. But Luther found in it a system of dogmas. It seems to me that he was so much under the influence of Augustine that he may, without unfairness, be said to have read the *New Testament* through his spectacles. Erasmus, on the other hand, found in the *New Testament* a Divine example and a code of inspired morality. Hence Luther wished a reformed Theology—and for the sake of obtaining this reformed Theology he seemed,

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as Erasmus thought, prepared to turn the world upside down. Erasmus wished the Divine Example to be more faithfully followed and the Divine Precepts to be more loyally obeyed.

But he argued that as the Gospel had been first preached and had first won its way by pacific means, so its reformation could be accomplished by pacific means. The two men then differed, and differed most seriously, on the character of the Reforms to be desired—and also on the methods by which Reforms should be carried out. We may reasonably—according to our own particular standpoint—side with one or the other. But we may not reasonably blame either for not siding with the other. Erasmus is not to be regarded as a kind of mere dilettante scholar, or as lacking in moral fibre because he did not throw in his lot with Luther. Still less is he to be deemed a renegade. He never had been a Lutheran, and indeed ethically and intellectually could not have been so. He never swerved from his advocacy of reforms within the Catholic Church; just as he never attacked that Church as an opponent from beyond its pale. Because he advocated Reform and feared Revolution, we English, of all people, must not blame him. Nor may we rush to the conclusion that because he did not throw in his lot with a revolutionary like Luther, he, however wise of intellect, lacked earnestness of character.

Observe that I am not arguing that Erasmus was in the right of it in the great controversy of his day. Neither am I arguing that he was wrong. At present I wish only to clear his character of an impression which many entertain without ever having even questioned it. This impression is that Erasmus was a refined, cultivated scholar; but that he had the defects of his qualities. His scholarship lapsed into intellectual scepticism, his refinement degenerated into fastidious dilettantism.

This view I believe to be essentially wrong. Erasmus was too genuine an enthusiast—too true an idealist to justify the view that he was sceptical or dilettante.

Erasmus' enthusiasm, for example, in the important matter of the diffusion of Biblical knowledge can hardly be overrated. It finds most noble expression in the Paraclesis or Preface to his *Novum Instrumentum* (1516):—

“I long that the husbandman should sing a portion of the Scriptures to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their stories the tedium of his journey.”—*Seebohm*, p. 327.

Not even our too neglected countryman, Tyndale—to whom more than to any one other man we owe our English Bible—expressed himself more enthusiastically. Indeed, he felt that he could do no better than adopt the language of this noble and devout wish.

There was another serious obstacle to any co-operation between Erasmus and Luther. Luther was a German of Germans. The Reformation meant for him, as has already been implied, a return to the doctrines taught by Augustine. But it also meant a revolt of the Teutonic nations against Rome—a revolt with which he, by reason of his essentially German nature, was in thorough sympathy. Erasmus, on the other hand, born as he was in unlawful wedlock, left as he was at quite an early age without even nominal parents, constant traveller as he was from the time he reached manhood till his death, was essentially cosmopolitan—so cosmopolitan that he would not trouble to learn the national languages. In Italy his life was endangered because he did not know the language. He disliked French.

He gave up his living at Aldington because he could not speak English (though he agreed, on request, to hold it under certain conditions). He frequently pleads but slight knowledge of Luther's writings. I suspect that he read German with difficulty, and reluctantly.

The whole circumstances, then, of his life made it unlikely that the Reformation, as a rising of separate nationalities against the one international Church, would recommend itself to him; indeed,

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against the Papacy as such he never raised his voice, though he expressed himself courageously against the warlike proclivities of a particular Pope like Julius II. In this one consideration, if we will reflect upon it, there is justification enough for Erasmus' refusal to join the ranks of the Lutherans.

Here again we are not bound to agree with Erasmus' intellectual standpoint in order to concede that his position at any rate in no way reflects unfavourably upon his character.

Few of those who almost assume cowardice in Erasmus because he did not stand side by side with Luther, realize how much in a time of rapid transition a difference of sixteen years in age stands for. When Luther decisively broke with the Pope in 1520, Erasmus, constitutionally weak in health, and now worn by constant study, was fifty-three years of age. The robust Luther at thirty-seven might have dared much which the fragile Erasmus at fifty-three could not be expected to dare, even had the two men been in agreement on the essentials of the great controversy.

We most of us know that Erasmus wrote of himself, "I have no will to be a martyr." Is not this a confession from his own pen of his dilettantism? No; it is a single utterance from a man whose habit was to write down, just as the mood possessed him, whatever thoughts and feelings were passing through his mind. He wrote of himself:

"I am accustomed to pour into the bosom of friends, with the utmost freedom and carelessness, all my troubles, as well as my less serious thoughts, whatever they may be."

Now this piece of autobiography reveals him to us as he really was; a man of frank, expansive temperament, and it is no more fair to take a particular confession of want of heroism as conclusive than such passages as these in others of his letters:

"This I would most solemnly affirm, that if I knew of anything that could advance the cause of Christ, I would do it even at the risk of my life."—*Drummond*, ii, 106.

And again :

"I am ready to be a martyr for Christ, if He will give me strength to be so, but I have no wish to be a martyr for Luther."

Drummond, ii, 142.

Voluminous letter-writers, such as Cicero and Erasmus, place themselves at the mercy of their readers. The readers, in fact, find in this impartial self-revelation what they themselves bring eyes to see. Erasmus, like Cicero, lived in an age of revolution. Hence, for a correct interpretation of the character of both the men, there is required the unusual combination of the insight of a moralist, and the wide knowledge of a historian. We need not then be surprised at the very different judgments which are pronounced upon their characters.

It has been observed that Schiller was to Goethe what Milton was to Shakespeare. May we venture to add another comparison and say what Luther was to Erasmus? The distinguishing feature of the one type of genius—that of Schiller, Milton, and Luther—is intensity. Of the other type—that of Goethe, Shakespeare, and Erasmus—is extensiveness. The genius of the one type, that of concentration, is like the lightning irradiating with wondrous flashes select districts of thought and action—the genius of the other type, that of versatility, is like the sun shedding its generous softer splendour upon almost the whole region of human thought and action.

In this reflection is yet another reason why we should cease to blame Erasmus for not entering the lists with Luther. Indeed, it provides a reason why we should neither sacrifice our admiration for Erasmus at Luther's shrine, nor our veneration for Luther at Erasmus' oracle. It may well remind us of the truth so happily expressed by Luther himself in the sentence :

"To clear the air and to render the earth more fertile, it is not enough that the rain should water and penetrate its surface, there needs also the thunder and lightning."

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Froude writes very eloquently to the same effect :

“High-minded and gifted men may be made of the same celestial material; but one blazes like a comet, perplexing nations with the fear or reality of change; the other light is fixed and steady, if less immediately dazzling, and may shine on when the comet has burnt out.”

Goethe, we know, declared for Erasmus as against Luther. He would have us think of Erasmus as a leader of thought far in advance of his age—as one who was a mark for the obloquy of both the contending parties of his age, just because the tools that they used were too coarse and clumsy for his more discriminating taste. And indeed we can read very little of Erasmus' writings without being made to feel that the unbending bigotry of the extreme Catholics, and the impetuous violence of the extreme Protestants, were alike unwelcome to a thinker so tolerant, and to a critic of such insight as he was.

The toleration which a later age finds it only too easy to admire to Erasmus' own age seemed a crime. Controversy in some moods he thought of as a waste of time and folly. Thus on one occasion he wrote: “I would rather work for a month at expounding S. Paul than waste a day in quarrelling.” Looking out on the world as he saw it, the feeling that was most constantly and earnestly with him is expressed in his own words: “I would not make violence and bloodshed my means to assert the Gospel.” It was, too, one of his deepest convictions that violence should not be needed for the reform of a faith which had been founded without violence.

He is, for example, speaking in the language of a generation much later than his own when, in his *Paraclesis* or Preface to his *Nov. Instrumentum*, he gives this advice in reference to the interpretation of the Bible:

“The student should learn to quote Scripture, not second-hand, but from the fountain head, and take care not to distort its meaning as some do, interpreting the ‘Church’ as the clergy, the laity as the ‘world,’ and the like. To get at the real meaning, it is not enough

to take four or five isolated words; you must look where they came from, what was said, by whom it was said, to whom it was said, at what time, on what occasion, in what words, what preceded, what followed."

When, early in the history of the Reformation movement, the Roman Catholic authorities caused two Augustine monks to be burnt on the charge of heresy, Luther exulted, while Erasmus mourned. To Luther the folly of the adversary presented itself as a party triumph; to Erasmus it seemed a disgrace to the common cause of Christianity. Nay: Erasmus remonstrated with the Catholic party, and suggested that such acts were not only crime, but also blunder. For—he argued—"wherever a legate has stirred the smoke of the persecutor's fire, wherever a Carmelite Friar has practised his cruelty, there you may say has been one sowing the seed of heresy."

To Prince Charles, the future Charles V, Erasmus addressed a book called *Institutio Principis Christiani*, and concluded it with these significant words: "Christ founded a bloodless empire. He wished it to be always bloodless. He delighted to call Himself the Prince of Peace." To Pope Adrian, who had once been Prince Charles' tutor, he wrote: "People think Luther can be put down by force. The more force you try the stronger he will grow. Such disorders cannot be cured in that way. The Wycliffites in England were put down, but the fire smouldered." It is in this same letter (*Froude*, p. 289) that he draws a statesmanlike contrast between England, an united kingdom, and Germany, an aggregate of separate principalities, in order to warn Adrian, that even if suppression of heresy by force were possible in England, that would not prove that the same thing was possible in Germany.

Erasmus lived in an age of hottest theological controversy. It is true that he did not heartily accept many of the doctrines of either of the two great parties of his age. His convictions were of an ethical rather than of a theological character. But because

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he did not share the convictions of most of his contemporaries, we must not hastily conclude that he was without convictions.

We sometimes argue as if there could be conviction only that this or that particular doctrine is of supreme importance. Erasmus had deeply at heart a conviction of another kind. It was the conviction that considering the perplexing difficulty with which all theological doctrines are encompassed, the most reasonable and the most truly religious attitude is that of sympathetic toleration. In his own impressive language :

“The sum of religion is peace, which can only be when definitions are as few as possible, and opinion is left free on many subjects. Our present problems are said to be waiting for the next ecumenical council. Better let them wait till the veil is removed, and we see God face to face.”

Realize the circumstances of the age when Erasmus lived, and you will be willing to concede that his conviction of the need of toleration might well become to him almost a religion. Contrast him in this respect with some of the other leaders of his time ! In Germany Luther sanctioned the atrocity committed upon the vanquished rebels of the terrible Peasant Revolt. In Scotland Knox expressed approval of the murder of Archbishop Beatoun. In England Latimer preached on the occasion of the awful death of Friar Forrest. In the dominions of Roman Catholic Spain, King and Pope, we all know, thought fit to stamp out heresy by wholesale massacre through the agency of that most formidable of all human institutions, the Inquisition. Erasmus I have already called an Apostle of the method of Persuasion. And, as such, he raised his voice in indignant protest not only against these obvious and flagrant cruelties. He also lent his powerful aid to the introduction of gentler and more reasonable discipline into monastery, school, and home. Of the Church system, as he saw it, he seems to have thought almost the most mischievous abuse—the belief that the monastic life was the highest religious ideal. He was led to this view not only by a bitter experience of his own early life,

but also by his own natural disposition. To one so blithe and vivacious as Erasmus, the extinction of human affections and the crippled intellectual life of monasticism were intensely repulsive. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Erasmus' satire had killed monasticism years before any attack was made on the monks themselves. And this he had achieved because he was so sincerely convinced that monasticism was a cruel waste of human affection and energy.

Some of us may remember how the constant use of corporal punishment in schools affords R. Ascham an occasion for producing his book, *The School Master*, as a plea for a method of teaching Latin by which many youthful tears might be saved. This same author—Ascham—reminds us how common such punishment was in the home when he informs us that one so gentle and naturally gifted as Lady Jane Grey did not escape it.

Now in this humble connexion Erasmus again is an advocate of a more excellent way. There is preserved for us a most interesting letter by Erasmus, in answer to a request by Colet—the founder of S. Paul's School—to help him to find an undermaster for his new institution. Erasmus was at the time (1511-1513) at Cambridge, and in a position, as Colet fondly hoped, to provide a fitting teacher. Here is the answer—an answer surely very suggestive :—

“When I spoke of the undermaster among some of the Masters of Arts, one of them, a man of some reputation, replied with a sneer, ‘who would endure to spend his life in a school among boys who could possibly manage to live anywhere else?’ I answered quietly that I thought it a very honourable office to instruct youth in sound morals and sound learning: that Christ did not despise the tender years of children, and that no period of life so well repaid kindness, or yielded more abundant fruit, youth being indeed the seed-time on which the State depends for its future growth. ‘I added that truly pious men would be of the opinion that in no other way could they serve God better than by bringing children to Christ. ‘Whoever wishes to serve Christ,’ said he, turning up his nose in derision, ‘let him enter a monastery and take religious vows.’ I answered that Paul made true

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religion consist in works of charity; and that charity consists in doing all the good we can to our neighbours. He treated this remark with disdain, as if it only showed my ignorance. 'Lo,' said he, 'we have left all; in this perfection consists.' 'He has not left all,' I answered, 'who, when he has it in his power to do good to a great many, refuses the office, because it is considered too humble.'"

Elsewhere Erasmus spoke directly and strongly against the needless and excessive use of the rod in schools. But in this really winning piece of writing he shows that his ideal of the Teaching Office was a very high one—too high to allow of the master degrading himself into a kind of a thrashing machine.

The mention of Colet suggests the remark that if men are rightly to be judged by the friendships they form, we English, at any rate, should form an exceedingly favourable opinion of Erasmus.

In character, at least, Colet, Warham, Fisher, and above all, T. More, at that time were among England's very noblest sons, and these were Erasmus' chosen friends. It is a wise maxim of the French writer, Vauvenargues, that it is a clear sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise. Now it is not the least of Erasmus' charms that he speaks with such unstinted generous appreciation of his friends. Thus of Colet:

"He was a man of genuine piety. He was not born with it. He was naturally hot, impetuous, and resentful, indolent, fond of pleasure, and of women's society, disposed to make a joke of everything. He told me that he had fought against his faults with study, fasting, and prayer, and thus his whole life was, in fact, unpolluted with the world's defilements. He gave all his money to pious uses, worked incessantly, talked always on serious subjects to conquer his disposition to levity; not but what you could see traces of the old Adam when wit was flying at feast or festival. He avoided large parties for this reason. He dined on a single dish, with a draught or two of light ale. He liked good wine, but abstained on principle. I never knew a man of sunnier nature. No one ever more enjoyed cultivated society; but here, too, he denied himself, and was always thinking of the life to come."—*Froude*, p. 93.

When Archbishop Warham died, Erasmus wrote an eulogy of

him in the preface to the third edition of his *Jerome*, from which we learn that Warham would often say :

“How I wish I might once more see Erasmus, and clasp him in my arms before I leave this world : I would never let him be parted from me. The wish, says Erasmus, was mutual, but neither of us obtained our desire. May Christ in His mercy grant that we may soon embrace one another in that world where there shall be no more parting, and where no one will envy him to me, or me to him.”

Drummond, ii, 328.

Of Bishop Fisher, afterwards to fall a victim to the brutalities of Henry VIII, Erasmus wrote :

“Either I am greatly mistaken, or he is the only man with whom there is no one of this age that can be compared either for integrity of life, or for learning, or for greatness of mind.”—*Drummond, i, 150.*

I trust that we here will gladly forgive a little lack of balance of judgment in one who is writing about an intimate friend.

Lastly, of More he wrote, on hearing of his murder by order of Henry VIII :

“You will learn from a letter which I enclose the fate of Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester. They were the wisest and most saintly men that England had. In the death of More I feel as if I had died myself, but such are the tides of human things. We had but one soul between us.”—*Froude, 387, c. 97.*

Surely in this earnest, generous, enthusiastic relationship towards friends—friends all of noble character—there is no alloy of sceptical or dilettante or epicurean feeling ; on the other hand, and in the older and best sense of the word, it is the very quintessence of piety.

As we are now attempting to get a little nearer to the man himself, as distinguished from the opinions he held, let us at this point remind ourselves that his portrait was painted frequently by a most famous artist—Holbein.

We have this description in words of his person from a contemporary, *Beatus Rhenanus* :

“In stature not tall, but not noticeably short ; in figure well built

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and graceful; of an extremely delicate constitution, sensitive to the slightest changes of climate, food, or drink. After middle life he suffered from the stone, not to mention the common plague of studious men, an irritable mucous membrane. His complexion was fair; light blue eyes, and yellowish hair. Though his voice was weak, his enunciation was distinct; the expression of his face cheerful; his manner and conversation polished, affable, even charming."

Mark Pattison, Encycl. Brit., 515.

We may then add Erasmus to the somewhat long list of the illustrious, the strength of whose intellects has completely triumphed over the weakness of their bodies:—to name just a few most conspicuous examples; the great Apostle, S. Paul, our own Alfred the Great, the Warrior King, William III, and the two French writers—alike only in this one respect—Pascal and Voltaire.

Now let us then—before we conclude—listen to a few examples of the wit of Erasmus, prefacing them with the remark that his wit is eminently that of a man who is moving freely in both worlds, the world of books and of men. Indeed, altogether Erasmus is a Man of Letters, untainted by any touch of the Pedant. Hence his wit is wise and his wisdom is witty. He lived up to his own ideal, "All writing should be sweetened by the Attic charm." It is this that to a large extent accounts for his immense popularity in his own lifetime as a writer; though it must be remembered that this popularity was enjoyed by his Edition of the *Greek Testament*, as well as by his *Collection of Latin and Greek Adages*, and his *Encomium Morie*.

Here is an amusing account, from a letter, of an incident at Cologne:

"Imagine a wine-merchant reading my books, and given to the study of the Muses. Christ said the publicans and harlots would go into the Kingdom of Heaven before the Pharisees. Priests and monks live for their bellies, and vintners take to literature. But alas! the red wine which he sent to the boatmen took the taste of the barge-man's wife, a red-faced sot of a woman. She drank it to the last drop, and then flew to arms and almost murdered a servant-wench

with oyster shells. Then she rushed on deck, tackled her husband, and tried to pitch him overboard. There is vinal energy for you !”

On the outbreak of image-breaking at Basle (1529), he expressed surprise that the saints did not protect their images, since, in former times, they had on much slighter provocation wrought such mighty miracles.

To a Dominican monk who invited him to pronounce that the Dominicans had had the best of the argument against Luther, his discomfiting retort was, “How can I do that? You have burnt his books, but I never heard that you had answered them.”

He could extract a jest even out of his own painful malady. At one time, when writing to a friend, and mentioning how several Princes were inviting him to settle in their territories, he breaks out, “But I am afraid King Stone will shortly transfer me to another world.”

He received a present of a horse from Warham, who, like many another purchaser of horse-flesh, had evidently been duped. This is his humorous way of looking the gift-horse in the mouth :

“I have received the horse, which is no beauty, but a good creature notwithstanding : for he is free from all the mortal sins except gluttony and laziness ; and he is adorned with all the virtues of a good confessor, being pious, prudent, humble, modest, sober, chaste, and quiet, and neither bites nor kicks. I suspect that by the knavery or mistake of your servants another horse is come in place of the one you ordered.”

The Reformers, whether his Majesty Henry VIII or humble people, were not very happy in the matter of marriage.

When Oecolampadius, of Basle, married, Erasmus wrote :

“Oecolampadius has lately married. His bride is not a bad-looking girl. He wants, I suppose, to mortify the flesh. Some talk of the Lutheran tragedy ; I think 'tis a comedy, for it always ends in a marriage.”

The saying about the egg is perhaps better known than it deserves. It seems to have run originally in the simple form, “I laid a hen's egg, Luther hatched a chicken very far different.”

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“Ego posui ovum gallinaceum, Lutherum exclusit pullum longe dissimillimum.”

Erasmus, indeed, possessed, generally speaking, a singular felicity of expression. Thus, when he had paraphrased the Epistles of S. Paul and Peter, he did not intend to extend the paraphrasing to the Gospels. On being pressed to undertake this task also, he replied that to paraphrase so simple a narrative as that of the Gospels would be like lighting a candle at noon-day. A sentence all the more impressive because itself so simple!

But I must come to an end. Never perhaps was more eager student than Erasmus. Yet he was always man first and scholar next. Thus, in the very best sense, he was a devotee of the Humanities, never forgetting that literature was made for man, not man for literature. I can hardly conclude with happier illustration of this, or with advice more appropriate, than this of Erasmus to a young Lübeck student :

“Read first the best books on the subject you have in hand. Why learn what you will have to unlearn? Why overload your mind with too much food, or with poisonous food? The important thing for you is not how much you know, but the quality of what you know. Divide your day, and give to each part of it a special occupation. . . . Never work at night; it dulls the brain and hurts the health. Remember above all things that nothing passes away so rapidly as youth.”

His death was of a piece with his life; to the last his pen was in his hand, and when death came on July 12th, 1536, he was absorbed in his task of restoring the Greek text of Origen :


“Oh, Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me! I will sing of the mercy of God, and of His judgment.”

With these words he fell asleep, and his soul passed where

“Beyond these voices there is peace.”

THE PROBLEM OF CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH FICTION.

By EDWARD MCGEGAN.

MOST diligent and discriminating readers of our contemporary English fiction—those who have an inborn love for the novel, and who, having read and assimilated the masterpieces of the past, possess a worthy standard of comparison wherewith to test the quality of what is now presented to them—will agree, I think, that if that fiction is not quite in a state of decline, it assuredly cannot be called robust; that if the work of a few of our contemporary novelists is distinguished by both matter and art, the general attainment in these respects is somewhat low and painfully uniform. If we compare our English fiction of to-day, not with the fiction of the 'forties and 'fifties, for that would be unfair, but with the fiction of ten or fifteen years ago, we shall be compelled to admit that we do not live in a period of "fictional renaissance," but, rather, that the novel is, at best, in a state of transition, and possibly tending downwards rather than upwards.

I do not purpose making such a comparison here. I leave each lover of fiction to do that for himself. But taking it for granted that such a comparison inevitably leads to the conclusion that ours is a period of decline, let us see if we can discover some of the causes of that decline and some means by which it may be transformed into a new renaissance.

The first and most obvious fact which strikes us is, of course, that the present is simply one of those periods of decline which invariably follow periods of splendour and vigour. The generation of Dickens and Thackeray carried the novel to great and noble issues, and Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy have maintained the novel almost, if not quite, at this high level even to our own day,

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and have had, and still have, some able coadjutors—the skilled and conscientious craftsmen who are never wanting to a period of decline. But though these novelists form but a trifling minority compared with the innumerable less skilful, but often more popular, novelists who flood the market to-day with their incompetent work, we are not justified in making this disproportion a ground for pessimism. For there is a measure of comfort and some ground for hope in the thought that all periods of so-called decline in morals, literature, art, what you will, have really been periods of transition, periods when the ideals of the past were being reconsidered and were reassimilated or rejected ; when the ideals hitherto in advance of their time were being gradually but surely understood and realised : periods, in short, of preparation, when the germ of Renaissance was being nourished in darkness and in secret. A period of decline may be long or short, decadence may be more apparent, and genuine preparation for the future less easy to trace ; but the next renaissance begins there, has its roots deeply sunk there—and perhaps even manured by the elements of decadence—and cannot be dissociated from it. And there is nothing in the decline we are at present considering to warrant a belief that many elements of a great future are not incipient in it.

No other form of art makes so wide an appeal, has so many faithful patrons, as fiction. All ages and all classes are moved by it ; and as the feeling for true art has not yet been so rightly and universally developed as to constitute a sixth reliable sense, this of itself renders a purely æsthetic consideration of the problem of contemporary English fiction both unwise and impracticable. The problem is one of the many intimately bound up with our social and educational system ; and we shall, I think, best appreciate it, and arrive at an approximate solution of it, by approaching it, in the first place, from this point of view. And the view from this approach will, obviously, embrace a field of art wider than that of fiction.

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I.

A great—perhaps the largest—proportion of the readers of our current fiction are but recent recruits to the vast army of novel readers. They, or their immediate predecessors, influenced, to some extent, the nature and the quality of the fiction of ten or fifteen years ago; but their influence steadily increases in power, and can scarcely be said to increase the artistic value of whatever form of art it touches. The members of this large class have no real conception of a literary art. The expressions, “art for art’s sake,” “social art,” and what these respectively stand for are, to them, only a ridiculous tweedledum or tweedledee. They are the product of the imperfectly organised extension of our primary educational system; or, rather, the raw but excellent material of which that system has failed to make the most. How should we rationally expect that a haphazard system, formulated with little regard to the training of individual temperament, and concerned mainly with the communication of ill co-ordinated facts; a system so little defined that, before a particular experiment has been given a fair trial, another, and yet another on the heels of this, are instituted; a system which, in its uncertainty, its instability, reminds one forcibly of the constant fluctuations of stocks and shares: how should we rationally expect that such a system should transform raw boys and girls into men and women of individual sight and intellect and temperament, able to discriminate between what is ugly and what is beautiful, between what is true and what is false in life and in art? Our educational administrators would seem to have grasped the truth that it is a misfortune if the citizens of the nation have nothing in their stomachs, but a crime if they have nothing in their heads. And so far it is well. But the mental food they supply to the embryo citizen is too often of the poorest quality, is too often cooked and served by unskilful hands, and so inevitably results in congested brains.

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It would be foolish, and it would signify a lamentable ignorance of literary history, to declare that our most incompetent fiction is created directly for this class. Incompetent literature is contemporaneous with the birth of literature itself; and the most that one can say is that this class has enormously increased the demand for, and the supply of, the jejune and the ephemeral in fiction. And it would be criminal to condemn wholly our popular educational system, or to deny that it has great difficulties to contend against, and that despite these it shows a distinct tendency towards ever-increasing usefulness. It has done and is still doing good work; but it must be confessed that, like those it seeks to educate, it is still in the stage of infancy. It has raw material to operate upon, but instead of employing skilled labour, it employs men and women who are but half-trained for their mission in life; it attempts to produce finished and beautiful work by the paleolithic process of the attrition of raw material by material scarcely less raw. Every healthy child has something of the romantic tendencies, of the love for make-believe, and of the capacity for idealisation; has something of the emotion also, of the individuality, and, no less, of the realism, which contribute to the making of every true artist. But what does our educational system do towards developing these inherent qualities of the normally constituted child? Does it do anything at all? Does it not rather strive to repress them, and even eliminate them?—and to what end, if not that the healthy individuality, the very essence, of the child, may be replaced by the elements of a cold and insipid type-culture?

It is not enough to teach the child the mechanical elements of reading and writing. He should also be trained to have something worth the writing, at least for his bosom friend and for his future love, if not for the general public; and to discern *what* and *how*, amid the multitude of books, he ought to read. The learning of useless dates, and the cramming of idealised accounts of our own national history and distorted accounts of foreign history—

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of the creed that one's own country contains all the beauty of the world, and that one's own countrymen are the only elect of heaven—will not deepen his insight into the ways of men nor develop his independence of judgment ; nor will the study of the rule-of-three alone give him that sense of proportion so necessary to a healthy adult life. Nor, again, will the imparting of scraps of scientific fact as to the physical constitution of the world be of any real cultural use to him, if his feeling for the beauty of nature and of art is stunted. Is, then, all the native personality of the child, all his emotional life, his temperament, the rich soil which nature has supplied for the educationist to work upon, to be sacrificed that he may in time become little better than a receptacle for the unrefined waste products of learning and of art ?

It is a vital question, this of the right education of the child ; vital alike to the well-being of the individual and of the nation, and to the well-being of art. Moreover, just as our popular educational system tends to sap the emotional life and the individuality of the child, of the incipient artist that is in him, so our modern industrial system—or, at least, its money standards and outlook—tends to destroy whatever of emotion, of individuality, of art, may have survived in the “educated” youth. It is a system which has eliminated handicraft, and has specialised in the production of machinery, mechanical and human, and which sees to it that the former shall be better oiled than the latter, and shall not be the first to break down. But the human machine, though he be overworked, underfed, and burdened with the cost of maintaining the embryo human machines of the next generation ; though he be degraded by work which has little affinity with even the most rudimentary forms of art ; though he may sometimes even approximate to the thing of mere wood or metal which he spends his working hours in attending or directing, still, in spite of all this—nay, rather because of all this—has a mechanical itch, and often a very passion, for something different, for something which will enable him to forget for a moment that he is a machine

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and enable him to realise for a still briefer moment that he is a thinking and emotional being. Sport, drink, the magazine and newspaper, fiction : to these, and to other possible sources of relaxation and inspiration he turns—inexhaustible sources all of them, as befits a great thirst. I share his thirst for fiction, though I may seek to quench it by different blends ; and few sights please me more, or fill me with more sympathy towards my fellow-men, than the sight presented by the lending-room of a great Free Library on a Saturday evening. To see the labouring men and women, and the apprentice lads and lasses searching the catalogues and the indicators for books which will refresh their minds after their long week's work and recruit them for the coming week, and perhaps also enable them to tide over our long and dreary Puritan Sunday, is surely one of the wholesomest and most hopeful sights of our modern civilisation. It is a proof that the spirit of romance is still quick and alive among us, and that material forces are far from having gained the victory. It is a proof that art still has its ardent even if purblind devotees ; and though they may be unconscious that it is art they seek yet seldom find, it should surely be but an additional inspiration to those of us who hold by what is best in the art of fiction to do what little we may towards increasing and purifying their vision.

And how shall we best do this ? Not, I fear, by preaching pure æsthetics, nor by filling our public libraries with much of the bad and most of the indifferent in fiction, even though these are leavened by most of what is good. Nor shall we do it by founding a college for would-be purveyors of fiction, nor by instituting mild correction for corrupters of public literary taste. In due time, of course, a new literary renaissance will begin, and the niches of the great novelists of the past will be invaded by younger writers ; and this of itself will tend to raise the level of fiction. But even then the literary market will be flooded by the incompetent and the insipid, and the untrained reader will too often vegetate on the lower slopes of Parnassus.

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I say, then, that no measure of real improvement in public literary taste is possible till we realise clearly that the strongest and deepest roots of the evil are our popular educational and our industrial systems; that these systems together produce a large class—the largest of all—who have little real knowledge of the world they live in, and no vital sense of their own latent individual capacities and needs. They are ignorant of the small but complicated kingdom of the human organism. To them the eternal internecine struggle between flesh and spirit, between materialism and art, between the conservative and liberal tendencies of the mind, and between the conservative and liberal habits and customs of the outer man, are as unconscious as are the processes of respiration and digestion. Their mental contents are too much like a handful of disconnected pages, or a half-title and a few blank end-papers, torn from the pages of a mediocre and out-of-date encyclopædia. They have no sense of artistic fitness—only a childish love for stories; a love in which the innocence of the child is too often adulterated by a scent for pornography or a sniff of prudery. They are not voyaging on the stream of life and art; or, at best, they are but drifting upon it, and, in passing, they leave its waters untroubled.

I repeat that no measure of real improvement in public literary taste is possible till we realise that it is for this class, and for those idlers or ineffectives of the classes above them in whom better educational and cultural opportunities have failed to awaken an appreciative response, that the bulk of our contemporary fiction is produced. And this class is always powerful and numerous among us; for we cannot claim, *as a nation*, to be artistic, or to delight in sounding the problems of human life that we may be ashamed and so forced to rise higher. Our art has its great names, and our literature has only that of France as a possible rival; yet, as a nation, we are at present passive towards art and literature, we are not deeply moved and penetrated by them. And it may not be too paradoxical to say that our much vaunted

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freedom of speech is nowadays preserved very largely by our disinclination to say much that is worth the saying upon the social problem.

The curse of English fiction is only another form of the curse, now so long confessed, of English art—the tyranny of the mere “story” element. Nine readers out of every ten demand that they be amused or excited by tales of hairbreadth escapes from violent death or from celibacy ; or, in another mood, they demand the luxury of shedding saltless tears over the unhappy fate of fragile marionettes.

But the widespread demand for stories is a sign of health, a proof that the spirit of romance is still alive among us. And it is a demand which few of us would seek to thwart. But there is something acutely irritating to the lover of art, and to those who strive to relate art to life, in the fact that this demand is so universally a demand for the cheap and the ephemeral, for fiction destitute alike of art and of any real relation to life. Is it not time that we escaped from this infantile view of art and fiction?—that we realised that art is hardly less essential to our well-being than religion ; that the novel is one of the most vital forms of art ; and that, like all other forms of art, it is not merely a means towards passing heavy time or obtaining momentary forgetfulness of self and time, but a quickening and inspiring influence towards the right use of time and the development of what is best in us ?

I do not say that fiction should necessarily have a purpose, but I do claim that fiction should be something more than a mere story. I claim that good fiction should have so direct a bearing upon life and thought, and should be so constructed and so infused with art, that the name “fiction” will be but a misnomer ; that the novel will be for us one of the great realities of life. Nor—though the experiment is being tried in a small way in some of our primary schools—do I insist that the study of fiction should hold a place in our popular educational system ; but I do say that that system should have its monotonous and somewhat deadening

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study of fact relieved and wholesomely counteracted by some training of the emotions, by a directing and developing of individual temperament—and what could do this better than some study of literature and art? And I submit that such a reform of our educational system must needs affect our industrial system. It would hardly alter the economic basis of that system, but it would assuredly lessen its injurious effects upon those who are submitted to it—that is, the tendency of our industrial system to corrupt or wholly prevent the artistic gropings of the workers would receive a wholesome and probably increasing check if our educational system, instead of stifling these in the child, strove earnestly to develop and direct them.

As in politics, so in art, conservatism is not a wholly unmixed evil. So long as it seeks to conserve what of the past is productive of good in the present; so long as it turns our eyes in passive admiration towards what, once great or good, is now no longer practicable, it is eminently useful and even progressive. But even in the sanest and most alert conservatism there is inevitably a something which acts as a brake upon the wheels of progress. The conservative among the readers of fiction whose conservatism is founded upon an intimate knowledge of the fiction of the past, may, for the most part, be credited with a genuine love and feeling for art, and a wholesome abhorrence of the mere time-serving novel. So long as such a class exists, the great masterpieces of the past are assured of immortality, and some of the masterpieces of their own day which do not violate the literary traditions of the past, will be carefully handed down in well-thumbed condition to their children and even to their children's children. But in so far as they are conservative in their tastes and in their outlook upon the world and the affairs of men; and in so far as art, and fiction in particular, is, to them, merely a personal intellectual or emotional pleasure, whether as an end in itself or as a tonic to the serious occupation of their days, art, and

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fiction in particular, is, so far as their influence is exerted upon it, always in danger of remaining stationary. For conservatism, in its very essence, is ancestor-worship. It is founded on deep attachment to the past. It looks so carefully backwards before it takes a forward step, that its progress is always slow and often faltering, and it constantly loses sight of beautiful or useful things lying about its feet. Its hands, its eyes, and its mind are so full of the past and the elements of the past persistent in the present, that it has not hands to grasp, nor eyes to see, nor a mind to assimilate what is new in the present or what of the future is latent or struggling towards birth therein.

The result, for man and for art, is as lamentable as it is inevitable. It is from them that the organised resistance to new ideals, new methods, new schools in art proceeds. Their condemnation of the more or less hysterical and unwholesome elements which so often alloy or obscure each new ideal is, sooner or later, always productive of good ; but this condemnation, being mainly founded upon a blind conservatism, upon a baseless belief that the eternal question, "What is Art?" has already been definitively answered, is itself, because of this unreasoning prejudice, directly productive of infinite harm to art. They fail to realise that all past ideals in art, and all the forms to which these have given birth, were themselves once revolutionary; and that their own admiration of these is due to the fact that time has slain and partially buried all their inferior products, and has preserved only their fine flowers and fruits. Their devotion to the spirit of the past obscures their vision of the present. It bestows upon them something of the quaint charm of a comely fossil ; but, as a consequence, it tends to render them passive, to make them mere witnesses to the gradual evolution of art. But art progresses in spite of them. They too are compelled to move ; and at last, when its dye has mellowed and its "cut" has gone a little out of fashion, they are proud to borrow the *gilet rouge* of the Théophile Gautier of their day.

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Another cause of the stagnation or of the actual decadence of art is the increasing tendency towards specialism of profession or interests, which tends rigorously to narrow the field of our interests and activities, and to make the pursuit and the products of art, and of fiction in particular, appear as mere pastimes or playthings. No century in man's long and varied history can compare with the nineteenth in penetrating investigation of all the varied phenomena of the world—of science, of art, and of life in all their forms. But this investigation has been pursued on too purely analytic lines. It took its rise in a common and inexhaustible source; but its waters soon flowed off in separate channels, which, even in times of heavy rains, had no later point of contact, and even yet do not flow towards a common sea. At one time a Comte, at another a Spencer, undertook the herculean task of uniting them; but the waters were too divergent and their current too strong. And so the astronomer—to symbolise all by one form of specialism—so long as he can follow the evolutions of the tail of a comet, cares not how it fares with the bodies or the souls of men; or spends his days and nights in computing the distance of a star from the earth, but never calculates how far humanity is still from heaven; or, absorbed in the wonderful power and art of an elusive Creator, turns his eyes away from the scarcely less wonderful power and art of his fellow-men.

The results of unbridled specialism are somewhat similar to the results of our popular educational system. Specialism does for the specialist what the primary school does for the child—suppresses the emotional life of the individual, and gives him, for sustenance, half-nutritive, half-indigestible facts, and distorts or obscures his vision of the world. But here also, as with our popular educational system, it would be foolish to indulge wholly in condemnation. We owe much to specialism, and have still much to gain from it. We may even acknowledge that the years which Darwin spent in the study of earthworms were as fruitful as those which Jacob served for Rachel or those which Leonardo so lovingly devoted to

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La Gioconda. But the confession should be accompanied by a perception of the evil side of specialism and of the necessity for attaining to something of the cosmic and synthetic spirit which characterised the ages of Pericles and Lorenzo de Medici. For it is only by the attainment and the exercise of such a spirit that all the varied manifestations of the world become visible and personal to us, and that all the varied faculties of our being can each find its due measure and fulness of life.

We may admit that conservatism and specialism, no matter what may be the end towards which their energies are directed, no matter what may be the sum of the good we derive from them, react injuriously upon art. Yet we are scarcely ever sufficiently upon our guard against their limiting and pernicious tendencies. It is only when we realise concrete and striking instances of their injurious effects—instances of exceptionally progressive spirits being partially corrupted by a conservatism almost foreign to their nature—that we realise how pernicious these tendencies are. Sainte-Beuve, the greatest of all literary critics, the founder of criticism based upon the threefold study of the individual, his work, and his time; the composer, too, of a new theme in poetry, and so far free from the prejudices of his day that, almost alone, he recognised the true value of Théophile Gautier's art, failed to perceive the full measure of the genius and power of his contemporary Balzac. Fromentin, one of the greatest of art critics, and in this department of his varied life-work a follower, to some extent, of the methods applied by Sainte-Beuve to literary criticism; one of the first, too, to make psychology a constituent element of the novel, saw clearly the genius and the merits of the old Dutch *genre* painters, but, though himself an innovator in the art of painting, failed to realise the greatness and the real significance of his contemporary Millet. Ruskin, so far ahead of his generation in matters economic and social, and breathing into the analytic nineteenth century something of the synthetic spirit of the Renaissance and of the age of

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Pericles, educated his countrymen towards a right understanding of Turner and of the Pre-Raphærites, but, even ere his intellectual prime was past, showed by his attitude towards Whistler that he himself, the æsthetic revolutionary, had failed to keep pace with art. And even Michelangelo, in whom more than in any other, save Leonardo, the omniscience and the omnipotence of the Renaissance were embodied ; who not only excelled in the things of the intellect and of art, but played a prominent part in the political struggles of his time—even he was led astray by conservatism, and declared that “to colour in oil is an art for women or for such easy-going indolent folk as Fra Bastiano.”

II.

I have said that periods of decline are really periods of transition, periods of preparation for the next renaissance ; and that the present is no exception among these. If we examine our current fiction with care and diligence, whether as devotees of art for art's sake, or as those seeking to link art with the social needs and the intellectual pursuits of their time, we shall find in it many elements which may lead to great results in a not too distant future. Approaching it from this latter point of view we find that much of it—what I take to be the best of it : the highest in intention if not always the best in actual results—deals with the actual problems of human life ; and thus something of the complexity of life itself inevitably confronts us. But if we can penetrate to the centre of this complexity, and discover the dominant idea, the motive force, from which our best contemporary fiction springs, and can find some formula which will express this leading idea, this motive force, we shall see clearly what our possession is, and what it may ultimately do for us and for the race.

It would be too much to say that Comte's ideal of art lies consciously at the root of our best contemporary fiction ; but it seems

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to me to be beyond all question that much of that fiction is the direct product of an ideal of art which, less rigid, and more independent of other activities of the human mind and will, yet has many close affinities with that of Comte. The increasing complexity of human life, and the consequent increasing necessity for attaining, not only to a philosophic, but still more to a concrete, grasp of it, tend, despite many appearances to the contrary, to induce an element of co-operation into all the activities of human intellect, emotion, and energy. Each new movement, social or political, æsthetic or scientific, though it necessarily springs in the minds of its originators from a more or less comprehensive knowledge of and experiment with what has already been achieved, soon sets out upon its own path; but when its originators and their coadjutors, or—for the affairs of men often march at a funeral pace—their disciples of a later generation, have proved that the movement is justified and is productive of good, and has a clearly defined goal in front of it, it is switched from its siding on to the main line of human progress. Thus in the art of painting, Manet and Monet, filled with visions which they find but partly shared and expressed by their forerunners in art, are absorbed by the technical problems of impressionism; but in due time their contemporary Pissarro and their younger contemporary Raffaëlli, pass beyond the limits imposed by art for art's sake: the former aids in the most advanced social and political movements in France, and contributes permanent value to their periodical almanacs; and the latter gives us those paintings of the Paris worker and his *milieu* which are at once superb works of art and human and historical documents of the greatest value. Thus also in fiction, Zola, absorbed by the elaboration of realist art, and content to criticise and destroy the *Rougon-Macquart* stage of civilisation merely upon paper, dreams and works alone; but, passing from the literary contemplative and critical (the *Rougon-Macquart* and the *Trois Villes*) to the actively destructive and constructive stage, he becomes with *J'accuse* the

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active destroyer of an unjust and corrupt militarist regime, and with the *Quatre Evangiles* the prophet of a new and better world.

The spirit of exclusive specialism, of analysis, of decentralisation of the activities of human intellect, emotion, and energy, must always be powerful in man; but the spirit of synthesis, of the centralisation of the activities of human intellect, emotion, and energy is never dead, but is always latent and ready to respond to a breath of life. And despite the present decline, I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that the novel bids fair to do for our time—even to say that some novelists have already done for their time—some measure of what Aristotle did for Greek life and thought, of what Roger Bacon and Dante did for the Middle Ages, and of what Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the other encyclopædists and *philosophes* did for the products of the changed conditions of life and thought initiated by the Protestant Reformation and by the growth of rationalism in France.

Such a formula may be found, I think, in the increasing recognition that some knowledge of place and of social life in it—of geography and of sociology in their widest and most human aspects—is necessary to the right understanding and fulfilment of life. The intimate dependence of life in all its forms upon the environment—upon conditions of soil and climate, upon configuration of land and proximity of sea, etc.—inevitably makes it impossible for us to see where the one ends and the other begins—a fortunate inevitability, for we are thus compelled towards a more or less synthetic outlook upon the world and man. Many of our best recent and contemporary novelists have, deliberately or unconsciously, acquired such an outlook. They have based their works upon a study of geography and sociology, upon a study of man in his relation to his complex environment; and, fusing together the various results of their study by an art, here hesitating and imperfect, there sure of itself and consummate, have given not only contributions to the literature of their own or of all time, but quickened impulses towards social action.

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This, I take it, is an approximate statement of the formula for which I am in search : that the novel tends more and more to become a study of sociology based upon geography and raised, by art, above the prosaic scientific level ; an attempt to reach not only a cosmic synthesis for the intellect, but a human synthesis which will appeal to the intellect through the emotions.

The conception, in its fundamentals, is not a new one. It is implicit, to some extent, in all great products of literature, from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, the *Bible*, and the other innumerable sacred books of the Ancient East, down through Greek literature, through all literatures, to our own day. We find it, far beyond the amorphous stage, in the earliest English prose romance which approximates to the modern novel. For what is it that makes *Robinson Crusoe* such a universal favourite with readers of all ages and classes ? Is it alone its style, its character-drawing, its apparent truth which almost makes one class it as a biography and declare that telepathy must have united the spirits of Defoe and Selkirk ? These qualities alone might ensure for it an undying popularity among students of literature and educated people at large, but they could not alone win for it an undying popularity among the uneducated and the youthful. Surely it is rather the glimpses which it gives of a distant island, of a life passed amid strange surroundings and under new conditions, of the struggles of a lonely man with the forces of nature and with hostile savages ; surely it is, in fact, because the book is simply and essentially the experiences of an early, though a somewhat unwilling, explorer, and a builder of a personal sociology.

Richardson and Fielding, too, are not mere tellers of tales but rather the social historians of their time ; and Scott, despite the fact that he is primarily a romanticist, is surpassed only by Balzac as novelist of the geographic and the human ; while one is tempted to say that Maria Edgeworth is still indispensable as a guide alike to the tourist in Ireland and to the student of the Irish question.

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But to find the origins of a conscious conception of the novel as at once an artistic treatment of geography and sociology, we must go, as we so often must go in the search for origins, to France. It is in the *Comédie humaine* of Balzac, in his deliberate study of the scenes of Private Life, of Parisian Life, of Provincial Life, of Rural Life, of Military Life, and of Political Life, that we find the novel assuming the functions of a geographic and human synthesis, of cosmic criticism and construction. It is true, as Brandes has so well pointed out, that Balzac's conception of the historical novel, and of the novel dealing with contemporary life, owes much to Scott; but his debt to his British forerunner is similar in amount and in kind to that which Monet owes to Turner. As much of Monet's art is based upon the scientific discoveries of Chevreul, and all that he has imbibed from the idealist Turner is used towards the attainment of totally different, of realistic, results; so Balzac makes himself conversant with the scientific theories of his time which bear directly upon life, and what of the spirit of the idealist Scott he has assimilated is used towards the production, not of a continuation of the Waverley novels, but of the wholesome and necessary counterpart to these, the *Comédie humaine*. And here, in this *Comédie humaine* of Balzac—in this wonderful expression of human intellect, emotion, and energy, which some of us believe will one day be placed, by all who seriously consider and are moved by the problems of life and of art, upon a level with Shakespeare and Dante and Homer—in this first deliberate attempt to treat in fiction of the interaction of environment and human life,* we find this, the highest, form of the novel in still unapproached excellence and power. Seldom has a new form of art been instituted upon such fundamental and synthetic principles as this which we owe to Balzac.

* Balzac's own words are, "J'ai tâché de donner une idée des différentes contrées de notre beau pays. Mon ouvrage a sa géographie comme il a sa généalogie et ses familles, ses lieux et ses choses, ses personnes et ses faits, comme il a son armorial, ses nobles et ses bourgeois, ses artisans et ses paysans, ses politiques et ses dandys, son armée, tout son monde enfin."—General Preface to the first edition of the *Comédie humaine*, 1842.

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There never was a more encyclopædic mind, never a more synthetic purpose and method, than his ; but, save perhaps only Zola, all who have contributed supplementary volumes to the *Comédie humaine* have pursued the analytic method, the study of the detached ; and it is only indirectly, by the fortunate kinship which most of the fundamentals of human life everywhere present, that some measure of synthetic continuity has been preserved. But this measure of continuity, insufficient though it be, is of priceless value, for the novels which contribute to it may help us to fill up the inevitable lacunæ of the *Comédie humaine*, and are the necessary steps between its generation and that later generation which may be blessed with another Balzac.

I have amused myself at times by marking upon outline maps* of different countries the towns or districts which have been treated in something of Balzac's spirit and method by recent and contemporary novelists, and have supplemented these maps by notes of the novelists' names and the titles of their works, and, in some cases, by notes on the results achieved. In looking over these maps and notes, I am amazed by the measure of sincere and fruitful labour which has been devoted to this form of national survey. The maps do not, of course, present the well-filled appearance of the maps of the ordnance or the geological survey. They are, compared with these, like the maps of Africa of a hundred years ago compared with those of to-day ; but even as they are, they show clearly that novelists are gradually preparing a survey of the world which will give to the more purely scientific surveys so long in progress their indispensable human completion and interpretation. It would require a long article to convey any adequate impression of the extent to which this has been achieved, but some idea may be gained by glancing for a moment at the partition of Britain among her novelists.

* Since Mr. F. H. Bayles has prepared, and Mr. Henry Faux has published (1903), a sumptuous descriptive "Race Courses Atlas of Great Britain and Ireland," why should not some literary geographer and some enterprising publisher give us a like companion to the Great Britain and Ireland of fiction ?

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Scott, like Balzac in France, is the most comprehensive of all both as regards time and place. He claims all the island for his province, and makes all time serve his purpose. Dickens, too, is not content with the London he knows and loves so well, but stalks abroad with keen and sympathetic eye, and sees men and places in the past as well as in the present. Nearly every other novelist, however, who has pursued this method in fiction, has limited himself mainly to that particular smaller or larger portion of the country whose geography and people he knows most intimately. Beginning at the north of Scotland, we find that the late Mr. William Black endeavoured to present the scenery and the life of a large part of the Highlands. To many, he is second only to Scott as novelist of the Highlands; but to those who have any understanding of the Celtic temperament and its environment, he is little better, except in some of his earlier work, than an amiable literary tourist who sees all things with the eye of Glasgow, or London, or Brighton. But in the works of Miss Fiona Macleod and Mr. Neil Munro, we find a description of scenery and an analysis of human character, and an insight into the intimate relations existing between them both in the past and in the present, such as we shall scarcely find elsewhere in English fiction save in the pages of Mr. Thomas Hardy. These two writers exert, as it were, a dual literary sovereignty over the Highlands. Miss Macleod is sovereign of the spiritual, Mr. Munro sovereign of the temporal. Sometimes the one invades the domain of the other, and, as one might expect from the history of all periods of rivalry between the spiritual and the temporal powers, Mr. Munro has been heard, at times, to gird against the methods of his rival. Aberdeenshire has been interpreted by Mr. George Macdonald, Kirriemuir by Mr. Barrie, Logie Almond by Mr. Maclaren, Fifeshire by Mr. Storrar Meldrum, Ayrshire by John Galt and the late Mr. "George Douglas," Galloway by Mr. Crockett, and nearly related districts of Edinburghshire by "Delta" and the late Mrs. Oliphant.

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In England, the Isle of Man and "Cumbria" have fallen into the hands of Mr. Hall Caine—he is indeed first on my list, but that list is arranged geographically and not in order of merit. Lancashire has been interpreted by Mrs. Gaskell, Mr. J. Marshall Mather, and Mr. John Ackworth. The Brontë sisters, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, and Mr. J. S. Fletcher have grappled with Yorkshire. Warwickshire lives, as few other counties live, in the pages of George Eliot. Somerset has found a voice in Mr. Walter Raymond, and Cornwall in Mr. Quiller Couch; while the late Mr. Blackmore dealt, in his amiable and rambling way, with Somerset, Devon, Sussex, and Kent. And, among the most important of all, we have the great and vital interpretations which Mr. Hardy has given of the scenery and the life of "Wessex"; and the treatment of low London sights and life by the late Mr. Gissing, by Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. Maugham, Mr. Edwin Pugh, and others.

Wales and Ireland, too, are not without their regional novelists. Mr. Harry Lindsay has treated of Methodism as it finds expression in the life of a Welsh valley; and Miss Allen Raine has presented her fellow countrymen with infinite sympathy if with limited power. Miss Edgeworth and Lover and Carleton have left to us a record of an earlier Ireland; while we may learn much of the Ireland of to-day from the studies of Miss Jane Barlow and her coadjutors, and from the delicate spiritual interpretations of Mr. Yeats.

These names do not by any means exhaust the list of the novelists who have studied the geography and the life of Britain. And we might go farther afield and see how the less stable civilisation of Britain beyond the seas is finding its interpretation in fiction; how India has become nearer to us through the work of Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Perrin, and Mr. Kipling; how Australia has found its social historians in "Tasma," Mr. Boldrewood, and others; how the Pacific Islands have spoken through Mr. Stevenson, and, less musically and pathetically, through Mr. Louis

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Becke. Or we might trace the growth of a similar work among our American cousins, and see how the New England studies of Hawthorne, Miss Wilkins, and Miss Jewett ; those of Kentucky by Mr. J. Lane Allen, and of the Wild West by Mr. Bret Harte ; those of the South which Mr. Cable has given us ; the *Tom Sawyer* and other tales of Mr. Mark Twain ; and the " Bowery " tales of the late Mr. Stephen Crane, have all, though some of these may be of greater excellence as works of art, culminated in the vast and synthetic conception of Mr. Frank Norris's *Epic of Wheat*—a conception unachieved, alas, owing to that writer's untimely death.

The list might thus be extended almost indefinitely ; but such as it is, it may serve to prove that the conception of the novel as an interpretation of geography and sociology has moved many minds, and has produced a conscious and sincere effort to build up a body of " regional fiction."

In face of such results, then, it may seem absurd to express dissatisfaction, and to cry " Decline." I owe many happy and profitable hours to these books and to others of like kind—hours in which they have presented to me the threefold study of geography, and sociology, and art ; and I must always be grateful to their authors. But when I realise that the best of these books were nearly all produced previously to the fifteen years, or, at least, the decade just closed ; that many of the others, while excellent in intention, are lamentably weak in achievement ; that further contributions to this, the highest, form of fiction, show a marked decrease in numbers and a still more marked decline in quality : that, as the synthetic grasp is lost, the dominance of the merely pretty and sentimental or the vulgar and sensational story element increases, I am fain to turn aside and seek for consolation in a re-reading of earlier and greater achievements. And though I would fain spend some of my surplus ha'pence upon additions to my shelves of fiction, I find they are at present more profitably spent upon the binding of my much-worn Balzac and Zola.

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Along what lines may we reasonably look for improvement? By establishing a "Regional Fiction Survey" similar to the Government Ordnance and Geological Surveys? That would doubtless give us a vast body of concrete facts, infinitely more useful than the average Blue-book; but experience teaches us that we shall look in vain for art from a survey and criticism so official. But the Government *may* help us by framing a more humanising and elevating code of primary education; by doing what it can to supplement the three R's by something which will train the intellect and the emotions, and develop the inborn æsthetic sense of the child, instead of stifling these by an *olla-podrida* much of which is but sterile humbug and almost as out of date and humanly distorting as a hoop or crinoline. And much lies in the hands, or rather in the minds, of the conservative and the specialist; for by a slight relaxing of the inherited or self-imposed bonds of literary conservatism, by a widening of their conception of the sphere of art, by a slight infusion of synthesis into their all-absorbing analysis, the demand for a nobler and more human and no less artistic fiction would be increased, and the supply would ultimately follow. But the vital seeds of improvement are to be sown by our novelists themselves—for in true art it is always the artist who creates the demand—and there is an abundant stock for them to draw upon if they will but go to it. Our planet still bids fair to spin its course for a generation or two; and the current tendency towards decreasing population has not yet menaced the existence of the human race. Life and its environment are still with us and around us. And the great works achieved by the masters of the past are still extant and accessible to all, still quick with human passion and joy and sorrow, and still virile enough to become the parents of a healthy younger generation. The vital seeds of improvement are to be found by a return to Scott and Miss Edgeworth, to Dickens and Thackeray, to George Eliot and Thomas Hardy and George Meredith; above all, to Balzac and to what is best and wholesomest—and

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there is much—in the work of Zola ; by a return to something of the spirit which animated these and other kindred writers ; to a conception of the novel as a work of art based upon the study of human life and its complex economic and geographic environment, and of the sciences which may aid thereto.

But the return must not be blindly conservative or reactionary. The revival must not be conducted, like the neo-Gothic revival, in a slavish and abject, or a cold and insipid spirit. Another Scott, in all respects like to Sir Walter, would indeed be a gift from the gods ; but a literary Sir Gilbert Scott would be far from an unmixed blessing. Balzac and Zola are far from being uniformly perfect models of artistic fitness. They are not seldom as bald and ineffective as Shakespeare at his worst, and not seldom do they commit violations of good taste transcending those of the Elizabethan or—though from a different cause and motive—of the Restoration writers ; while in the formal beauties of style they are surpassed by many writers greatly inferior to them in intrinsic worth. And the economic environment, and many of the manifestations of the human mind and spirit, have changed since their day, are slowly changing now with every day that passes. Science, too, makes rapid progress, enlarging human vision and power ; and psychologists and sociologists in particular are rapidly perfecting for our novelists a tool of magic power which was denied, or given only in a rudimentary and tentative form, to most of their predecessors.

Nor need we fear that by such a return art will suffer in their hands, or that the just balance between squalid realism and insipid idealisation will not be maintained. Zola's most squalid passages—they are fewer than most of us deem them to be, and seem so squalid to us because they are true of the particular rather than of the universal—served a noble purpose by arousing the moribund conscience of humanity. It was a wholesome gospel to declare that if the world is spherical, we poor folk who inhabit it are too apt to become square, or, at best, to have but the useless and cumbersome physical rotundity of an alderman. To realise

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this was the first great step towards acquiring the requisite healthy all-roundness of mind and spirit. The recoil from Zolaism which resulted in the foundation of the Symbolist and other schools in France, was not so much a recoil of decency outraged by the novelist as the expression of a feeling that his methods had done their work and so required modification. He came himself to see that other methods were necessary, and so gave us, ere he died so tragically, the main body of his *Quatre Evangiles*; thus accentuating the sound belief that altered conditions demand a different treatment; and encouraging those who go to him for inspiration to filter carefully and to drink wisely, or, if it seem good to them, to make a spring cleaning in the Rougon-Macquart household and the *Trois Villes*.

The above survey of some aspects of our contemporary English fiction is far from complete. I have left untouched some not unimportant elements in the current fiction both of England and of other countries—for example, the half scientific, half social romances of Mr. H. G. Wells: additions, really, to Balzac's *Etudes Philosophiques*; and have said nothing of several incipient tendencies which in time may lead to great results. But what I should say of these would but be in support of what I have already said; would but convey that I look forward to a time, and have a lively hope of seeing it, when our novelists, while being, primarily, artists, men of letters in the highest sense, shall yet be moved by something of the synthetic spirit of Comte and Spencer, and shall carry on, perhaps to still greater issues, the work begun so nobly, so marvellously well, in the *Comédie humaine* of Honoré de Balzac; when they shall fuse together the perfect plastic beauty of a Gautier and the human passion and power of a Zola—shall treat, as it were, the matter of a *Germinal* with the art of a *Capitaine Fracasse*: to a day when I shall hear old Fletcher of Saltoun's voice declaring from the Elysian Fields: "Give me the man who writes a nation's novels, and I care not who writes its geography and its social history."

ADOLESCENCE.

By PATRICK GEDDES.

THERE are two bulky volumes,* newly arrived from over-sea, which may anticipate an unusually varied reception from their reviewers. Is this a scientific work addressed to specialists? but if so, to what particular class, psychologists or physiologists, pedagogues or doctors? Is it not at the same time a popular work for parents and general readers? If it is to be taken as scientific its deficient orderliness is apparent, its diffuseness and repetition also; while, if it is intended to be popular, there is hardly a section of which, if not the treatment, at any rate much of the terminology, does not present more or less difficulty even to the professional reader. There is too much of the author's note-books, too much also of an imperfectly edited encyclopædia—too much reprinting instead of re-writing of the author's scientific papers and abstracts, of his college advanced teaching and his popular lectures, his critiques and controversies; in fact, they too frequently remind us of the paper bags of Teufelsdröckh. It will be a wonder, then, if to many these obvious, superficial defects of the book do not more or less obscure its merits, which are also manifold, indeed, overpoweringly great in wealth of observation, in breadth of intelligence, in depth of significance; and yet more is the pity if they delay recognition of its vast and urgent applications to practical life and to educational practice, and these on well-nigh all their levels. For here—much though it is to say this—is one of the most considerable books which have appeared in our time; and that in

* Adolescence: Its Psychology, and its Relation to Physiology, Anthropology, Sex, Crime, Religion, and Education. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Clark University, and Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Sydney Appleton; New York, D. Appleton. 1904. 31s. 6d.

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many ways, concrete and abstract, speculative and practical. It is one of those strange books which at once exasperate and fascinate the world, which are for all kinds of readers, yet which can be completely satisfactory to no one conventional class. Yet despite all the liberal abuse it has fairly incurred for its defects of arrangement and of style, it must be admitted that their unfavourable first impression wears off ; leaving a work profound and original in its thought, always forcible and often convincing in its argument, pregnant in its counsels, iridescent, even luminous, with bright suggestion, and aglow with noble passion.

Everywhere our cities and their citizens have specialised into culture-groups and agencies. The churches are apart from each other, let alone from the unbelief outside, which is also deep-seated in their midst. There are schools at all levels, colleges with all specialisms, but each apart, while the busy world is dispersed amid its multifarious groups and interests, which only the mammonised or the Utopian economist dreams to unite, or the politician pretends to guide hither or thither. Each of these groups has its small specialised literature, uninteresting to others, and thus only half alive even to itself. But here to all these sectional interests enters our author, like a nondescript traveller from a far country, laden with things old and new, often rich and strange. At one time he is swiftly traversing the schools of all subjects and stages, here explaining and elucidating, there revolutionising, now confirming this teacher or demolishing that one. Lately he was among the children and thereafter taught us much ; still better, he suggested more ; so that to him perhaps of all men the new science of "Child Study" owes its fullest extension, and this alike in breadth and depth. Of late years he has mainly left this to his innumerable pupils and critics, to go beyond the realms of childhood, and through those of boyhood and girlhood, into the marvellous land of youth and of adolescence, thereby continuing and renewing his own. Little wonder, then, that on his return from this seldom explored region, he should overwhelm us with his multifarious

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fact-collections, at once enlighten and perplex us by his theories and discoveries; his tales of old worlds forgotten, and new worlds not yet realised, to some no doubt the merest travellers' tales, but to others opening worlds both old and new, surpassing those of Columbus.

Here, then, is no common pedagogue or professor, but a complex, almost multiple personality, reflecting all sorts and conditions of the teaching world, both sexes even; expressing the manifold fermentations of the time, and destined to set up new fermentations everywhere; till in the public, the private, or the popular school, in each university, whether of England or of the North, in the education office, and in the examining board, in the specialist laboratory, and in the philosophic lecture-room—each in its own way one of the dark places of the earth—a new movement must begin.

No ordinary pedagogue, we say, but a sort of composition portrait of all teachers and learners from infancy to age; himself a mean uniting both extremes, an elder, still an adolescent, revealing that inner life of adolescence in which childhood and maturity meet. A great pedagogue certainly, now illuminating and now perplexing, now helpful to the simplest young school-marm, or anon puzzling or shocking her; next breaking into war-whoop and scalp-dance when a contemporary Harvard or Oxford philosopher crosses his path; again speculating broadly and vitally with the greater thinkers of old. With him we are not kept in the schools, like learners or teachers nowadays; our questioner is in the field and in the market-place. He is in the hospital, in the asylum, the prison: he brings before us disease and lunacy, vice and crime, and these in their hideous exaggerations of normal activities, in their piteous defects. He is a pathologist bodily and mental, social and moral, whom no dread of American prudery or British conventionality can inhibit. The book is thus one for every medical school, yet not for the doctor's shelf only, but the parson's, the lawyer's, and the magistrate's as well; for

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the philanthropist, the statesman, the citizen, this complex claimant brings some urgent and insistent message. Is one concerned with the hooliganism, the intemperance, or the prostitution of towns, with the evils of factory or army life? Each of these special inquirers will here find the centre of interest shifted from the traditional one of external restraints or inducements, rewards or punishments, to the deeper inner one of understanding, it may be guiding and redeeming, the errant soul.

This new teacher is thus not only re-stating the world-old questions, "What think ye of life? What see ye in the world?" but also asking, "What make we of the life of others? What may we make theirs and our own?" Thus this ponderous and technical treatise appeals yet to another circle, and that the widest. Beyond the new and old professions, beyond the many-sided interests of Church and State, it has much to say; much also for every parent—for the father who is perplexed to understand his daughter, for the mother who would guide her boys.

Our writer, in short, is making one of the great steps in the history of education; he will yet succeed in placing his work, despite all its alloys of compilation and its blemishes of workmanship, upon the highest of our shelves, that of the initiative thinkers, the constructive pioneers. For the young giant of Rabelais is stirring among us; the *Orbis Pictus* of Comenius anew opens before our eyes; Rousseau's *Emile* continues his glorious youth; and Pestalozzi's *Gertrude* is again guiding her children through a larger growth-cycle. Would that this learned and fertile thinker were also more of an artist—he had then written a book to be understood of the people, an evangel of education indeed.

Before settling down to the book, most readers on this side may naturally ask, "Who is the man?" for here, far more than in America, the pedagogue makes his reputation but slowly. First, then, he is a New England farm boy of fullest rustic and practical experience, at home in everything that a country boy could know

and do in the simpler America of a generation ago, when nature was still unspoiled, and industries were as yet comparatively unspecialised; so that he reckons a boy then acquired the elements of a craft-experience touching what are now some three-score specialised trades! Wealth of impressions, elemental and æsthetic, were thus constantly around him; and, as we see, no less ample motor experiences, with their constant exercise of the fundamental muscles for strength, of the accessory muscle-systems for skill, upon which he has now written so admirably. This wide nature and labour experience has been developed later by college, by laboratory and library training, and still more by diversified practice in teaching of children and students, of teachers, and of teachers' teachers, which make his chapter, entitled "Adolescent Feelings towards Nature, and a new Education in Science," so noteworthy a contribution to the great problems it names. These strong naturalistic and practical impulses have been kept up through life and developed through formative years, so that, after his home experiences, we hear of him as a student of practical physiology in Leipzig, and as taking lessons from gold-beater, glass-blower, and other urban craftsmen. From physiologist to physiological psychologist was one natural step, and from practical worker to practical teacher a complementary one. This wide experience of thought and action soon brought him to the front in what is essentially a new profession—that of college-president, one of the most notable by which America has so rapidly been preparing herself towards the approaching "Americanisation of the world." Despite our increasing interest in American life and even education, despite our lately diffused knowledge of vast university developments in progress, as through Moseley Commission and its like, no one has as yet done adequate justice to the importance of the guiding personalities of this movement, such as Presidents Eliot, of Harvard; Gilman, of Baltimore; Harper, of Chicago; Melvil Dewey, of the University of New York (the bibliographer, we here mean, not the psychologist and pedagogue); or here before

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us President Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts. For instead of our old-fashioned dignitaries, good bureaucrats or chairmen, when not mere ceremonial figureheads, these American presidents answer rather to the mediæval founders, each a statesman or a thinker in his way, or both, a true "ideo-praxist." Thus Eliot has not only developed, but modernised his once so stiff, proud, and old-fashioned college into one of the greatest and freest homes of the spirit. Gilman has introduced German intensity of specialism, and Harper has swiftly hustled a vast industrial community into a university, which may soon rival its prototype of Berlin; while Melvil Dewey, starting with the Carlylean conception of the university, has essentially concentrated upon the arrangement and diffusion of books, and evolved from these what is as yet the most extensive of all academic endeavours towards the advancement of popular culture.

Stanley Hall's problem, while touching all these, is yet different; first of all it is towards intensive education rather than extensive. So that he begins where universities for the most part still end—with the graduate; for previous graduation in some other institution is the necessary matriculation for Clark. Undergraduate instruction being thus left to the college, viewed henceforth as but the preparatory school to the University proper, and post-graduate studies being alone here provided for, a small but picked body of advanced students have been brought together, all eager for research as the essential pathway to their doctorate; and this, instead of being either kept upon the stereotyped limits of the old curriculum, as still too commonly in the minor American college like the British one, or scattered over the vast modern encyclopædia of university subjects, is here concentrated into the single faculty as yet created—that of Education.

As already indicated, and as our author frankly recognises, the beginning of true university life in America was "when the Johns Hopkins University focussed attention on just the choicest but most neglected class of adolescents in the last stages of this

development" (as young investigators and intending professors). It "not only added a higher storey to our educational system, but gave to them at a period of life so precious, but so easily repressed or perverted, the possibility of a fuller intellectual maturity." In this great uplift of American culture many universities are distinguishing themselves, increasingly advancing knowledge, and producing men of capacity and power. Yet after repeated visits to many great American universities, each so full of suggestion, and alas, of rebuke to our slower moving institutions at home, there remains upon my own mind a clear impression that, despite provincial position, comparative poverty, ugly buildings, small numbers, and other drawbacks, this little group of educationists gathered around its inspiring head is one of the most promising and vital of any.

The high ideals shared by teachers and students in such institutions, the encouragement of specialist investigation, the discouragement of mere pedantic and traditional methods, the advancement of intellectual synthesis and moral life, are here admirably stated in our author's chapter on "Intellectual Development and Education." Instead, then, of a solitary professor of education, lost among too untrained or at best too unsympathetic colleagues, as commonly with us in Europe, his whole faculty are all actively investigating, teaching, guiding research, and this to the great end, at once scientific and practical, individual and social, of higher and higher education. And while our one professor has to crowd into his single course his history of pedagogy, his educational psychology, his neurology and physiology, his anthropology and the like, each of these subjects has here its cultivators intensely specialised, yet in continual co-operation and intercourse; the whole making up a group of picked students and experts headed by a master-mind. Little wonder then that from this little university, barely itself of the age of an adolescent, new men and new books are appearing. Of the latter may be mentioned Chamberlain's *Child*, Hodge's *Nature-Study*, Starbuck's *Religion*, Sanford's *Psychology*, etc., with

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innumerable fresh and vivid theses and papers already filling at least two university journals.

It is a good sign that this school of specialism, this training school of higher pedagogues and professors, should at the same time have led the way in Child Study; and similarly, that their psychology and pedagogy should have led not only forward into evolutionary philosophy, but also back to the love and concrete study of nature. Now that the child movement has been thoroughly popularised, indeed till this foremost centre of its diffusion is being almost forgotten, we have the same group of "higher adolescents" progressing towards a new study, a further research. In fact, the best results of the recent years of work and thought of this group of teachers and pupils as well as those of its leader are here before us.

There are thus many inducements for us to enter appreciatively upon the detailed study of these volumes. But, alas, the poor British public, who cannot even endure American spelling! what will they say to the strange idioms, the ponderous terminology of one who uses without apology or explanation every term he happens to have remembered from his vast and varied reading through all sciences, and who also freely concocts new terms of his own? Taking one of such passages almost at random, we may indeed understand "the aimless palpitation of the sick," but what, oh what are "pselaphesis," "carphology," and "flocclation"? After hunting up our Latin dictionary, we make out what is meant by "the molimena of nature"; without it we can see that "semiferal" (but why not semi-feral?) is half-wild. That "therotropic" says much the same thing is plain enough, but a lexikon is wanted for "athetoid," for "dysthymia" (they are not in the index, which even forgets "Johns Hopkins"), and so on. We might compile a whole anthology of dark sayings. "The adult who seeks self-knowledge by introversion is banausic" sounds uncanny enough; but the context will indicate what it means: but as for "the mikro-kinetic gleanings of fibrillary

formications" one can only fall back upon another eminent American writer, and ask,

"Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

Does this all seem very ill-natured? The author invites it upon himself by telling us in his preface that he has "eliminated much that was technical and detailed, and tried to bring the subject matter of each chapter within the reach of any intelligent reader." Even if we must admit the deficient intelligence, will he not in mercy try again?

Imperfect care in proof-correction, which often leaves more than one error on a page, especially in foreign names, in details of references, and the like, will vex every studious reader, and indeed infuriate many, for the author's band of workers has his defects as well as his qualities. The help of pupils, past and present, the writer frankly acknowledges; also his not having been aided by any outside critics, of whom there will certainly be now no lack. But the gentle reader will soon recognise that most of the dry statistics, the hard terms and obscure sayings, may be swiftly skipped through, as what will no doubt be the small type of a future edition; while the unnecessarily ponderous terminology, so common a foible of adolescence, may be further accounted for as a post-graduate variant by these learned Clarks of Worcester of the well-known American "college yell"; which, from internal evidence, we suspect, must run somewhat thus:—"Psychopaleontology! Ephebeitis! Verbigeration!"

Through all this we have to get down to the actual substance of the book, henceforth to be taken at its best; and this may be begun almost anywhere, in either volume, over which at first the reader had best roam and turn at will, reading whatever interests him, and thus quickly catching something of the writer's individual points of view. In the preface, itself a characteristic summary, an order of reading is suggested, but each reader may best find his

own. We start, however, with Chapter I. ; here the writer begins his biology of Adolescence with Sex, with Growth, with Development. At once he seizes the standard biological conception that the individual in a general way repeats the history of its species, passing slowly from the protozoan to the metazoan stage, and boldly applies and amplifies it :—

“So that we have all traversed in our own bodies amœboid, helminthoid, piscian, amphibian, anthropoid, ethnoid, and we know not how many intercalary stages of ascent. How these lines of heredity and growth, along which all the many thousand species, extant and extinct, these viatica of the holy spirit of life, the consummate products of millennia of the slow travail of evolution, have been unfolded, we know scarcely more than we do what has been the impelling force or will to live which seems so inexhaustible and insistent.”

We are reminded, too, that the

“Early stages of growth are telescoped into each other almost indistinguishably, so that phylogenetically the embryo lives a thousand years in a day, and the higher the species the more rapid relatively is the transit through the lower stages. . . . Heredity, which slowly appears as a substitute for the external causes that have produced a given series of characters, tends to produce that succession with increasing economy and speed, and also to become in a way more independent of the causes which originally determined it.”

So far ideas with which Haeckel, Spencer and others have long familiarised us ; and next follows a summary of the leading measurements of human growth by workers in many countries. Following upon these well-established laws, these observed facts, come the author's own generalisations and interpretations of growth, to discuss which would alone exceed the limits of this review. Suffice it here to note a single striking speculation—that the apparent irregularities of growth and of development, especially at the period of 6 or 7, at 13 or 14, and again at 18, represent great uplifts in the progress of man, while the more stable and healthy periods between may represent more equable and long-enduring phases of his past evolution. The idea of the boy as father of the man is of course a very old one, but here it

is worked out with new grasp and new detail. The idiosyncrasies of the pre-adolescent boy from 8 to 12 are thus largely justified ; Rousseau's *Emile* is thus interpreted anew, and child-life in the best nature environment, where attainable, is set far above even the best existing schools.

Yet with all this the conditions of modern city life are frankly faced and analysed, and its best elements selected and maintained. The essential problem we are shown lies in the reinterpretation of anthropology, and this primarily on its psychological side, though this is largely no doubt as yet a speculative one.

“Could we solve the problem of adolescence, which these aspects of growth alone propound, and justly evaluate the cause of its great advance, we should thus best be able to settle the deeper problems of education, in the large sense that considers it as co-extensive with all the environment. Tentative as is now all our knowledge, it is sufficient to generate a deep optimism in the hope that man is yet in the making, that the best things have not yet happened in his history, and that perhaps his present stage is at the same time the point of departure of a yet higher one related to all that adolescence now gives, as it is to the stages that have preceded. . . . At any rate, for those prophetic souls interested in the future of our race and desirous of advancing it, the field of adolescence is the quarry in which they must seek to find both goal and means. If such a higher stage is ever added to our race, it will not be by increments at any later plateau of adult life ; but it will come by increased development of the adolescent stage, which is the bud of promise for the race.”

Here then already a key to our author's essential position is before us, and this alike as speculative thinker and as educational pioneer. The reader who shares this enquiry and who desires its development may now again wander through the volumes almost at will ; may conveniently pass, for instance, to the further development of the author's psychology (Vol. II., Chap. 10). Here, passing much controversial matter, we may select an essential passage :—

“Psychic is even more upsetting than biological evolution, for it lies nearer to all human and practical interests. But it renders instant aid in education, science, and religion. It turns with profound interest

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to the past of the soul, is not concerned chiefly with the future, and studies its embodied rather than its disembodied life. Its cardinal principle is *nemo psychologus nisi biologus*, so inseparable are life and mind. It sees remarkable parallels between the present state of the disciplines that now deal with mind and soul and those which dealt with life just before Darwin, and anticipates from its work a similar period of debate, followed by an analogous new life in all these branches in the near future. . . . It believes youth the golden age of life, the child the consummate flower of creation, and most of all things worthy of love, reverence, and study. It regards education as man's chief problem, and the home, school, State and Church valuable exactly in proportion as they serve it."

At his general psychology we dare but glance, since this is practically coincident with the field of biology itself:—

"By looking inward, we see for the most part only the topmost twigs of the buried tree of mind. The real ego is a spark struck off from the central source of all being, freighted with meanings that, could we interpret them, would give us the salient facts of its development-history. . . . We shall never know ourselves till we know the mind of animals, and most especially those in our line of descent. . . . Our own soul is full in all its parts of faint hints, rudimentary spectres flitting for an instant at some moment of an individual life, and then gone for ever; dim and scarcely audible murmurs of a great and prolonged life, hot, intense, richly dight with incident and with detail that is no more; a slight automatism, perhaps being the sole relic of the most central experiences of many generations, a fleeting fancy, all that survives of ages of toil and blood, a feeling that only peeps out for a moment in infancy, the far-off, dying echo of what was once the voice of a great multitude. . . . Many of these archeo-psychisms penetrate at times up to consciousness. . . . Our souls are phyletic long before and far more than they are individual. . . . The conscious adult person is not a monad reflecting the universe, but a fragment broken off and detached from the deaf world of soul. . . . We cannot believe that consciousness even is quite the efflorescence of the human plant . . ."

But such a genetic psychology would obviously take us too far—it is time to pass on to the more specific changes which mark adolescence:—

"Powers and faculties, essentially non-existent before, are now born; and of all the older impulses and instincts some are reinforced

and greatly developed, while others are subordinated, so that new relations are established and the ego finds a new centre. In connection with the reproductive function, love is born with all its attendant passions—jealousy, rivalry, and all the manifold phenomena of human courtship. All the previous religious sentiments are regenerated and some now arise for the first time, motivating a wide plexus of new psychic relations between the individual and the race, and irradiating to the cosmos. Nature is felt and plays upon the soul with all its rich orchestra of influences. Art at this time may become an enthusiasm and is now first and deeply felt, even though it had been known and practised before. The ethical life is immensely broadened and deepened, because now a far deeper possibility and sense of sin and impurity arises. The floodgates of heredity are thrown open again somewhat as in infancy. As in the prenatal and infant stage man hears from his remoter forebears back perhaps to primitive organisms, now the later and higher ancestry takes up the burden of the song of life, and the voices of our extinct and perhaps forgotten, and our later and more human ancestry, are heard in the soul.

“In some respects, early adolescence is thus the infancy of man’s higher nature, when he receives from the great all-mother his last capital of energy and evolutionary momentum. Thus the child is father of the man, far older and conditioning his nature. He is at the same time reduced back to a state of nature, so far as some of the highest faculties are concerned, again helpless, in need not only of guidance but of shelter and protection. His knowledge of self is less adequate, and he must slowly work out his salvation. Character, temperament, emotions, and appetites are changed; the youth moves about in both an inner and an outer world unrealised. The parent and teacher must understand that Mother Nature has again taken her child upon her knee and must stand off a little to see and make room for her more perfect education. These years again, like infancy, should be sacred to heredity, and we should have a good warrant indeed before we venture to interfere with its processes. Before this, boys and girls have been interested largely in those of their own age and have had little interest in their future or in the life of adults. Their own life is too varied, intense and absorbing. But the soul now realises in a deeper sense the meaning of maturity and is protensive towards its higher plateau. Slowly the colour and life fade from juvenile interests, which are deciduous like foliage or like milk teeth. Vocations beckon first faintly, and then more and more imperatively. Hero worship arises; youth aspires to excel, first perhaps by the order of nature in athletic contests, then in those of the mind . . .

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The great deeds and lives and prizes in the human world never shine so bright, seem so near, or beckon so alluringly. The youth wills all that he must or can; would be wise, strong, famous, talented, learned, rich, loved, and withal good and perfect. When the thought of death forces its presence upon his soul, though at first cast down, he Psychic adolescence is heralded by all-sided mobilisation. The child from nine to twelve is well adjusted to his environment and proportionately developed; he represents probably an old and relatively perfected stage of race-maturity, still in some sense and degree feasible in warm climates, which, as we have previously urged, stands for a long-continued one, a terminal stage of human development at some post-silian point. At dawning adolescence this old unity and harmony with nature is broken up; the child is driven from his paradise and must enter upon a long viaticum of ascent, must conquer a higher kingdom of man for himself, break out a new sphere, and evolve a more modern story to his psycho-physical nature. New dangers threaten on all sides. It is the most critical stage of life, because failure to mount almost always means retrogression, degeneracy, or fall. One may be in all respects better or worse, but can never be the same. The old level is left for ever. Perhaps the myth of Adam and Eve describe this epoch. The consciousness of childhood is molted, and a new, larger, better consciousness must be developed, or increased exposure and vulnerability will bring deterioration. The transcendental world opens before him; he dreams of an ideal future of the race or of a heaven where all his wishes shall be realised in the glory of the world to be; and in these vague snatches of Uranian antiphony, instead of its finding reminiscences of the pre-existent state of the soul, the more progressive Occidental world sees anticipations of a future immortality, as it has taken its conceptions of paradise from the past where antiquity placed them, and reconstructed and set them up in the future."

Passing now to the detailed study of the adolescent, his instability and his fluctuation of emotional development are sympathetically analysed. That from energy to indolence, over-activity to sluggishness and inertness, is interpreted as like "neural echoes of ancient hunts and feasts, fasts and famines, migration and stagnation." The oscillations of pleasure, the development of self-assertion, the contrast of selfishness and altruism, and of good and bad conduct generally are now broadly sketched, and some-

times worked out in copious detail in other chapters. The dawn of sex feeling and of social instincts, the contrast of conservative and radical instincts, the strife of wisdom and folly, of knowing and doing, are all boldly outlined. For the perplexed parent and teacher the comforting interpretation and due counsel is given, that

"The human plant circumnates in a wider and wider circle; and the endeavour should be to prevent it from prematurely finding a support, to prolong the period of variation to which this stage of life is sacred, and to prevent natural selection from confirming too soon the slight advantage which any quality may temporarily have in this struggle for existence among many faculties and tendencies within us. The educational idea is now to develop capacities in as many directions as possible, to indulge caprice and velleity a little, to delay consistency for a time, and let the diverse prepotencies struggle with each other. . . . Mental unity comes later. Consistency then has its place. The supreme Aristotelian virtue of temperance and the golden mean . . . slowly knits up the soul, co-ordinates its many elements, represses illusions, and issues in settled character."

Thus we approach the highest critical and practical idea of our author, his interpretation of Genius, one again doubtless not wholly new, but now developed towards fuller possibilities and applications:—

"Indeed, the best definition of genius is intensified and prolonged adolescence, to which excessive or premature systematisation is fatal. Even in commonplace lives, higher qualities, and often the very highest, appear in the teens for a brief fitting moment, or, at least, they barely hint their existence and then fade, sometimes because the demands of adulthood are too early or too insistently enforced."

We have heard much, too much, of genius as disease, as insanity, as madness and the rest—large elements of truth though all these doctrines contain; but we now see these half-truths correlated within the larger synthesis of our author's theory, which finds the germs of good and of evil variations in the profound psychical re-arrangements of adolescence, "the age when all become geniuses for a season." De Musset has told us how there is within three-fourths of men a poet—who died young—the man alone sur-

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vives ; and Comte took as the motto of his own master-work the kindred saying of Alfred de Vigny—"What is a great life? A thought of youth carried out in mature years." But here we see worked out in some approach to adequate detail these noble possibilities of young intellect—and also, never more fully, perhaps, since the days of philosophy and of religion, the possibilities of the awakening and expanding soul.

All recognise, though too few vitally remember, how adolescence is the awakening time of Sex ; and this is interpreted throughout its range from plant and animal beginnings up to all the possibilities of good and evil, to poetry or madness, to saintliness or sin. To work this out in all its aspects and manifestations, normal and abnormal, is now shown as the problem of the educationist ; who must no longer abandon this to the confused specialisms of medicine and insanity, of church or law, but henceforth claim to guide, transform, nay, to absorb and to unify them all.

The adolescent initiations, so common through the savage life in all lands, are here broadly and boldly compared with classic ideas and customs on the one hand, with church confirmation on the other. Thence we naturally pass to a new and vast discussion of the psychology of conversion ; through which the whole field of religious psychology, even the interpretation of Christianity itself, is boldly entered upon. Here, then, is one main culmination of this notable book ; its claim that we may now re-interpret and, therefore, hope to normalise the "varieties of religious experience," and thus increasingly normalise the best elements of the religious life. So that out of biology, hitherto the anti-theological science above all others, or, at least, what has seemed so to Comte and Spencer, to Huxley and Hegel, as to their theological antagonists, we have a reconciliation of this great controversy at once elemental and profound. Between the limitations of an old unpsychological evolutionism on the one hand, and those of religious dogma on the other, our writer clears the way,

and so makes plain one of the great steps of our time in that progress which the best spirits on both sides have felt even oftener than they have expressed, that the psychologic evolutionist is becoming in a very real sense a theologian, as the theologian on his side becomes an evolutionary psychologist.

With this conception—essentially that of the identification of normal striving adolescent humanity with the psychologic Christ—new religious developments, both theological and psychological, are boldly entered on. But here again we pass beyond our present limits. Suffice it also briefly to note an even bolder thesis, that which treats the great historic religions, Mohammedanism or Judaism, Confucianism, Christianity, Buddhism, Vedantism, as characterised essentially by their expression of, and their appeal to, the great stages or phases of individual life. Thus, while Mohammedanism is treated as a discipline essentially adapted to the stage beyond infancy or negro fetishism, to the warlike energy yet welcomed discipline of the early pre-adolescent boy,

“Confucianism with its reverence of age and worship of ancestors, its non-metaphysical, practical religion of duties and forms of daily life, its legalism and social conventionality, may fit the stage of boy-life and supplement the rules of Jewish legislation. At the top of the curve of life comes Christianity, forever supreme because it is the norm for the apical stage of human development, glorifying adolescence and glorified by it, and calculated to retain and conserve youth before the decline of the highest powers of the soul in maturity and age. Buddhism, with its doctrine of universal sympathy, renunciation, peace, poise and repose, has special messages to mature men and women. The religion of the Brahmanic Vedanta is, as Max Muller shows, the form of piety in old age, and may supplement or at least tone the teachings of Paul and dogmatic theology ; for, inconsistent as the two are in theory, both appeal to the nature of a Ciceronian old age.”

Nor does our writer end here, for he has the courage of his opinions, and is not afraid to magnify his high pedagogic office. He passes in another chapter to ethnic psychology and pedagogy—that is, to the adolescent races and their historic maltreatment by

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our "civilised" churches and states—and throws out wise and generous counsels alike for missionary and for colonial statesman.

Returning to our adolescents and their essential transformation, not merely of growth, but essentially of sex, the inner needs of girls and boys are explored, and their qualities and defects analysed, generalised in detail, and generalised anew, just as with our initial chapter of growth measurements. Thus prepared, we are more ready to read chapters of physical and moral pathology, to deal with our author's summaries of adolescence in literature and in biography, still too undigested though these are. And now, at this stage, if not before, we may usefully take up the admirable early chapter on Motor Function.

Starting from the physiology of muscle, a subject which has long seemed too material for the common study or class-room pedagogy, we soon get from the simple muscular activities of playground or gymnasium to the study and the class-room again, but now upon a higher spiral. Again a characteristic paragraph may be quoted :

"The muscles are by weight about forty-three per cent. of the average adult male human body. They expend a large fraction of all the kinetic energy of the adult body, which a recent estimate places as high as one-fifth. The cortical centres for the voluntary muscles extend over most of the lateral psychic zones of the brain, so that their culture is brain-building. In a sense they are organs of digestion, for which function they play a very important role. Muscles are in a most intimate and peculiar sense the organs of the will. They have built all the roads, cities, and machines in the world, written all the books, spoken all the words, and, in fact, done everything that man has accomplished with matter. If they are undeveloped, or grow relaxed and flabby, the dreadful chasm between good intentions and their execution is liable to appear and widen. Character might in a sense be defined as a plexus of motor habits. To call conduct three-fourths of life, with Matthew Arnold; to describe man as one-third intellect and two-thirds will, with Schopenhauer; to urge that man is what he does or that he is the sum of his movements, with F. W. Robertson; that character is simply muscle habits, with Maudsley;

that the age of art is now slowly superseding the age of science, and that the artist will drive out the professor, with the anonymous author of *Rembrandt als Erzieher*; that history is consciously willed movements, with Bluntschli; or that we could form no conception of force or energy in the world but for our own muscular effort; to hold that most thought involves change of muscle-tension as more or less integral to it—all this shows how we have modified the antique Ciceronian conception *vivere est cogitari*, to *vivere est velle*, and gives us a new sense of the importance of muscular development and regimen."

The development of this conception in its physiological detail on one side, its application on the other, is now carried out into what is again practically almost a volume by itself, in fact, quite one of the best in this encyclopædic book. In studying the normal growth and adolescent change of muscle structure and functions our writer insists largely on the broad classification of fundamental muscles and accessory ones :—

"To understand the momentous changes of motor functions that characterise adolescence we must consider other than the measurable aspects of the subject. Perhaps the best scale on which to measure all normal growth of muscle structure and functions is found in the progress from fundamental to accessory. The former designates the muscles and movements of the trunk and large joints, neck, back, hips, shoulders, knees, and elbows, sometimes called central, and which in general man has in common with the higher and larger animals. Their activities are few, mostly simultaneous, alternating and rhythmic, as of the legs in walking, and predominate in hard-working men and women with little culture or intelligence, and often in idiots. The latter or accessory organs are those of the hand, tongue, face, and articulatory organs, and these may be connected into a long and greatly diversified series, as those used in writing, talking, piano-playing. They are represented by smaller and more numerous muscles, whose functions develop later in life and represent a higher standpoint of evolution. Those smaller muscles for finer movements come into function later, and are chiefly associated with psychic activity, which plays upon them by incessantly changing their tensions, if not causing actual movement. It is these that are so liable to disorder in the many automatisms and choreic tics we see in school children, especially if excited or fatigued. General paralysis usually begins in the higher levels by breaking these down, so that the first symptom of its insidious

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and never interrupted progress is inability to execute the more exact and delicate movements of tongue, or hand, or both. . . .

. . . In a sense, a child or man is the sum total of his movements or tendencies to move; and nature and instinct chiefly determine the basal, and education the accessory parts of our activities.

The entire accessory system is thus of vital importance for the development of all of the arts of expression. These smaller muscles might almost be called organs of thought. Their tension is modified with the faintest change of soul, such as is seen in accent, inflection, facial expressions, handwriting, and many forms of so-called mind-reading, which, in fact, is always muscle-reading. The day-labourer of low intelligence, with a practical vocabulary of not over five hundred words, who can hardly move each of his fingers without moving others or all of them, who cannot move his brows or corrugate his forehead at will, and whose inflection is very monotonous, illustrates a condition of arrest or atrophy of this later, finer, accessory system of muscles. On the other hand, the child, precocious in any or all of these later respects, is very liable to be undeveloped in the larger and more fundamental parts and functions. The full unfolding of each is, in fact, an inexorable condition precedent for the normal development to full and abiding maturity of the higher and more refined muscularity, just as conversely the awkwardness and clumsiness of adolescence mark a temporary loss of balance in the opposite direction."

Here, then, our author has laid the foundations for a skilful treatment of the education problem towards strength and towards skill, say rather strengths and skills. One valuable section (essentially in itself a chapter) gives a discussion of the rival systems of gymnastics, and another of all the various aspects of manual training; from both of which it appears that these sects of motor educators are all too narrow specialists, each with a partial truth, yet on the whole working too much alone and in the dark. I do not say that our author himself reaches an adequate synthesis, but these sections certainly contain steps towards one which no educator can afford to overlook, much less ignore.

For industrial education, too, the writer has evidently more to say than his space or time have allowed; and this, as it should be, of peculiarly practical directness. Returning here to his own

industrial experience to which we referred at the outset, he tells us how his own pride of handicraft

“bows low before the pupils of our best institutions for negroes, Indians, and juvenile delinquents, whose training is often in more than a score of industries, and who to-day, in my judgment, receive the best training in the land, if judged by the annual growth in mind, morals, health, physique, ability, and knowledge, all taken together.”

This view will not be surprising to those of us who have had any opportunity of combining any reasonable experience of handicraft and of schooling, but I may here confirm it by a very different testimony; for lately making the acquaintance of an eminent Buddhist educator, fresh from travels in search of live educational institutions through Asia, Europe, and America, I found him also unhesitating in his assurance that the best all-round educational institution in the world is the Negro College of Booker Washington. It is surely no trifling coincidence that Yankee President and yellow-robed Lama should thus independently have come to an identical conclusion. Tuskegee is not the first Galilee in which a new teacher has arisen; yet we are ever forgetting that “to the poor the gospel is preached.”

Starting again from the trifling and apparently meaningless movements of infancy, the petty fidgettings of school life, we are surprised to find these suddenly elevated into “one of the richest of all the paleopsychic fields”—at once vestiges of future individual, nay, it may be racial development, either for evil or good. In the childish restlessness, with its tappings and scratchings, its fumbling, touching, twirling and chewing, which so exasperate the conventional parent or pedagogue, Stanley Hall sees survivals of acts which in some pre-human stage may have been of all-importance to life.

“In their sign-language, which now seems jargon, genetic psychology will one day read its title clear to pedigrees that are lost they are the partly lapsed and unreclaimed, partly virgin and never cultivated bad lands of the state of Man-soul, and may become a

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source of danger, but they always suggest higher possibilities of human nature when we know and analyse them aright A considerable degree of restlessness is a good sign in young children. Many of what are now called nerve signs and even choreic symptoms, the fidgettiness in school on cloudy days and often after a vacation, the motor superfluities of awkwardness, embarrassment, extreme effort, excitement, fatigue, sleepiness, etc., are simply the forms in which we receive the full momentum of heredity, and mark a natural richness of the raw material of intellect, feeling, and especially of will. Hence they must be abundant. All parts should act in all possible ways at first and untrammelled by the activity of all other parts and functions. Some of these activities are more essential for growth in size than are the later and more conscious movements. Here, as everywhere, the rule holds that powers themselves must be unfolded before the ability to check or even to use them can develop."

This simple quotation brings out in the sharpest way the contrast between the miseducator of the past, imposing a false and deadening, if not disease-making, mechanical order, and this new and true educator of growth. Could any passage more obviously justify the claims with which we introduced the book to the serious attention not only of specialists of all kinds, but to the simplest parent, even the infant teacher?

Since we learn from living, since knowing comes from doing, we see a fuller development of the practical study of science than even the laboratory and workshop enthusiasts have hitherto dared to dream. None save comparative or utter strangers to almost all the vital ideas of this book—such as too commonly our conventional educational authorities at all levels, from old-world professors, dons, and headmasters, Council-school chairmen and members, or our, till lately, still more old-fashioned bureaucrats and inspectors—can fail to comprehend that the Paper Age of mere book-learning has virtually ended, and that a new world of education, of life and health, of growth and action—nay, of evolutionist culture of genius, of redemption of evil, has fully begun.

In this vast and ever-expanding curriculum of adolescence we

find Science set within a more moderate place than some of its specialists may at first sight expect. Yet in the chapter entitled of "Adolescent Feelings towards Nature," we have a discussion which, though initiative and suggestive, rather than dogmatic and conclusive, is again in itself a most exceptional, notable and vital book. The pedantic elementary text-books for petty examinations which at present poison well-nigh every school and college, are pitilessly exposed as "pseudo-science prematurely formalised," and the living beginning of all specialised studies is found in the simple yet ever-deepening love of nature.

Nor are practical pedagogic proposals wanting for each stage of development.

"In general," he tells us, "the child's reactions to nature are either directly sensory or crudely practical for work and play. . . . Of the first sentimental response the first expressed is myth, poetry or the religions of nature, for which literary anthologies for reading courses should be gathered. Next in the genetic order comes popular science, with every contact which science can suggest, with the daily paper at home or school, since a science built without this is a hollow corpse. . . . The heroes and history books of each branch of science add another needed element to this still largely humanistic stage. Then, and not earlier, comes the need of utilities and applications; for, contrary to common educational theory and practice, the practical side of science should precede its purer forms. While, last and highest, comes pure science free from alloy or myth, the genetic stage, cultivated for its own sake with no motive but love and truth."

These views are again justified in detail, primarily from the great fields of physics, but thence passing on to an admirable exposition of the writer's personal view of nature—at once childlike and adolescent in its copiousness of sense-impressions, adolescent in its poetic response to nature, yet broadly synthetic in treatment and presentment, and above all psychological in its vivid interpretations of the needs and powers of youth, in its mordant criticism of pedagogic skeletonisings. Yet here, as almost always, the final note is at once practically constructive as well as imaginative, and

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he concludes his treatment of the proper introduction to Nature Study in adolescence by a glowing presentment of his own nature-teaching—from nebular, geologic, and biologic evolution, through all the stages of human ascent, through anthropology and history to the growing present and the opening future. Hear then a word of his final plea for science, truly so-called :—

“This view of the world is the greatest achievement of our race, re-establishing on a firmer basis all the goods and truths men have striven and died for in the past, takes away nothing, gives back and enriches all that is worth while that was thought imperilled, gives all who teach it wisely and well new missionary zest for their work, and fires the heart and mind of youth. Its unprecedented pedagogic motive power is still for the most part unutilized. It is an educational gospel just revealed, and not yet proclaimed. Adequately taught, it would revolutionise not only instruction in science but in every other department . . . Of all pedagogic problems since the Renaissance, the greatest and most pressing is now upon us, viz., to bring out these latent educational possibilities in effecting the next step in increasing the perfectibility of man.”

Here then, for the present, we must leave our writer, though our copious selection from his fresh or freshly-developed doctrines is still an inadequate one, leaving large sections untouched. Thus, for some, the chapters, again almost volumes, dealing with adolescent girls and their education will be of prime interest ; while readers approaching the problems of adolescence from the social standpoint will best begin with the chapter on social instincts and institutions. Others again, starting from the racial standpoint, may read first the last chapter of all, that of adolescent races and their treatment, and this whether their standpoint be primarily that of the missionary or the trader, the administrator or the soldier, or that of the critic of all these.

In many ways this book will be found to justify its character as an almost encyclopædic survey of human development. Its qualities and its defects alike will also best be understood and appreciated or pardoned as we divine how fully the writer must

have lived, not only amid but through much of the experience he describes—giving fuller proof than perhaps he knows of the truth of his own general doctrine of the association of the powers and the difficulties of adolescence.


Parallelism of thought and of insight as well as of doctrine, similarities of defect or limitations also, with other adolescents of genius, often suggest themselves as we read ; sometimes, for instance, with Walt Whitman, notably with Ruskin, not to mention others. In fact, the last point of interest of these volumes, and perhaps as science advances, one of the most enduring ones, may be their interest to the critic of life and literature, as a noteworthy and widely typical human document, the revelation of an original and many-sided personality in perpetual flux and growth, aspiration and endeavour, their very deficiencies in logical order leaving the genetic order more plain.

Is any final word of more definite recommendation needed to outweigh the superficial carpings with which we set out? To say that "this is a book which no educationist's library should be without," is as true as the phrase can be hackneyed—yet we may say more. Since the *Origin of Species* itself, and its companion volumes, few writers in our language can claim to have thrown more or fresher light upon the origin of our own species in particular, and few indeed have revealed such noble, yet such near and realisable possibilities, of continuing, indeed accelerating, the ascent of man. From previous thinkers we have had the science, the philosophy, and even the idealism of evolution ; here we have a new step towards the art of advancing it.

THE WORK OF THE BOYS' CLUB, AND ITS PLACE IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.

By J. H. WHITEHOUSE.

(Third and concluding Paper.*)

S we complete our survey of the Boys' Club we would plead for the inclusion, where possible, of a feature which has not yet been tried, so far as we are aware, in any existing Club for lads. We refer to the provision of sleeping accommodation for a limited number of boys in such Clubs as are founded within great cities. The need for this hardly needs demonstration. Hundreds of lads flock to the big cities each year from country towns and villages. Their wages enable them to live only in the poorest lodgings. They are assailed by a thousand dangers. The wonder is not that so many go down before them, but that more do not. Apart from the dangers of these lads, consider also the extreme pathos of their position. There is no loneliness like the loneliness of a great city. To an adult, friendless and struggling for his livelihood amid unsympathetic—sometimes hostile—crowds, this feeling of loneliness is often almost overpowering. How much more acute in the case of a youth leaving home and friends at an age when the feelings of sympathy and of pity are exquisite to stand for the first time alone amid the stern realities of modern industrial warfare. It is a poor policy which leaves these youths to sink or to swim as chance may be, and gives them as tutors the streets and the music-halls.

We plead, then, for the Clubs of our large cities to have sleeping accommodation for a number of their members. This must, of

* The first and second papers on this subject appeared in the April and July, 1904, numbers respectively of *Saint George*.

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course, commence on a very small scale, but if it be only possible to house at first one or two the experiment is worth the attempt. Once its possibilities are seen we believe its extension is assured.

We fully realise that any system of boarding-in raises new problems and difficulties. We welcome their appearance, for we believe they can be solved. We will assume that it has been possible to devote one of the club rooms to the use of boarders and to divide it into, say, six cubicles. These might then be allocated to six entirely trustworthy members. The privilege of living at the Club should indeed be the most treasured of all the Club distinctions, and should be strictly reserved for those whose personal character and general capabilities entitle them to the trust and responsibility which the privilege will entail. The Club manager would find in these fellows the best possible material for utilizing in the management of the Club and the organization of what should be its ever-growing departments and agencies. The additional expense of these boarders to the Club after the initial provision had been made would be but small. They would pay a reasonable weekly sum themselves ; their mid-day meal would be had away ; the morning and evening meals only would fall to be provided at the Club. This would not mean a very serious addition to the work of the Club custodian, who would in any case be necessary. The arrangement would, however, mean that the Club manager must also sleep at the Club. That appears to us to be one of the most potential features of the system now advocated. That which has been so successful in the case of many lay brotherhoods would be still more successful in the case now under discussion. Here would be a few English lads of good material to work upon. They would be living under the care of a strong, yet sympathetic personality. Their chief would share their evening meal, and some part of each evening would be spent together. They would receive his constant guidance and inspiration, and it might reasonably be hoped that these youths, who would otherwise have been living lonely lives in semi-slums, and

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emerging as men into that selfish apathy and thoughtless uniformity so prevalent to-day, would grow up filled with a deep sense of their responsibility as men. The system would evolve a new order of knights : a new social force would come into being.

It may be urged that the Club manager has not been duly considered in this scheme ; that the demands upon his time and strength are too great ; that exceptional men would be required. We believe that the occasion will produce the men, and that a new spirit is now entering into such social schemes as the one we are discussing. The chief feature of this new spirit is recognition of the fact that it is essential for sympathy and trained knowledge to go together in the guidance and control of schemes of amelioration. In work among the young this principle has been generally disregarded in the past, especially by religious bodies, and the result has been inadequate schemes under incompetent guidance. The social worker of the future will be a specialist no less than an enthusiast. His methods must be based on knowledge ; his individuality must be strong enough to mould men. How necessary the principle here urged is in connection with work for youth is shewn in Dr. Stanley Hall's great work on *Adolescence*, recently published in America and Great Britain, a book which will be indispensable to all who would organize the social, moral, and educational environment of youth on a wisely synthetic basis.

We are glad to feel that the Club and its methods which we have endeavoured to set forth within brief compass are not inconsistent with the principles and multitudinous facts recorded by Dr. Hall, and we may be allowed in concluding our papers to refer to one aspect of his teaching on the adolescent which directly bears on the subject we have dealt with. "No creature," Dr. Hall tells us, "is so gregarious as man, and we can hardly conceive him except as a member of the family, and emerging as the boy and girl now do, to become a socius in tribe, society, or political and industrial communities"; and he goes on to point out how the instinct of self-exhibition to win commendation now

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becomes dominant, and he gives a careful account of many American societies which exist to guide this spirit. One of these is the Knights of King Arthur, now a great institution which has had a remarkable growth and success. We quote the following account given of it, for though its methods differ, the spirit in which it is worked is essentially the same that we have pleaded for in these articles:—

“ . . . the Knights of King Arthur, an unique order of Christian Knighthood for boys, based upon the romantic, hero-loving, play-constructive, and imaginative instincts which ripen at about fourteen. Its purpose is to bring back to the world, and especially to its youth, the spirit of chivalry, courtesy, deference to womanhood, recognition of the *noblesse oblige* and Christian daring of that Kingdom of knightliness which King Arthur promised that he would bring back when he returned from Avalon. In this order he appears again. It is formed on the model of a college Greek letter fraternity, with satisfaction for the love of ritual, mystery, and parade. The boys march into the hall in conclave, and sit in a circle in imitation of the Round Table, with a king at their head, with Merlin, an adult leader, at his side, and the various functionaries of the castle in their places. There is a constant rotation in office. Each boy takes the name of a hero, either an ancient knight or a modern man of noble life, whose history he must know and whose virtues he must emulate. The initiation is brief but impressive, with the grades of page, esquire, and knight, and room for the constructive instinct in making regalia, banners, swords, spears, throne, etc. Hero worship is developed by a rôle of noble deeds, a castle album of portraits of heroes, the reading together of heroic books, the offering of ranks in the peerage, and the sacred honor of the siege perilous for athletic, scholarly, or self-sacrificing attainments. The higher ranks can be obtained after probation by those who voluntarily accept a simple covenant of purity, temperance, or reverence. The instinct of roaming and adventure is in part gratified by excursions to historic sites and deeds of kindness. In the summer-camp the environs are the land of the Paynims, to be protected and not ravaged. The ball team is the castle army, and its victories are celebrated by a mild wassail.”

We have not touched in any detailed manner in these papers upon the finances of the Club, nor do we feel that we can do so now in any adequate degree. For in a work of this kind, the

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expense of which depends entirely upon local conditions and the scale upon which it is undertaken, no budget can be submitted in a paper like the present. We must, however, press for the recognition of certain facts. The Boys' Club cannot, alas, be self-supporting. Whatever weekly or other fees are paid by the boys, there will always remain a considerable adverse balance. How that is to be met is the problem which each Club has to face for itself. But though the financial difficulty may sometimes be a very serious one, we entirely decline to believe that when public opinion has been awakened to the possibilities that lie before Boys' Clubs it will not be possible to discover the means for their foundation and maintenance in every centre where they are necessary. For in the right hands and under proper guidance the Boys' Club may have an influence on the national life far beyond our present hopes. Why is it that an assembly of boys is one of the most attractive and impressive of all sights? Something of this no doubt is due to the peculiar distinctiveness of noble lads. Open-hearted, open-handed, they look the world in the face with cloudless brow.* But the chief reason is surely due to our realization, sometimes almost unconscious, that the potentialities of these unfolding lives are limitless. In the past these have been too often neglected, stunted, starved; or left to chance and inadequate agencies. An ampler day is dawning in which our poorer youth will receive sympathetic yet skilled guidance, to the incalculable good of mankind.

* Dr. Welldon.

REVIEWS.

The Works of John Ruskin. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. Library edition. Volumes V, VI, and XII. London: George Allen. £1 1s. 0d. net each.



THE chronological order of publishing the Library Edition of Ruskin's works is being followed as far as possible, and the numbers which the volumes bear as they come from the publishers are not therefore necessarily consecutive.

Of those now before us Volume XII comes first in chronological order. It contains the *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, delivered in Edinburgh in 1854, various pamphlets and minor writings on art issued from 1844 to 1854, *Notes on the Construction of Sheep Folds* (1851), some hitherto unpublished letters on Politics written in 1852, and a considerable quantity of minor writings.

The introduction tells the story of Ruskin's life during that portion of the period covered by these writings which has not already been dealt with. Ruskin's intimacy with Millais is recounted, and an interesting account is given of the holiday spent in Scotland in 1853 by Ruskin and his wife, a lady friend of the latter, and Millais and his brother. It was during this visit that Millais' great portrait of Ruskin on the rocks at Glenfinlas was painted.

During this holiday Ruskin prepared the lectures he delivered in Edinburgh in the autumn of the same year. This was his first appearance as a lecturer, but the impression he made was regarded by his friends as very satisfactory. The magnetism of his personality appears to have captivated his audience. He was much lionised in Edinburgh, and made the acquaintance, among many other notabilities, of John Stuart Blackie and Hugh Miller.

In the following year (1854) there occurred the great tragedy of Ruskin's private life. His wife left him to become, a year

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later, the wife of Millais, the man whom Ruskin had loaded with obligations, and had befriended in countless ways. Mr. Cook makes only a brief reference to this incident, but we may be pardoned for pointing out that through the desire to save others pain much wrong has been done to Ruskin through the suppression of the truth. At no far distant time it will be necessary for the facts to be more adequately set forth, and it will then be possible for the world in general to realize the heroism and nobility which Ruskin proved himself capable of under a test of unusual severity, from which calumny and slander were not wanting.

The biographical thread of the introduction breaks off at the point where Ruskin, in the autumn of 1854, settles down to a new life and throws himself anew into unselfish and beneficent schemes; and ends with the consideration in detail of the contents of the volume which follow the Edinburgh lectures. Of these, the *Letters on Politics* will receive most attention at the moment from the general public, for they have not been published before, and deal in some measure with the burning question of Free Trade, which he strongly defends and urges direct and graduated taxation. These letters were originally intended for the *Times*, but were suppressed in deference to the views of Ruskin's father, whose Toryism was not a little shocked by their Radical nature. The views contained in them were to be matured, broadened and strengthened in later life, but they shew that Ruskin had now become convinced of the evils of our social and political system, and was not going to look on without some attempt to improve it.

The other unpublished pieces in this volume include an *Essay on Baptism*, which had its origin in the Gorham controversy. Though of interest in marking his religious development it is not a great piece. The views expressed are broad and tolerant, but in his later life he would have dealt with the subject in a greater and freer spirit.

Volumes V and VI contain the third and fourth books respectively of *Modern Painters*. The second volume of *Modern Painters*

appeared in 1846, but the third and fourth volumes did not appear until ten years later. The story of Ruskin's life in the interval is dealt with by Mr. Cook in the introductions to other volumes of the Library Edition, and in Volume V he deals largely with Ruskin's travels and studies abroad during the years 1846, 1849, and 1851, when he was collecting the material for the third and fourth volumes. The records of these tours, as of the former ones, are profoundly interesting, and ample materials fortunately exist in the shape of Ruskin's numerous letters and diaries to enable us to realise the aims and hopes with which he continued his researches. A splendid spectacle is revealed to us : that of a man working with intense earnestness, magnificent enthusiasm, unrivalled genius, in the cause and service of Truth, with no motive save the desire to enable the world to realise many vital matters to which it was strangely indifferent.

When Ruskin returned from abroad in the autumn of 1854 he brought with him most of the materials he required for the third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters*, which took him but eighteen months more to write, notwithstanding that during this time he had many other schemes and much work on hand. For by this time he was by no means satisfied with the written word. He had entered upon a transitional period. The interpreter of the Beautiful was naturally led to the study of the human problems that surrounded him, and was eager by actual deed to assist in their solution. Thus he flung himself into the work of the Working Men's College, an institution founded under the inspiration of Frederick Denison Maurice, to enable working men "to improve themselves by satisfying the needs of their mental and spiritual natures. It was to provide, too, something more than lectures ; it was to give teaching, and also personal contact between the teacher and the taught." As Mr. Cook well points out, although this sounds like a commonplace to-day, it was then new and revolutionary. Ruskin volunteered to take charge of the art teaching, and was of immense service to the newly-founded

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institution. For some years he was a regular teacher, and when he was no longer able to teach a class regularly he continued to give occasional addresses and informal lectures to students and friends. One of his first pupils at the college was Mr. George Allen, from whom Mr. Cook prints some interesting reminiscences. Other memories of this time are supplied by another old pupil, Mr. Thomas Sulman :—

“The pole-star of his artistic heaven was Turner. One by one he brought for us to examine his marvels of water-colour art from Denmark Hill. He would point out the subtleties and felicities in their composition, analysing on a blackboard their line schemes. Sometimes he would make us copy minute portions of a ‘liber,’ some line of footsteps, or the handle of a plough How generous he was ! He had reams of the best stout drawing-paper made specially for us, supplying every convenience the little rooms would hold. He commissioned William Hunt, of the Old Water-Colour Society, to paint two subjects for the class, and both were masterpieces His face would light up when he saw a piece of honest or delicate work ; it was, perhaps, his greatest fault as a teacher that he was sometimes too lavish of his praise Ruskin never knew himself how much he did for many of us. It is not too much to say that the whole of our following lives have been enriched by these hours we spent with him.”

Other teachers at the College were Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Mr. Cook prints some correspondence which Ruskin had with the former, and gives an account of the way in which he befriended Rossetti and so many others of his contemporaries. An undated letter which Ruskin wrote to Rossetti, probably in 1854 or 1855, is of great autobiographical interest, and reveals much of Ruskin's hidden life. The great nature is seen in such a sentence as this :

“Though I have no friendships and no loves, I cannot read the epitaph of the Spartans at Thermopylæ with a steady voice to the end ; and there is an old glove in one of my drawers that has lain there these eighteen years which is worth something to me yet.”

There are other passages in this letter that we should have been

glad to reprint if space permitted: our readers will, we hope, consult it for themselves.

Mr. Cook is only able to touch upon a few of the innumerable activities which engaged Ruskin's attention during these years, yet we are enabled to realize what a wonderfully full life it was, and how diverse its interests.

The third volume of *Modern Painters* appeared on January 15th, 1856, and was followed three months later by the fourth volume. In concluding his introduction to Volume V of the Library Edition (containing Volume III of *Modern Painters*) Mr. Cook considers the differences and developments in the structure of a book thus resumed after an interval of ten years, and which, as he well reminds us, were years in which the author had passed almost from boyhood to manhood. This part of the introduction is a particularly fine piece of critical writing. One could not wish for more satisfactory editing than is shown in this monumental edition.

In Volume VI of the Library Edition, which contains Volume IV of *Modern Painters*, the introduction does not call for special comment. It deals for the most part with details of the text, manuscripts and illustrations, as the volume had been dealt with generally in the preceding introduction, which we have hitherto been dealing with.

We must once more pay our tribute to the editors for the continued excellence of this edition and for their scholarly care, which each succeeding volume only makes more evident, to render it a worthy one in every respect. One splendid feature of the edition is the wealth and beauty of the plates and other illustrations. These alone will make it ever memorable.

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Shakspeare's Story of his Life. By C. Creighton. London: Grant Richards.

HOW long will Shakspeare continue to refuse the key to his mystery? This is a question which agitates many true lovers of the poet, as well as many curious searchers after the man. The ordinary lover of literature finds the question perplexing, and not very interesting: for him the poetry is enough. When he is in addition an ordinary critic, each addition to the Shakspeare literature is a fresh distress, for it is likely enough to make confusion thrice confounded. We are all sick of newspaper controversy as to whether Shakspeare wrote Bacon, or Bacon Shakspeare: for it is generally conducted by people who know as little of the countless complications of the subject as we do ourselves, but are less ready to acknowledge it. I, for one, cannot summon up a very deep regret for my ignorance.

Yet every reader of the *Sonnets* would be glad to know a little more of the strange tragedy which darkened the poet's life. It glows with restless passion through all the conventions and conceits, attracting and baffling by turns, seeming at once to ask and to scorn sympathy. The poet's mind is driven by unseen stimulus into a largess of fancy prodigal even to incoherence, and the stimulus seems to be as much mental pain as poetic pleasure.

Dr. Creighton brings to the study of this problem a mind whose ingenious subtlety might have won him a high place at the Court of Elizabeth. It is impossible to criticise the wealth of detail which supports this notable essay in conjectural biography, impossible not to admire its keenness, and the author's naive pleasure in the successive "discoveries" which led him through the labyrinth of Shakspeare's heart. In both ways the layman is all but helpless.

We have long ago given up—some with regret, some with relief—that Shakspeare, the amiable indiscretions of whose youth

were condoned by a life of busy respectability. He has taken his place with the great crowd of artists who gained first-hand their insight into sin and passion. But how far can the story of this bitter experience be recovered? Either the experience was purely dramatic (as Halliwell-Phillipps and Delius believed) or else somewhere there is a clue. Believing the latter, Dr. Creighton set out on his adventurous career. After finding additional proof that the estranged friend of the *Sonnets* was Pembroke, he proceeded to discover proofs that Daniel was the rival poet, and that the subject of their rivalry was the laureateship, vacant on the death of Spenser. Then followed the story of the Dark Lady, and all the devious history (so characteristically Elizabethan) of the amours of Mary Fitton, more frankly portrayed in *Cressida*. This is not all, for the sad story is retold in other forms, especially in the autobiographical *Tempest*. Here is an allegory indeed! but for its details we must refer to Dr. Creighton's book. It became clear, to Dr. Creighton's "greatest surprise," that Southampton is the evil genius of the poet and of his friend Herbert.

Soon there followed complete identification of many other characters—Sebastian is Essex, another prey to Southampton. Best of all, Francisco is Bacon, in relation to the conspiracy of Essex. To round off the adventure we only need to know why Southampton was Shakspeare's enemy. But with our wits sharpened for discovery we are soon off on the scent, and ere long in at the death after a most sporting run. Dr. Creighton is thus led to a most interesting study of the eventful history of Elizabethan plays, and the almost promiscuous collaboration which seems to have been common. The interest of it remains even if we hesitate to accept the theory which accounts for many peculiarities of the Shakspeare canon by giving Southampton and Barnes a large share of the earlier plays. Dr. Creighton is often a little troubled at the unconvincing look of much of his argument when set out in print. Here is a significant passage on the nature of evidence in matters of conjecture:—


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“To those who insist upon the rule of criminal evidence, that the strength of a proof is the strength of its weakest link, I give up the case at once. To my own mind it is the mass and momentum of converging probabilities (as Newman says) that brings belief.”

This “mass” defies reproduction, but Dr. Creighton has tried hard to overcome the difficulty.

Miranda, the daughter of the Magician King, is the fair volume of Shakspeare's Works : no frail beauty of Elizabeth's Court. She shall resolve the tragic story into peace. Only one character is left to fill the allegory, and who would not be her Ferdinand ? But there need be no more war between the lovers of Shakspeare's children, for every Ferdinand may, if he will, wed his Miranda as I have mine.

First Report of the Tenement House Department of the City of New York, January 1st, 1902, to July 1st, 1903. (2 vols.)

HE publication of this Report is an event of the greatest social importance. It is at once the most depressing and the most hopeful social document presented to the world in recent years. No other publication that we know of shows more clearly, by text, illustration, and tabulated statement, the terrible conditions under which many city dwellers live, or how these may, under skilful and organised effort, be improved. The Tenement House Department—the organisation of which is fully described in the Report—is an entirely new department of the civic administration of New York. It was created so recently as January, 1902 ; but it has, obviously, already more than justified its existence. Its First Report should be in every Public Library in the country, and constantly in the hands and in the minds of our civic functionaries and councillors.

La Cité-Jardin. Par Georges Benoit-Lévy. Préface par Charles Gide. Paris: Henri Jouve. (Bibliothèque du Musée Social.)
frs. 750.

THIS book is, we believe, the first comprehensive account of the Garden City movement. Its author came to this country on a commission from the Musée Social of Paris to study Mr. Ebenezer Howard's schemes and partially developed plans, and also Port Sunlight and Bournville. The book opens with a succinct account of Mr. Howard's Garden City Scheme; then Port Sunlight and Bournville, in all their many aspects and activities, are described in great detail; and it concludes with a rapid review of the English Co-operative movement in so far as it favours the growth of Garden Cities, and of Garden City movements in Europe and America. The author gives a clear and appreciative account of all he saw and heard while in England. His enthusiasm is always refreshing; and though it and his natural unfamiliarity with certain traits of English character and conditions of life, sometimes lead him astray, his descriptions are on the whole true, and his criticisms just. The illustrations, unfortunately, are rather poorly reproduced. It is interesting to note that an association has been founded in Paris for the propagation of the Garden City movement in France, and that M. Benoit-Lévy proposes to follow up this book by others on the Garden Cities of Europe and America. We note further that Professor Gide, who introduces the book, regards Ruskin as the real founder of Garden Cities.

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Bibliographie de la Paix et de l'Arbitrage international. Par Henri La Fontaine. Tome I: Mouvement Pacifique. Monaco: Institut International de la Paix. frs. 5'00.

THIS bulky bibliography of the Peace Movement contains some 2,200 entries. It is produced with all the care and skill which characterise the *Bibliographia Universalis*, to which it forms contribution No. 38. The entries—which are printed on only one side of the paper, so that they may be used for card catalogues—give name of author, title, date and place of publication, name of publisher (or periodical), format, number of pages, and price. They are, further, classified according to the Decimal Bibliographical Classification; and reference is facilitated by indices of authors and subjects. Such a bibliography, including, as it does, practically all the works on a given subject, must appeal mainly to specialists; but this one in particular should also make a wide and popular appeal. Religion, poetry, the novel, the drama, painting and architecture, democracy, socialism, and the workers in their relation to peace, all form the subjects of special sections. Part II of the Bibliography will deal with International Arbitration.

WE would direct attention to the letters written by Ruskin to his dear friend Charles Eliot Norton, the publication of which is now proceeding in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*. The August number, which is before us, contains a considerable number of letters written during the years 1868 to 1872. They cover a wide range of subjects and contain many delightful personal passages—many sad ones, too. The letters reveal all Ruskin's characteristic features as a letter writer, and will be justly prized by his followers.

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

[Under this heading it is proposed to discuss in each number of this review current questions and events of importance. The editors alone accept responsibility for the views expressed, with which they do not seek to identify either their readers or contributors, though they are confident of the support and co-operation of these. They would, however, state that all questions mentioned in these columns will be treated in that broad and progressive spirit in which *Saint George* was founded and has been since maintained; and though necessarily dealing with controversial subjects the editors will treat them not from a party or sectarian standpoint, but from the human and the ethical.—EDITORS, *Saint George*.]

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE. The publication of Dr. Stanley Hall's great work *Adolescence*, upon which we print an article in this number from the pen of Professor Patrick Geddes, marks an epoch in the methods of studying child-life and the innumerable problems relating to it. A new spirit has now arisen which rightly urges that all work for children or adolescents—educational, moral, physical, social—should be preceded by and based upon accurate and exhaustive knowledge of the problems referred to above, and which have been so fully and ably dealt with by Dr. Hall. In the educational world mere efficiency in the subjects of the ordinary school curriculum is not an adequate equipment for the schoolmaster and the teacher; nor are zeal and enthusiasm in the case of the social worker. Without that wider knowledge which it is one purpose of *Adolescence* to supply, the highest results can never be attained, many problems vitally affecting the welfare of the nation must be left unsolved, and frequently grave harm will be done by moral, social and educational schemes based upon immature and imperfect knowledge of the subjects they seek to deal with.

We, therefore, think the time opportune for appealing to our readers for their co-operation in a matter which has long been under our consideration. We have in preparation a bibliography

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dealing with Childhood and Adolescence, which we propose to publish quarter by quarter in the pages of *Saint George*, and, later, to re-publish in separate form. It will thus be rendered as widely available as possible, for we believe it will be essential for all whose work brings them in contact with childhood and youth. We shall spare no effort to make it as complete as possible, and to this end we cordially invite the assistance of those of our readers who are able to give any help in the compilation of the bibliography. Special forms will be forwarded to any correspondent who desires them.

The title of the bibliography is perhaps somewhat vague, but it will be sufficient for the present if we add that we desire to make it a record of everything that has been written upon the multitudinous problems affecting the child and the adolescent.

TOLSTOY AND THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST. Under the title of *Bethink Yourselves* the Free Age Press has reprinted in a small booklet the letter addressed to the world by Tolstoy on the war now raging in the far East. We could wish that a copy of this letter were in the hands of every man and woman in the kingdom, for it is one of the most powerful, illuminating, and thought-arresting writings which has been issued on the great tragedy now proceeding. To us it appears that the great value of Tolstoy's pronouncement lies in the fact that he makes it neither as a pro-Russian nor as a pro-Japanese, but from a higher and clearer standpoint; the standpoint of one who is dealing with fundamental principles. From the plane on which he writes he is enabled to realize how ghastly an error war is even when only looked at as a means of realizing the objects of the war-makers. But he sees much more than this. He sees that war is the negation of Christianity, and in saying this he is not guilty of uttering

a mere cant platitude. For Christianity to him is not a matter of dogmas, and rites, and shibboleths, but of living deeds, and with fearless conviction he restates its basis as love to one's neighbour; and he presses home its meaning:

"To love one's enemies—the Japanese, the Chinese, those yellow peoples towards whom benighted men are now endeavouring to excite our hatred—to love them means not to kill them for the purpose of having the right of poisoning them with opium, as did the English; not to kill them in order to seize their land, as was done by the French, the Russians, and the Germans; not to bury them alive in punishment for injuring roads, not to tie them together by their hair, not to drown them in their river Amur, as did the Russians. . . .

"To love the Yellow people, whom we call our foes, means not to teach them under the name of Christianity absurd superstitions about the fall of man, redemption, resurrection, etc., not to teach them the art of deceiving and killing others, but to teach them justice, unselfishness, compassion, love, and that not by words but by the example of our own good life."

The book throughout is characterized by great dramatic power. The grim horrors of modern warfare are set forth with a realism which compels attention and yet is free from exaggeration. Tolstoy has also brought together a large number of extracts from the great teachers, ancient and modern, and of different countries. The teaching of all is identical, and after reading their testimony we think some at least may echo Tolstoy's view that "one experiences horror less at the abominations of war than at that which is the most horrible of all horrors—the consciousness of the impotency of human reason."

We do not suppose that Tolstoy's message will cause any considerable awakening at present to the wickedness of war: the times are not propitious. Yet we write not without hope that the day will dawn when the world will acknowledge that the excommunicated teacher was a witness to Truth, and will seek the light of his heresies as it turns to discover the path of Peace.

SAINT GEORGE.

PHYSICAL DETERIORA- TION.

The interesting and valuable Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration brings out many important facts worthy of the carefullest consideration. As was to be expected, the Report shows clearly that both our social and industrial and our educational systems are sadly at fault. The revelations made do not come as a surprise, for they have long been patent to all who have eyes to see ; and, likewise, the remedial or constructive policies outlined contain little that is revolutionary: little, indeed, that has not already been the subject of investigation or of experiment. Here again, as always, the interest of Parliament has been aroused, and Parliamentary machinery set in motion, only as the result of the pressure of public interest and initiative. But the Report remains, withal, a work for which we must be grateful ; one, too, which must make for progress. Physical deterioration does not necessarily involve, as cause or as effect, mental and moral deterioration. The important thing is to note the causes which underlie physical deterioration. If, in the present case, we view these impartially, we shall find that the physical deterioration they produce is accompanied, necessarily, by both mental and moral deterioration ; and that the causes themselves are mental and moral defects—the grave weaknesses of our social and industrial system. In view of this, the introduction of a greater measure of physical exercise into our schools would seem to be the least important of all the proposed remedies. It must be accompanied in an increasing measure by remedies more formative of character and brain. So long as our social and industrial system remains as it is, the production of merely physically healthy adolescents, whose fate it is to be crushed by the toil of their adult years, must partake of the aims and the methods of the game-preserver.

WOMAN AND
THE PRESS.

Woman has paid dearly for the Matriarchal Age. Anatole France (among countless others) would have us believe that she is still the predominant partner; and in a certain sense this is true. Quite as much as in the heyday of mediæval chivalry, as at the Renaissance, as in the eighteenth century *salons*, woman is to-day a maker of history and a shaper of men. But to-day there is a difference—rather, a difference in the making—in her position and in her aims and methods. Conscious at once of her power and her weakness, of her rights and her disabilities, she seeks to act directly, by head and by hand, and so not be condemned to act, as before, mainly by heart and by fascination of person. Hence her earnest cry for equal rights and for a place to exercise them in. The feminist movement is one of the great significant signs of our time. No movement that seeks to advance human well-being can afford to ignore it, or, indeed, refuse to aid in it. That contemporary journalism, Liberal and Conservative alike, is, for the most part, indifferent or oblivious to woman's progress towards a larger measure of freedom and a wider field of action; or, on the other hand, strives to lead her astray—to saunter in bypaths which lead nowhere, is of itself a sufficient proof that journalism is in need of reform. Here, for instance, in the pages of a recent issue of a leading London Liberal daily, we find a couple of columns, headed, "Woman's Chronicle." The various titles of the matter in these columns are—"Feminine Friendships," "A Dry Indian Curry," "Poached Eggs with Tongue," "What is a Flirt?" and the Chronicle is "illuminated" by cuts of "check boots and shoes, with patent leather, as worn in Paris," and of a female head showing the "single curl again in vogue." It is true that such a Chronicle does not differ greatly in human interest or in historical value from much of what appears in the other columns of the paper; but such a response to the demand of woman for her share in the active and in the intellectual life of the world is unpardonable. Journalism deals too much with the spasmodic sneeze of humanity; too little with its life-signifying and life-preserving breathing.

SAINT GEORGE.

IRELAND AND THE DRAMA.

In these days when the decadence of the English Drama is a constant subject of complaint and investigation, it is cheering to learn that Miss A. E. F. Horniman, of Montagu Gardens, Portman Square, London, has been granted a patent for twenty-one years for a new theatre in Dublin. It is not in itself the establishment of a new theatre that attracts us, for if this theatre differed in no way from the average theatre of our time, Dublin would gain but little by its existence. Its establishment is a hopeful sign in that it is the expression of a desire on Miss Horniman's part to transform into wide and active influence that interest in Irish literature and drama which she has taken for so long. The venture, we are told, is not a business speculation. It is a generous attempt to aid in that revival of literature and the drama which is giving new life to Ireland and ever-increasing delight to lovers of literary and dramatic art to-day. Lady Gregory, to whom Cuchulain owes much for a renewal of his fame, is to be the patentee; and we can trust to her fine literary taste and skill, and to the loyal co-operation of her fellow-craftsmen in the Irish Renaissance, for the aims of Miss Horniman to be realised. The restriction of the plays to be represented to those written (in Irish or in English) by Irish writers on Irish subjects, or to those foreign dramas likely to elevate the dramatic taste of the Irish people, is a wise one; and, moreover, one which may mark an important point of departure in the history of British drama. It may not give us—for the artistic genius of the Ireland of to-day is mystical and delicate rather than all-embracing and robust—a drama equal to the Elizabethan and the Jacobean; but it may not unlikely give us a drama equal, in its own department of art, to the *Book of Kells* in another; and who that knows that sacred book would not be satisfied with this?

And it may give us more. Europe has long ago forgotten the debt of gratitude she owes to the wandering hermit monks of Mediæval Ireland. The misfortunes of that country have

obliterated the record of her ancient culture from the memories of most ; but the writers of Young Ireland have remembered it, and regarding it not merely as a tradition of the past, are moved by its spirit, and seek, not to reconstruct the past in the present, but to construct a present worthy of the past—and still better. Ireland may still be, in Mr. Yeats's words, "The willow of the many-sorrows world ;" but—who knows?—this passage, which Lady Gregory transcribes for us in her *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, may yet appear, not only as an Irish Hesiod's dream of his country's Golden Age, but as an ancient prophecy at length realised :—

"Now there was great plenty in Ireland during Conaire's reign ; seven ships coming at the one time to Inver Colptha, and corn and nuts up to the knees in every harvest, and the trees bending from the weight of fruit, and the Buais and the Boinne full of fish every summer, and that much law and peace and goodwill among the people, that each one thought the other's voice as sweet as the strings of a harp. . . . There was no thunder or storm in his reign, and from spring to harvest there was not as much wind as would stir a cow's tail, and the cattle were without keepers because of the greatness of peace. And in his reign there were the three crowns in Ireland—the crown of flowers, and the crown of acorns, and the crown of wheatears."



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Application for membership should be addressed to the honorary secretary, J. A. Dale, S. George's House, Bournville, near Birmingham.

THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL SCHEME.

[The following circular has been issued to the subscribers to the Ruskin Memorial Scheme. It is reprinted here, as all the addresses of subscribers are not available.]

At a meeting of the Committee held on December 8, 1903, the following resolution was passed, and was ordered to be sent to each Subscriber, together with the accompanying statement and appendices, which are the documents referred to in the resolution :

“This Committee having considered the statements respecting the present position of the Ruskin Memorial, contained in the documents submitted to this meeting through Sir Oliver Lodge, agrees to the proposal made by the Bournville Village Trust, and supported by the Trustees of the Ruskin Memorial, that subject to the approval of the Charity Commissioners, the Memorial site and building be handed over to the Bournville Village Trust, it being understood that the latter body are in sympathy with the objects for which the Memorial was founded, and will carry on the Memorial in a manner consonant with those objects. This decision is come to on the understanding that the Bournville Village Trust will be responsible for the repayment of the subscriptions to the Memorial of such subscribers as desire it, and also for all liabilities incurred by the Ruskin Memorial Committee.”

J. H. WHITEHOUSE, *Hon. Sec.*

Bournville, 21st December, 1903.

The Ruskin Memorial Committee.

Statement to the Subscribers to the Ruskin Memorial Institute now being erected at Bournville.

Drafted by the President, Sir Oliver Lodge.

The amount promised in subscriptions, of which the greater part has been paid up, is £1857 3s. od.; of which sum £700 has been subscribed by the Bournville Village Trustees, who have also given a piece of land for the erection of the Ruskin Memorial Institute, concerning which a Report of the Executive Committee, dated October 1903, is annexed, as well as a Balance Sheet showing the financial position.

The building is now almost completed, and the amount subscribed, after deducting working expenses, has been paid to the Contractors in accordance with the Architect's vouchers. It is estimated that about £2000 more is necessary to complete the building and furnishing, and to repay to the Bournville Trustees sums which they have kindly advanced to the Ruskin Trustees, without security, in order that the building might be proceeded with.

This sum the Bournville Village Trust was willing to provide, on a 3 per cent. mortgage of the land and building, but before concluding this negotiation it had to be approved by the Charity Commissioners, who are the supreme authority in respect both of the Ruskin Memorial Scheme and of the Bournville Village Trust.

After representation of the facts had been made to them, the Charity Commissioners suggested that perhaps the simplest plan would be to transfer the Trusteeship of the Ruskin Memorial Scheme to the Bournville Village Trustees, so that they might have the matter in their own hands without complication.

On further consideration, however, it appeared that the Bournville Village Trust and the Ruskin Memorial Trust were of such a very similar character, though the first is of course much larger and more comprehensive than the second, that it was hardly wise or necessary to complicate matters by preserving both, if the suggestion of the Charity Commissioners were carried out; and it became a question whether there should be not merely a change of Trustees, but a merging of the Ruskin Trust altogether in the Bournville Village Trust, certain clauses of which are already cited in the Ruskin Trust. Of these the following may be quoted:—

“The Bournville Trust are to have power to erect and fit up buildings suitable for Libraries, Technical Institutes, Schoolrooms, Museums, Reading Rooms, Gymnasiums, Clubs, Laundries, Baths, Washhouses, and Recreation Halls, and to enter into arrangements for the joint working administration or management of the Trust or any part thereof, or any of the objects thereof, with any other trustees or with any public body, company, committee, or persons or person carrying out analogous objects for profit or without profit, or to undertake the administration of any other fund or property for analogous objects, or conducive to the same ends or some of them, and, if need be, at the cost of the Trust property, and that generally it should be lawful for the said Trustees to deal with the Trust property for the purpose of giving effect to what they might consider to be the true view and intention of the said Indenture in as absolute and uncontrolled a manner as if they were the absolute owners of the Trust property, subject to Section 29 of the Charitable Trusts Amendment Act, 1855.”

The Ruskin Memorial Deed itself contains the following Clause:—

“Provided also, and it is hereby declared that if at any time hereafter the said Trusts hereinbefore declared concerning the hereditaments hereby assured shall fail to be performed, or any of the restrictive covenants hereinbefore contained shall not be observed, the uses and trusts hereinbefore declared concerning the hereditaments hereby assured shall cease and determine, and the said hereditaments shall thenceforth be held, be, and remain to the use of the Grantors in fee simple upon and subject to the trusts applicable thereto by virtue of the hereinbefore recited Indenture” (*i.e.*, the Bournville Village Deed of Foundation);

that is to say a provision whereby the Ruskin Trust lapses and becomes merged in the Bournville Trust if for any reason the conditions of the Ruskin Trust cannot be fulfilled. It may be argued that deficiency of money is liable to bring this clause into operation in any case; and after considering the whole matter, we, as Trustees of the Ruskin Memorial Scheme, think that it would be a happy solution of the difficulties, and that it would be acting in accordance with the spirit of Mr. Ruskin's wishes, if we were to accept the offer of the Bournville Village Trustees to take over the Institute and run it in full accord and sympathy with our intentions, and with those of our Trust Deed, under the control of the Charity Commissioners as heretofore.

It will be seen that the first suggestion of a transfer emanated from the Charity Commissioners and that what the Bournville Trustees recommend is the carrying out of this suggestion in a modified way.

In another appendix is given a letter from the Solicitor to the Bournville Trust stating their view of the position.

In taking final action the Committee wish to inform the subscribers to the Ruskin Memorial how the matter stands. We desire frankly to point out that our decision when carried into effect will place the management of the Institute in the hands of the Bournville Village Trustees, and though we have every confidence in their intentions and sympathy, we recognize that some supporters of the original scheme, which was to have been controlled by the Memorial Committee, may not be prepared to assent to the new scheme, so we hereby say that if any subscriber disagrees with the course adopted, we shall be happy to repay him his subscription on his making formal application for it; but if we do not hear before January 30, 1904, we shall conclude that assent is given to the proposal, and shall no longer hold ourselves liable.

Application for repayment should be addressed to Mr. J. H. Barlow, Secretary to the Bournville Village Trust, Estate Office, Bournville, near Birmingham.

Signed on behalf of the Ruskin Memorial Committee, and on
our own behalf as Trustees,

OLIVER LODGE, *President*,
EDWARD CADBURY, *Vice-President*,
GEORGE BAKER.

(COPY.)

Appendix I.

Letter from the Solicitor to the Bournville Village Trust.

134, Edmund Street,
Birmingham,
2nd November, 1903.

Dear Sir,

RUSKIN MEMORIAL.

Referring to your call this morning I now write to confirm what I said to you respecting the views of the Bournville Village Trustees on this matter.

As you are aware the Charity Commissioners have made a recommendation that the Trusteeship of the Ruskin Memorial should be transferred to the Trustees of the Bournville Village in order to ensure the carrying on of the Ruskin Memorial Scheme, which recommendation has been acquiesced in by the "Ruskin" Trustees.

The Bournville Trustees are in full sympathy with the Ruskin Memorial Scheme and are prepared to accept the responsibilities of the Memorial Building.

They are of opinion, however, that there should be a transfer not merely of Trusteeship but a transfer to them of the land (which they gave) and the buildings now erected; in which case they would hold the premises subject to the Trusts of the Bournville Village Deed of Foundation. If there was a transfer of Trusteeship only they would become Ruskin Memorial Trustees, subject to the Trusts of the Ruskin Memorial Trust Deed, a Trust separate from that of the Bournville Village; which from their point of view is, I think, undesirable.

You will recollect that the Deed of Foundation of the Ruskin Memorial provides that the land and premises shall revert to the Bournville Trustees "if the building shall not be built and fitted up within seven years," or "if any of the trusts shall fail," or on breach of any of the covenants. You will see the peculiar position the Bournville Trustees as Trustees of a "Trust within a Trust" would be in if there was only a transfer of Trusteeship.

The Trustees therefore ask for a transfer of the land and buildings to them as Trustees of the Bournville Village Trust, and subject to the Trusts contained in the Bournville Deed of Foundation, as if the Ruskin Deed had not been executed.

I may say that there are no Trusts in the Ruskin Deed which cannot be carried out equally well under the terms of the Bournville Deed; also the Bournville Trustees are under the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners.

When new Trustees have to be appointed there will be a saving of expense if there is one Trust only, as one appointment only will be necessary, and in other ways time and money will be saved.

The fact of the Bournville Trustees having given the land and most of the money for the very purpose of carrying out the Ruskin Scheme should satisfy the Ruskin Trustees and Subscribers to the Funds that the building must be used largely for the purposes originally intended.

As the Ruskin Scheme is without endowment, it seems almost probable that the land and buildings must in time revert to the Bournville Trustees, under the terms of Ruskin Deed, for lack of funds to carry the Scheme on.

I should point out that any Transfer as suggested must of course be approved by the Charity Commissioners, who have not yet been approached on the matter.

I shall doubtless hear from you in due course the view taken by the Ruskin Trustees.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN GLAISYER.

Sir Oliver J. Lodge,
University,
Birmingham.

(COPY.)

Appendix II.

The Ruskin Memorial Institute.

Statement of cash received and paid from the commencement of the Fund to April 30th, 1903.

BUILDING FUND.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations paid ...	1251	8	10	By Builder, on account	700	0	0
„ Sundry Receipts (including Bank Interest and Pro- ceeds of Lecture)	48	12	2	„ Postages ...	34	9	3
				„ Printing, Stationery and Advertising...	54	19	11
				„ Clerical and Sundry Expenses ...	32	4	0
				„ Balance in hand ...	428	7	10
	<u>£1300</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>		<u>£1300</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>

EQUIPMENT FUND.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations, &c. ...	272	2	6	By Balance in hand ...	272	2	6

BALANCE SHEET.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance on Building Fund ...	428	7	10	By Amounts at Lloyds Bank ...	684	2	4
„ Balance on Equipment Fund ...	272	2	6	„ Cash in hand ...	16	8	0
	<u>£700</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>4</u>		<u>£700</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>4</u>

(COPY.)

Appendix III.

The Ruskin Memorial Institute.

Estimated Income and Expenditure from April 30th, 1903 (the date the accompanying account was made up), to the end of 1903.

<i>Estimated Income.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Estimated Expenditure.</i>	£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward April 30th	700	10	4	By Balance due to Builder ...	2250	0	0
„ Donations and Subscriptions received since April 30th, or promised but not yet paid (not including those the payment of which will extend over five years) ...	165	0	0	„ Printing, Advertising, Postages, and Clerical Expenses*	110	0	0
„ Loan proposed by Bournville Village Trust ...	2000	0	0	„ Balance towards the Furnishing and Equipment of the Building ...	505	10	4
	<u>£2865</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>4</u>		<u>£2865</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>4</u>

* This item will probably not exceed £70. It was estimated to cover the expense of opening the Building.

(COPY.)

Appendix IV.

Letter from the Charity Commissioners.

Charity Commission,
12th October, 1903.

County—Worcester.
B. Place—Kings Norton.
78309. Ruskin Memorial at Bournville.
Proposed Mortgage.

Sir,

I am to express regret that it has not been possible, at this season of the year, to give an earlier answer to the question raised by your letter of the 31st of last July, and I am to explain that the power of the Charity Commissioners to authorise a mortgage of Charity property is subject to the condition imposed by section 30 of the Charitable Trusts Amendment Act, 1855, that the loan shall be replaced within a period of 30 years from the date of the security.

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BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS.

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* * * * *

In point of fact, there does exist a journal, not sufficiently well known, which satisfies most of the requirements of Mr. Shorter. This is the *St. George*, which is primarily the organ of the "Ruskin Society." It is no longer, as it was originally, a periodical devoted exclusively to Ruskiniana, but it covers the whole field of *belles lettres* in excellent articles and reviews by critics of no mean order. At present it has a limited circle of readers, and is only published quarterly. But it has the possibilities of a widely-circulated literary review appearing, perhaps, once a month.

The Academy, February 13th, 1904:—

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The New Age, February 18th, 1904:—

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The Daily News, March 11th, 1904 :—

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS.

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* * * * *

In point of fact, there does exist a journal, not sufficiently well known, which satisfies most of the requirements of Mr. Shorter. This is the *St. George*, which is primarily the organ of the "Ruskin Society." It is no longer, as it was originally, a periodical devoted exclusively to Ruskiniana, but it covers the whole field of *belles lettres* in excellent articles and reviews by critics of no mean order. At present it has a limited circle of readers, and is only published quarterly. But it has the possibilities of a widely-circulated literary review appearing, perhaps, once a month.

The Academy, February 13th, 1904 :—

In *Saint George* for January there is much edifying reading, notably Dean Kitchin's admirable lecture on "The Romantic Period of Letters," and the Reverend J. Hunter Smith's "The Evolution of the Idea of Love: Being the Revelation of the Unknown Eros."

The New Age, February 18th, 1904 :—

Saint George this quarter is exceptionally good. There are articles on "The Romantic Period of Letters," by Dean Kitchin; "The Evolution of the Idea of Love," by the Rev. J. Hunter Smith, M.A.; "Schoolboys as Navvies," by J. Lewis Paton, M.A., high master of Manchester Grammar School; "The Social Teaching of John Ruskin," by James P. Smart; "St. George for Merry England," by Henry Wilson, M.A.; and "Some Conventions of the Old Masters and their Interpretations."

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* * * * *

In point of fact, there does exist a journal, not sufficiently well known, which satisfies most of the requirements of Mr. Shorter. This is the *St. George*, which is primarily the organ of the "Ruskin Society." It is no longer, as it was originally, a periodical devoted exclusively to Ruskiniana, but it covers the whole field of *belles lettres* in excellent articles and reviews by critics of no mean order. At present it has a limited circle of readers, and is only published quarterly. But it has the possibilities of a widely-circulated literary review appearing, perhaps, once a month.

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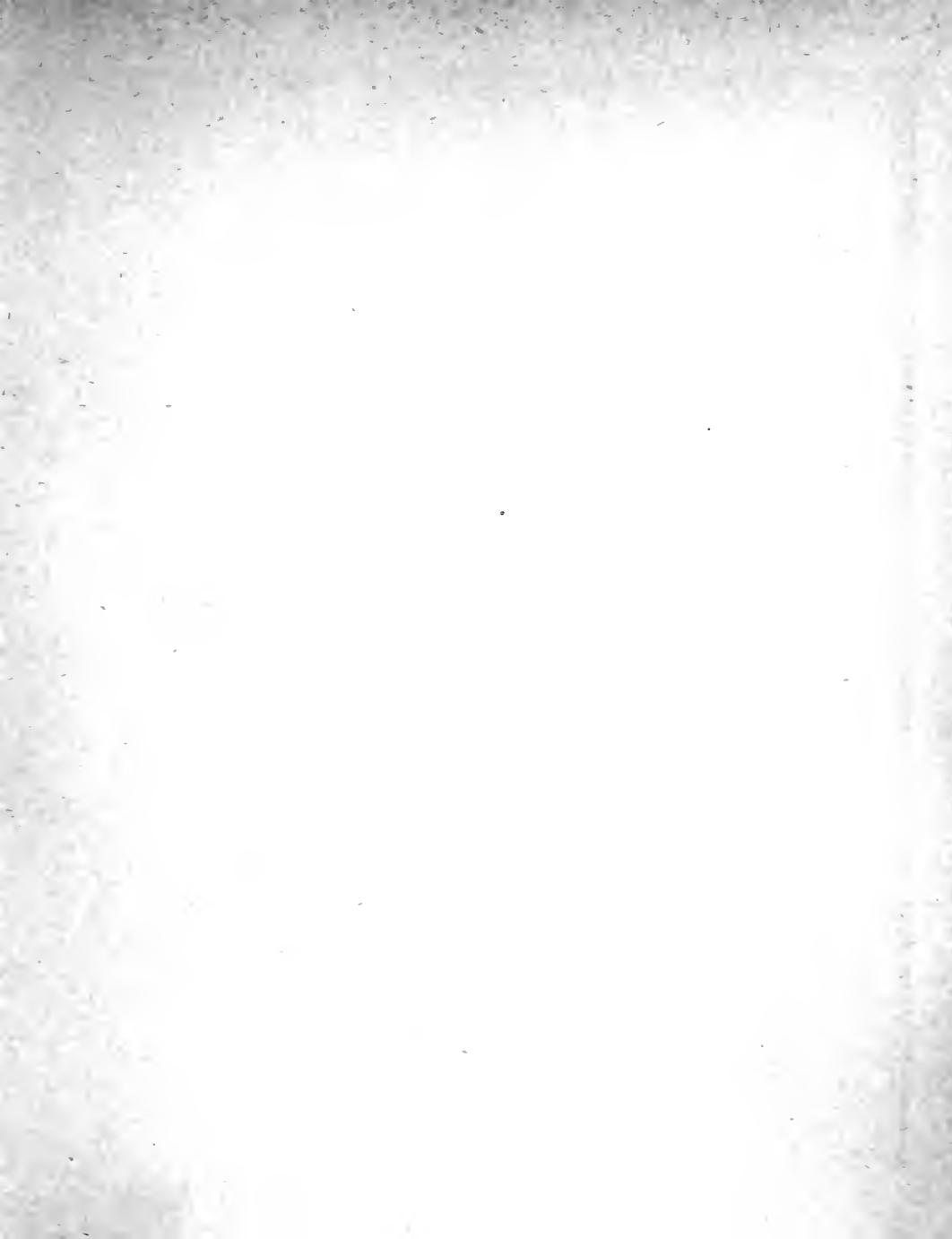
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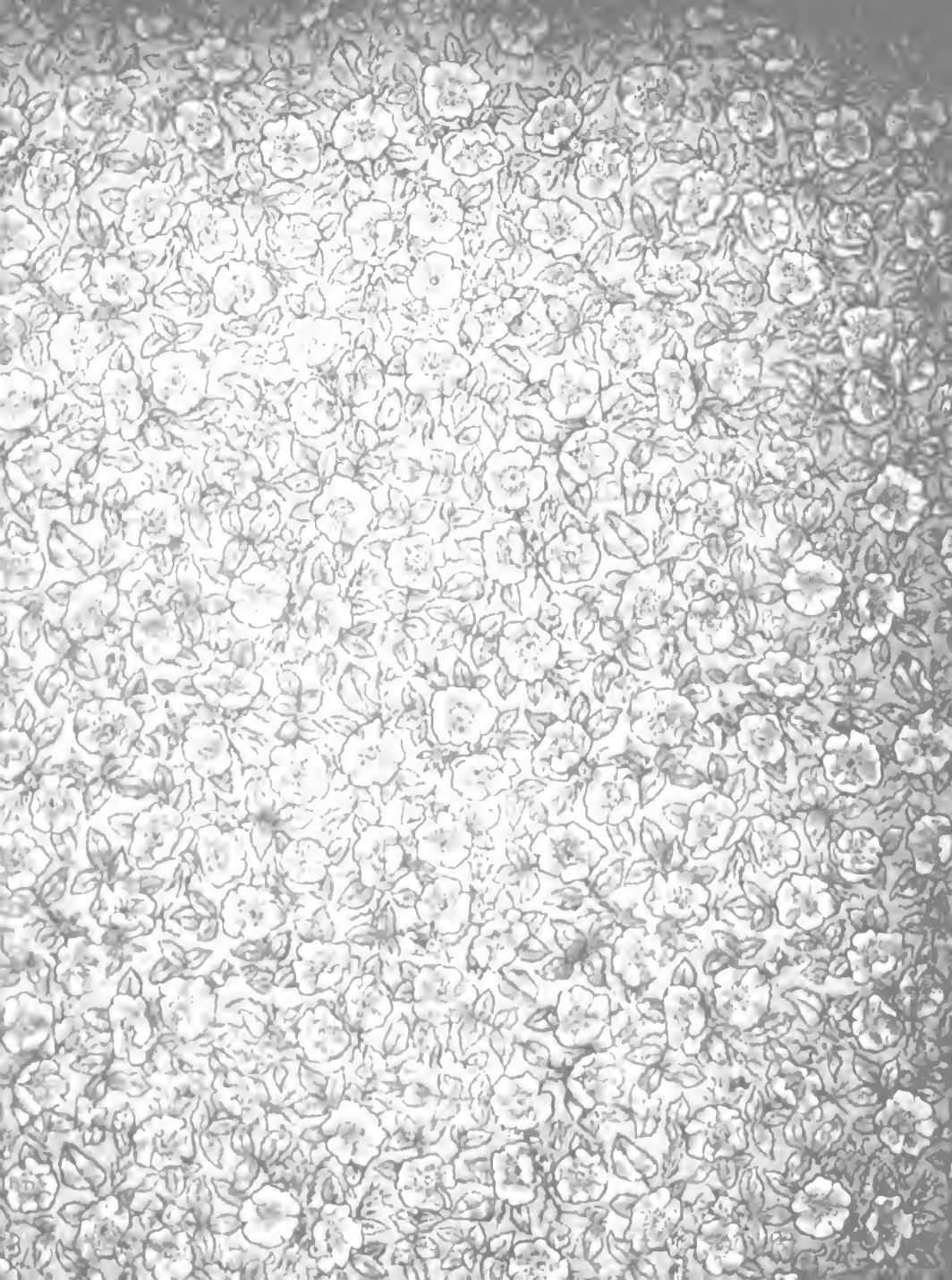
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